English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians

Olive Dame Campbell
and
Cecil J. Sharp



MAP SHOWING THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS

The thick line, which marks the boundaries of the mountain district, coincides, approximately, with the 1000-foot contour

English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians

Comprising 122 Songs and Ballads, and 323 Tunes

Collected by

Olive Dame Campbell

and

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With an Introduction and Notes

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INTRODUCTION

The effort that has been made to collect and preserve in permanent form the folk-songs of England during the last twenty or thirty years has resulted in the salvage of many thousands of beautiful songs. It was pardonable, therefore, if those who, like myself, had assisted in the task had come to believe that the major part of the work had been completed. So far as the collection in England itself was concerned, this belief was no doubt well founded. Nevertheless, in arriving at this very consolatory conclusion, one important, albeit not very obvious consideration had been overlooked, namely, the possibility that one or other of those English communities that lie scattered in various parts of the world might provide as good a field for the collector as England itself, and yield as bountiful and rich a harvest. The investigation which my colleague Mrs. Campbell began, and in which later on I came to bear a hand, has proved that at least one such community does in fact exist in the Southern Appalachian Mountains of North America. The region is an extensive one, covering some 110,000 square miles, and is considerably larger than England, Wales, and Scotland combined. It includes about one third of the total area of the States of North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia.[1] The total population exceeds five millions, or, excluding city dwellers, about three millions.

The Country and its Inhabitants. The reader will, I think, be in a better position to appreciate and assess the value of the songs and ballads which form the major part of this volume if, by way of preface, I give some account of the way in which they were collected and record the impression which the inhabitants of this unique country made upon me. But I must bid him remember that I claim to speak with authority only with respect to that part of the mountain district into which I penetrated and that the statements and opinions which are now to follow must be accepted subject to this qualification.

[1] See Frontispiece.

I spent nine weeks only in the mountains, accompanied throughout by Miss Maud Karpeles, who took down, usually in shorthand, the words of the songs we heard, while I noted the tunes. Mr. John C. Campbell, the agent for the Southern Highland Division of the Russell Sage Foundation, went with us on our first expedition and afterwards directed our journeyings and, in general, gave us the benefit of his very full knowledge of the country and its people. Our usual procedure was to stay at one or other of the Presbyterian Missionary Settlements and to make it our centre for a week or ten days while we visited the singers who lived within a walking radius. In this way we successively visited White Rock, Allanstand, Alleghany and Carmen, Big Laurel and Hot Springs, in North Carolina, and thus succeeded in exploring the major portion of what is known as the Laurel Country. Afterwards we spent ten days at Rocky Fork, Tenn., and a similar period at Charlottesville, Va. I should add that had it not been for the generous hospitality extended to us by the heads of the Missionary Settlements at which we sojourned, it would have been quite impossible to prosecute our work.

The present inhabitants of the Laurel Country are the direct descendants of the original settlers who were emigrants from England and, I suspect, the lowlands of Scotland. I was able to ascertain with some degree of certainty that the settlement of this particular section began about three or four generations ago, *i.e.* in the latter part of the eighteenth century or early years of the nineteenth. How many years prior to this the original emigration from England had taken place, I am unable to say; but it is fairly safe, I think, to conclude that the present-day residents of this section of the mountains are the descendants of those who left the shores of Britain some time in the eighteenth century.

The region is from its inaccessibility a very secluded one. There are but few roads—most of them little better than mountain tracks—and practically no railroads. Indeed, so remote and shut off from outside influence were, until quite recently, these sequestered mountain valleys that the inhabitants have for a hundred years or more been completely isolated and cut off from all traffic with the rest of the world. Their speech is English, not American, and, from the number of expressions they use which have long been obsolete elsewhere, and the old-fashioned way in which they pronounce many of their words, it is clear that they are talking the language of a past day, though exactly of what period I am not competent to decide. One peculiarity is perhaps worth the

noting, namely the pronunciation of the impersonal pronoun with an aspirate—"hit"—a practice that seems to be universal.

Economically they are independent. As there are practically no available markets, little or no surplus produce is grown, each family extracting from its holding just what is needed to support life, and no more. They have very little money, barter in kind being the customary form of exchange.

Many set the standard of bodily and material comfort perilously low, in order, presumably, that they may have the more leisure and so extract the maximum enjoyment out of life. The majority live in log-cabins, more or less water-tight, usually, but not always, lighted with windows; but some have built larger and more comfortable homesteads.

They are a leisurely, cheery people in their quiet way, in whom the social instinct is very highly developed. They dispense hospitality with an openhanded generosity and are extremely interested in and friendly toward strangers, communicative and unsuspicious. "But surely you will tarry with us for the night?" was said to us on more than one occasion when, after paying an afternoon's visit, we rose to say good-bye.

They know their Bible intimately and subscribe to an austere creed, charged with Calvinism and the unrelenting doctrines of determinism or fatalism. The majority we met were Baptists, but we met Methodists also, a few Presbyterians, and some who are attached to what is known as the "Holiness" sect, with whom, however, we had but little truck, as their creed forbids the singing of secular songs.

They have an easy unaffected bearing and the unselfconscious manners of the well-bred. I have received salutations upon introduction or on bidding farewell, dignified and restrained, such as a courtier might make to his Sovereign. Our work naturally led to the making of many acquaintances, and, in not a few cases, to the formation of friendships of a more intimate nature, but on no single occasion did we receive anything but courteous and friendly treatment. Strangers that we met in the course of our long walks would usually bow, doff the hat, and extend the hand, saying, "My name is ——; what is yours?" an introduction which often led to a pleasant talk and sometimes to singing and the noting of interesting ballads. In their general characteristics they reminded me of the English peasant, with whom my work in England for the past fifteen years or more has brought me into close contact. There are differences, however. The mountaineer is freer in his manner, more alert, and less inarticulate than his British prototype, and bears no trace

of the obsequiousness of manner which, since the Enclosure Acts robbed him of his economic independence and made of him a hired labourer, has unhappily characterized the English villager. The difference is seen in the way the mountaineer, as I have already said, upon meeting a stranger, removes his hat, offers his hand and enters into conversation, where the English labourer would touch his cap, or pull his forelock, and pass on.

A few of those we met were able to read and write, but the majority were illiterate. They are, however, good talkers, using an abundant vocabulary racily and often picturesquely. Although uneducated, in the sense in which that term is usually understood, they possess that elemental wisdom, abundant knowledge and intuitive understanding which those only who live in constant touch with Nature and face to face with reality seem to be able to acquire. It is to be hoped that the schools which are beginning to be established in some districts, chiefly in the vicinity of the Missionary Settlements, will succeed in giving them what they lack without infecting their ideals, or depriving them of the charm of manner and the many engaging qualities which so happily distinguish them.

Physically, they are strong and of good stature, though usually spare in figure. Their features are clean-cut and often handsome; while their complexions testify to wholesome, out-of-door habits. They carry themselves superbly, and it was a never-failing delight to note their swinging, easy gait and the sureness with which they would negotiate the foot-logs over the creeks, the crossing of which caused us many anxious moments. The children usually go about barefooted, and, on occasion their elders too, at any rate in the summer time. Like all primitive peoples, or those who live under primitive conditions, they attain to physical maturity at a very early age, especially the women, with whom marriage at thirteen, or even younger, is not unknown.

I have been told that in past days there were blood-feuds—a species of vendetta—which were pursued for generations between members of certain families or clans; but, whenever circumstances connected with these were related to me, I was always given to understand that this barbarous custom had long since been discontinued. I have heard, too, that there is a good deal of illicit distilling of corn spirit by "moonshiners", as they are called, in defiance of the State excise laws; but of this, again, I personally saw nothing and heard but little. Nor did I see any consumption of alcohol in the houses I visited. On the other hand, the chewing or snuffing of tobacco is a common habit amongst young and old; but, curiously enough, no one smokes. Indeed, many looked

askance at my pipe and I rarely succeeded in extracting more than a half-hearted assent to my request for permission to light it.

That the illiterate may nevertheless reach a high level of culture will surprise those only who imagine that education and cultivation are convertible terms. The reason, I take it, why these mountain people, albeit unlettered, have acquired so many of the essentials of culture is partly to be attributed to the large amount of leisure they enjoy, without which, of course, no cultural development is possible, but chiefly to the fact that they have one and all entered at birth into the full enjoyment of their racial heritage. Their language, wisdom, manners, and the many graces of life that are theirs, are merely racial attributes which have been gradually acquired and accumulated in past centuries and handed down generation by generation, each generation adding its quotum to that which it received. It must be remembered, also, that in their everyday lives they are immune from that continuous, grinding, mental pressure, due to the attempt to "make a living," from which nearly all of us in the modern world suffer. Here no one is "on the make"; commercial competition and social rivalries are unknown. In this respect, at any rate, they have the advantage over those who habitually spend the greater part of every day in preparing to live, in acquiring the technique of life, rather than in its enjoyment.

I have dwelt at considerable length upon this aspect of the mountain life because it was the first which struck me and further, because, without a realization of this background, it will be difficult for the reader to follow intelligently what I have to say. But before I leave this part of my subject I must, in self-justification, add that I am aware that the outsider does not always see the whole of the game, and that I am fully conscious that there is another and less lovely side of the picture which in my appreciation I have ignored. I have deliberately done so because that side has, I believe, already been emphasized, perhaps with unnecessary insistence, by other observers.

The Singers and their Songs. My sole purpose in visiting this country was to collect the traditional songs and ballads which I had heard from Mrs. Campbell, and knew from other sources, were still being sung there. I naturally expected to find conditions very similar to those which I had encountered in England when engaged on the same quest. But of this I was soon to be agreeably disillusioned. Instead, for instance, of having to confine my attention to the aged, as in England where no

one under the age of seventy ordinarily possesses the folk-song tradition, I discovered that I could get what I wanted from pretty nearly every one I met, young and old. In fact, I found myself for the first time in my life in a community in which singing was as common and almost as universal a practice as speaking. With us, of course, singing is an entertainment, something done by others for our delectation, the cult and close preserve of a professional caste of specialists. The fact has been forgotten that singing is the one form of artistic expression that can be practised without any preliminary study or special training; that every normal human being can sing just as every one can talk; and that it is, consequently, just as ridiculous to restrict the practice of singing to a chosen few as it would be to limit the art of speaking to orators, professors of elocution and other specialists. In an ideal society every child in his earliest years would as a matter of course develop this inborn capacity and learn to sing the songs of his forefathers in the same natural and unselfconscious way in which he now learns his mother tongue and the elementary literature of the nation to which he belongs.

And it was precisely this ideal state of things that I found existing in the mountain communities. So closely, indeed, is the practice of this particular art interwoven with the ordinary avocations of everyday life that singers, unable to recall a song I had asked for, would often make some such remark as, "Oh, if only I were driving the cows home I could sing it at once!". On one occasion, too, I remember that a small boy tried to edge himself into my cabin in which a man was singing to me and, when I asked him what he wanted, he said, "I always like to go where there is sweet music." Of course, I let him in and, later on, when my singer failed to remember a song I had asked for, my little visitor came to the rescue and straightway sang the ballad from beginning to end in the true traditional manner, and in a way which would have shamed many a professional vocalist (see No. 15, B). I have no doubt but that this delightful habit of making beautiful music at all times and in all places largely compensates for any deficiencies in the matter of reading and writing.

But, of course, the cultural value of singing must depend upon the kind of songs that are sung. Happily, in this matter the hillsman is not called upon to exercise any choice, for the only music, or, at any rate, the only secular music, that he hears and has, therefore, any opportunity of learning is that which his British forefathers brought with them from their native country and has since survived by oral tradition.

When, by chance, the text of a modern street-song succeeds in penetrating into the mountains it is at once mated to a traditional tune (*e.g.* No. 99) and sometimes still further purified by being moulded into the form of a traditional ballad (see No. 87). But this happens but rarely, for, strange as it may seem, these mountain valleys are in fact far less affected by modern musical influences than the most remote and secluded English village, where there is always a Parsonage or Manor House, or both, to link it to the outside world.

We found little or no difficulty in persuading those we visited to sing to us. To prove our interest in the subject and to arouse their memories, we would ourselves sometimes sing folk-songs that I had collected in England, choosing, for preference, those with which they were unacquainted. Very often they misunderstood our requirements and would give us hymns instead of the secular songs and ballads which we wanted; but that was before we had learned to ask for "love-songs," which is their name for these ditties. It was evident, too, that it was often assumed that strangers like ourselves could have but one object and that to "improve", and their relief was obvious when they found that we came not to give but to receive.

It is no exaggeration to say that some of the hours I passed sitting on the porch (*i. e.* verandah) of a log-cabin, talking and listening to songs were amongst the pleasantest I have ever spent. Very often we would call upon some of our friends early in the morning and remain till dusk, sharing the mid-day meal with the family, and I would go away in the evening with the feeling that I had never before been in a more musical atmosphere, nor benefited more greatly by the exchange of musical confidences.

The singers displayed much interest in watching me take down their music in my note-book and when at the conclusion of a song I hummed over the tune to test the accuracy of my transcription they were as delighted as though I had successfully performed a conjuring trick.

The mountain singers sing in very much the same way as English folk-singers, in the same straightforward, direct manner, without any conscious effort at expression, and with the even tone and clarity of enunciation with which all folk-song collectors are familiar. Perhaps, however, they are less unselfconscious and sing rather more freely and with somewhat less restraint than the English peasant; I certainly never saw any one of them close the eyes when he sang nor assume that rigid, passive expression to which collectors in England have so often called attention.

They have one vocal peculiarity, however, which I have never noticed amongst English folk-singers, namely, the habit of dwelling arbitrarily upon certain notes of the melody, generally the weaker accents. This practice, which is almost universal, by disguising the rhythm and breaking up the monotonous regularity of the phrases, produces an effect of improvisation and freedom from rule which is very pleasing. The effect is most characteristic in $\frac{6}{8}$ tunes, as, for example, No. 16 G, in which in the course of the tune pauses are made on each of the three notes of the subsidiary triplets.

The wonderful charm, fascinating and well-nigh magical, which the folk-singer produces upon those who are fortunate enough to hear him is to be attributed very largely to his method of singing, and this, it should be understood, is quite as traditional as the song itself. The genuine folk-singer is never conscious of his audience—indeed, as often as not, he has none—and he never, therefore, strives after effect, nor endeavours in this or in any other way to attract the attention, much less the admiration of his hearers. So far as I have been able to comprehend his mental attitude, I gather that, when singing a ballad, for instance, he is merely relating a story in a peculiarly effective way which he has learned from his elders, his conscious attention being wholly concentrated upon what he is singing and not upon the effect which he himself is producing. This is more true, perhaps, of the English than of the American singers, some of whom I found were able mentally to separate the tune from the text—which English singers can rarely do—and even in some cases to discuss the musical points of the former with considerable intelligence.

I came across but one singer who sang to an instrumental accompaniment, the guitar, and that was in Charlottesville, Va. (No. 11, B). Mrs. Campbell, however, tells me that in Kentucky, where I have not yet collected, singers occasionally play an instrument called the dulcimer, a shallow, wooden box, with four sound-holes, in shape somewhat like a flat, elongated violin, over which are strung three (sometimes four) metal strings, the two (or three) lower of which are tonic-drones, the melody being played upon the remaining and uppermost string which is fretted. As the strings are plucked with the fingers and not struck with a hammer, the instrument would, I suppose, be more correctly called a psaltery.

The only instrumental music I heard were jig tunes played on the fiddle. I took down several of these from the two fiddlers, Mr. Reuben Hensley and Mr. Michael Wallin, who were good enough to play to me.

Whenever possible they used the open strings as drones, tuning the strings—which, by the way, were of metal—in a particular way for each air they were about to perform. I have not included any of these in this collection, but I hope, later on, to publish some of them when I have had further opportunities of examining this peculiar and unusual method of performance.

Many of the singers whose songs are recorded in the following pages had very large repertories. Mrs. Reuben Hensley, with the assistance of her husband and her daughter Emma, sang me thirty-five songs; while Mrs. Sands of Allanstand gave me twenty-five; Mr. Jeff Stockton of Flag Pond, Tenn., seventeen; Mr. N. B. Chisholm of Woodridge, Va., twenty-four; Mrs. Tom Rice of Big Laurel, twenty-six; and Mrs. Jane Gentry of Hot Springs, no less than sixty-four. Attention has often been called to the wonderful and retentive memories of folk-singers in England, and I can vouch for it that these American singers are, in this respect, in no way inferior to their English contemporaries.

None of the singers whom I visited possessed any printed song-sheets but some of them produced written copies, usually made by children, which they called "ballets", a term which the English singer reserves for the printed broadside.

It will be seen that in many cases we give several variants or different versions of the same song and that we have made no attempt to discriminate between these. The fact that no two singers ever sing the same song in identically the same way is familiar to all collectors, and may be interpreted in either of two ways. The upholder of the individualistic theory of origin contends that these variants are merely incorrect renderings of some original, individual composition which, never having been written down, has orally survived in various corrupt forms. On the other hand, there are those—and I count myself amongst them—who maintain that in these minute differences lie the germs of development; that the changes made by individual singers are akin to the "sports" in the flower or animal worlds, which, if perpetuated, lead to further ideal development and, perhaps, ultimately to the birth of new varieties and species. There is no doubt that if this problem is ever to be solved it will be through the examination and analysis of genuine, authentic variants, such as we have done our best faithfully to record; and we make no apology, therefore, for printing so many of them.

For very much the same reason, in addition to the variants derived from different singers, we have in many cases recorded the changes made by the individual singer in the successive repetitions of the tune

in the course of his song. These are often of great interest and significance and sometimes show an inventiveness on the part of the singer that is nothing less than amazing as, for example, in Mr. Jeff Stockton's version of "Fair Margaret" (No. 17, A).

Mrs. Campbell and I have together collected 450 tunes. For the purposes of this volume, we have selected 325 of these, which are associated with 122 different sets of words—55 ballads and 67 songs.

The distinction between the ballad and the song is more or less arbitrary and is not easy to define with precision. Broadly speaking, however, the ballad is a narrative song, romantic in character and, above all, impersonal, that is to say, the singer is merely the narrator of events with which he personally has no connection and for which he has no responsibility. The song, on the other hand, is a far more emotional and passionate utterance and is usually the record of a personal experience —very frequently of an amatory nature.

The Ballads. The ballads have, probably, the longer history behind them; at any rate, they attracted the attention of collectors earlier than the songs—the reason, perhaps, why the ballads have suffered, far more than the songs, from the unscrupulous editing of literary meddlers.

The ballad air is necessarily of a straightforward type, as it is sung indifferently to verses often varying very widely in emotional character. Nevertheless, many of the ballad tunes are very lovely, as the musician who studies the contents of this volume will readily perceive. Such airs, for instance, as Nos. 3, 15, 19, 20, 27, 29, 35, 37, 39 and 47 make really beautiful music and are fully capable of standing alone, divorced from their texts, and of being played or sung as absolute music. The most perfect type of ballad, however, is that in which the tune, whilst serving its purpose as an ideal vehicle for the words, is of comparatively little value when divorced from its text. "The False Knight upon the Road" (No. 1) is a good instance of this and, in my opinion, a splendid example of the genuine ballad at its highest pitch.

It is greatly to be deplored that the literature of the ballad has, in the past, attracted so much more attention than the music. Properly speaking, the two elements should never be dissociated; the music and the text are one and indivisible, and to sever one from the other is to remove the gem from its setting. Early poetry, to which category the traditional ballad belongs, was always sung or chanted; it was addressed to the ear, not the eye. While language appeals primarily to the intelli-

gence, its sound acts upon and arouses the emotions, the more especially when the words have been artfully chosen, thrown into metrical rhythm and wedded to beautiful music. Of all human creations, language is perhaps the most distinctive and characteristic; its development has proceeded step by step with the progress of mankind from the savage to the cultivated being of the present day; and in the course of this evolution the ballad has played by no means an insignificant part.

The texts of the first thirty-seven ballads in this book are all recorded, most of them in various forms, in the late Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*. The remaining eighteen ballads were either deliberately excluded by Child from his collection—no doubt for some very good reason—or were unknown to him.

The references in the Notes at the end of this volume show which of these ballads have already been found and published in England. Most of these English references, however, are to versions recorded many years ago, when collectors were content with a lower standard of accuracy, and cannot, therefore, be regarded as trustworthy as similar transcriptions of a later date. It will be noticed that twelve of the "Child" ballads, Nos. 1, 5, 7, 8, 11, 14, 15, 20, 25, 30, 31 and 35, have not been recorded in the Journal of the English Folk-Song Society, nor in any of the recent standard publications. I regret that I am unable to give similar statistical information with respect to American records, but, unfortunately, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the nature of the discoveries that have been made, many of which are not yet accessible in printed form. I believe, however, that Nos. 25, 30 and 31 have not previously been found in any form in America, and that of the remaining thirty-four the texts, but not the tunes, have in most cases been alone recorded.

The Songs. The song-melodies differ in many respects from those of the ballads. Structurally, many of them are built upon larger and more elaborate lines, while emotionally, for reasons already given, they are far more intense and more heavily charged with sentiment. Several of the mountain song-tunes are, in my opinion, very characteristic and beautiful; Nos. 56, 57, 58, 61, 62, 65, 69, 83, 88, 104 and 106, for instance, will challenge the very finest of the folk-tunes that have been found in England. Some of them, too, while conforming in type to the regular English folk-tune are yet in a measure so different that they may fairly be considered a fresh contribution to the subject.

Some of the song-texts are quite new to me and are not to be found,

so far as I have been able to discover, in any of the standard English collections, *e.g.*, Nos. 57, 59, 63, 65, 68, 70, 79, 81, 86, 88, 91, 122 and 123.

The literature of the traditional song does not, as a whole, compare favourably with that of the ballad. Many of the lines printed in this volume are corrupt and unintelligible, while some of them are the merest doggerel. Nevertheless, a few of the verses are very beautiful, not merely by contrast but intrinsically. Stanzas, for example, such as

> When I see your babe a-laughing,
> It makes me think of your sweet face;
> But when I see your babe a-crying,
> It makes me think of my disgrace.

and

> When your heart was mine, true love,
> And your head lay on my breast,
> You could make me believe by the falling of your arm
> That the sun rose up in the West.
>
> There's many a girl can go all round about
> And hear the small birds sing,
> And many a girl that stays at home alone
> And rocks the cradle and spins.
>
> There's many a star that shall jingle in the West,
> There's many a leaf below,
> There's many a damn that will light upon a man
> For treating a poor girl so.

contain all the essentials of genuine poetry and, in their feeling, in their artlessness, in the directness and simplicity of their verbal expression and the absence of circumlocution, reach a high level of imaginative and poetic expression.

One curious hiatus in the repertories of the mountain-singers struck me very forcibly, viz. the total absence of songs of a ritual nature, *e.g.* Harvest-Home songs, Carols (with one notable exception, No. 13), May-day songs and others of religious origin, such as those associated with the Morris and Sword-dance ceremonies; as well as, for obvious reasons, all Cuckoo*, Primrose and other Spring songs. The reason for this, I take it, is because ritual observances belong to, and are bound up so closely with, the soil of a country that they do not readily survive transplantation; and partly, too, because the mountain people for the most part live in isolated dwellings and at considerable distances from one another and do not congregate in villages as in older and more settled

* This statement must now (i. e. May, 1917) be modified, for I have just noted down in Knox Co., Ky., a version of "The Cuckoo is a fine bird," a remarkable example, in the circumstances, of the persistence of tradition.

countries like England, a condition that would inevitably lead to the discontinuance of seasonal and other communal festivals. This latter reason may also account for the decadence of dancing amongst the mountaineers, although I have no doubt that religious scruples have also been a contributory cause—I noticed that in reply to my enquiries on this subject the euphemism "playing games" was always substituted for "dancing" by my informants.

Scales and Modes. Very nearly all these Appalachian tunes are cast in "gapped" scales, that is to say, scales containing only five, or sometimes six, notes to the octave, instead of the seven with which we are familiar, a "hiatus", or "gap", occurring where a note is omitted.

To trace the history of this particular scale is to venture upon controversial ground. Personally, I believe that it was the first form of scale evolved by the folk which was in any way comparable with our modern major or minor scale. Originally, as may be gathered from the music of primitive tribes, the singer was content to chant his song in monotone, varied by occasional excursions to the sounds immediately above or below his single tone, or by a leap to the fourth below. Eventually, however, he succeeded in covering the whole octave, but, even so, he was satisfied with fewer intermediate sounds than the seven which comprise the modern diatonic scale. Indeed, there are many nations at the present day which have not yet advanced beyond the two-gapped or pentatonic scale, such as, for instance, the Gaels of Highland Scotland; and, when we realize the almost infinite melodic possibilities of the 5-note scale, as exemplified in Celtic folk-music and, for that matter, in the tunes printed in this volume, we can readily understand that singers felt no urgent necessity to increase the number of notes in the octave. A further development in this direction was, however, eventually achieved by the folk-singer, though, for a long while, as was but natural, the two medial notes, required to complete the scale, were introduced speculatively and with hesitation. There are many instances in Irish folk-music, for example, in which the pitch or intonation of these added sounds is varied in the course of one and the same tune. This experimental and transitional period, however, eventually came to a close and the final stage was reached, so far as the folk-singer was concerned, when the diatonic scale, *i.e.* the 7-note scale represented by the white notes of the pianoforte, became definitely settled. And this is the scale which is commonly used by the English folk-singer of the present day. But even then, and for a long period after, the mediate sounds remained "weak"

and were employed only as auxiliary notes or connecting links, rather than structural or cadential notes, so that the gaps, though covered up, were not concealed. And it was left to the art-musician to take the final step and evolve the 7-note scale of which every note could be used with equal freedom and certainty.

Of the tunes in this volume, some are pentatonic; others belong to the transitional period and are hesitatingly hexatonic, or even heptatonic; while a few are frankly in the major mode, *i.e.* diatonic 7-note tunes in which no indication of a pentatonic origin can be traced. For the benefit of those interested in this technical question, particulars concerning scale and mode are given at the head of every tune in the text. The names and characteristics of the 7-note diatonic modes need no explanation; but with regard to the pentatonic modes, which are but rarely employed by art-musicians, it may be as well, perhaps, to explain the method of classification and nomenclature adopted in this volume. This is set out in the chart on the opposite page.
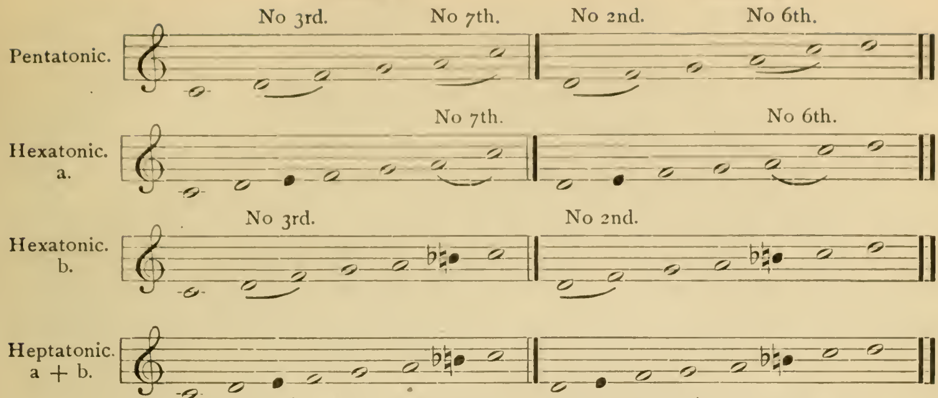
The five pentatonic modes there given have been derived in the following way:—

If from the white-note scale of the pianoforte the two notes E and B be eliminated we have the pentatonic scale with its two gaps in every octave, between D and F and between A and C. As each one of the five notes of the system may in turn be chosen as tonic, five modes emerge, based, respectively, upon the notes C, D, F, G and A. The gaps, of course, occur at different intervals in each scale and it is this distinguishing feature which gives to each mode its individuality and peculiar characteristic.

The one-gapped or hexatonic scale, and the 7-note or heptatonic scale are, as we have already seen, derivates of the original pentatonic, obtained by the filling in, respectively, of one or both of the gaps. Miss Gilchrist (see *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, v., pp. 150–153), whose very clear exposition of this matter I am in the main following, allows the lower gap, *i.e.* between D and F, to be completed by the insertion of either E-flat or E-natural, and the upper gap, *i.e.* between A and C, by the addition of B-flat; and by this method she has succeeded in classifying very satisfactorily her material, which consists entirely of Gaelic tunes. When, however, I came to apply this method to the mountain-tunes I found it necessary to make the following modification, viz., to take E-natural as the constant and invariable mediate note of the lower gap, and either B-flat or B-natural of the upper. The chart, given here, has, therefore, been constructed on this plan, *i.e.* Miss Gilchrist's, modified in the way just explained.

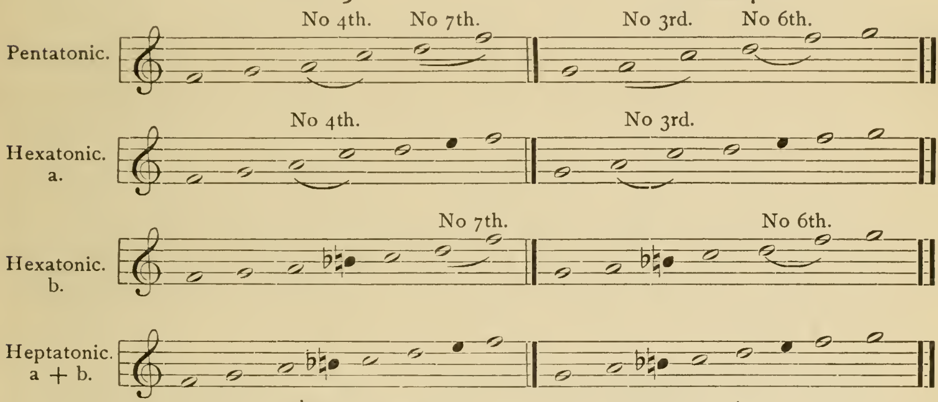
Pentatonic Modes

Mode 1 — Mode 2



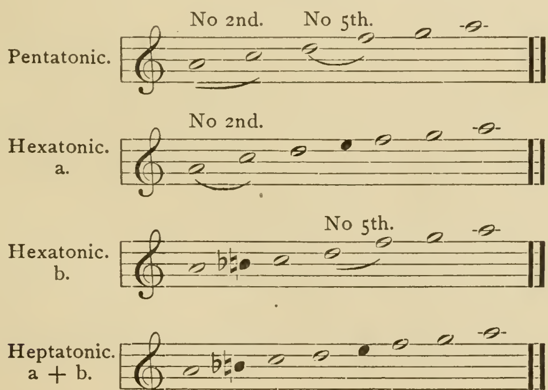
Ionian with B♮. Mixolydian with B♭. Dorian with B♮; Aeolian with B♭.

Mode 3 — Mode 4



Lydian with B♮; Ionian with B♭. Mixolydian with B♮; Dorian with B♭.

Mode 5



Aeolian with B♮; Phrygian with B♭.

This description will, it is hoped, enable the reader to understand the modal and scale index attached to each of the tunes printed in this volume. His attention, however, must still be called to two points.

In some tunes it has been difficult to decide with certainty upon the tonic, for in pentatonic airs, or, at any rate, in these mountain melodies, the tonic is frequently and patently *not* the final note of the tune. Airs of this kind are called "circular," because the final phrase is fashioned so that it may lead into the initial phrase without pause or break of continuity and thus complete the melodic circle. Strictly speaking, the singer on the final repetition of a circular tune should vary the last phrase so as to conclude upon the tonic; but this singers very rarely do—No. 25 is the only tune in this Collection in which this is done.

Again, it will be seen that a heptatonic tune may, so far as its notes are concerned, be assigned indifferently to one or other of two modes. An ionian air, for instance, may belong to Mode 1, or Mode 3; a dorian to Modes 2 or 4, and so forth. The true classification in such cases is determined by detecting the "weak" notes, which, by disclosing the places in the scale where the gaps originally occurred, will thereby show the mode, of which the tune in question is a derivative. An ionian tune, for example, will be assigned to Mode 1 if its third be a weak note (as well as its seventh), and to Mode 2 if, instead of the third, the fourth be the weak one. Similarly a dorian air will be classified second or fourth Mode according as the second or third scale-degree be the weak note.

Ethnological Origin of the Singers. If the prevalence of the gapped scale in the mountain tunes is any indication of the ethnological origin of the singers, it seems to point to the North of England, or to the Lowlands, rather than the Highlands, of Scotland, as the country from which they originally migrated. For the Appalachian tunes, notwithstanding their "gapped" characteristics, have far more affinity with the normal English folk-tune than with that of the Gaelic-speaking Highlander (cf. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, v., pp. 157–269), and may, therefore, very well have been derived from those who, dwelling on the borders of the Highland Kingdom, had become infected to some extent with the musical proclivities of their neighbours. It will be observed, moreover, that the Notes contain a large number of references to Dean Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* and to the late Gavin Greig's *Folk-Songs of the North-East*, and both of these are collections of traditional songs from Lowland, not Highland, Scotland.

There is, however, another possible explanation. For all that we

know—and there is really no trustworthy evidence on this point—the English folk-singer of the eighteenth century may still have been using the gapped scale and may not have advanced to the understanding and use of the 7-note scale until the following century. And if this supposition be made—and it is at least a possible one—we may argue that the ancestors of our mountain singers hailed originally from England and that they sang in the gapped scale because that was the habit which then prevailed amongst their contemporaries. An analysis of the names of the singers recorded in this volume does not help us very much, but, so far as it goes, it seems to support rather than to contradict this latter supposition.

However, it is not a matter of any great importance which of these two hypotheses we accept, because, in either event, the tunes in question would quite correctly be called English. For, as folk-lorists will, I think, agree, England and the English-speaking parts of Scotland must, so far as folk-tales, folk-songs and other folk-products are concerned, be regarded as one homogeneous area.

The Cultural Significance of Tradition. The words and the tunes in this Collection are typical and authentic examples of the beginnings and foundations of English literature and music. The history of man is the history of his efforts to express himself, and the degree to which he has at any given moment succeeded in doing this is the measure of the civilization to which he has attained. The method by which he has sought to achieve this end has been through the exercise and development of certain inborn and basic human faculties; and his achievements are concretely to be seen in the literature, music, painting, dancing, sculpture and other art-works which each nation has created and accumulated and in which it finds reflected its own peculiar and distinctive characteristics. The process is a cumulative one, the children of each generation receiving from their fathers that which, with certain modifications and additions of their own, they bequeath to their children. The historian, however, will point out that this process is not uniformly progressive; that nations in the course of their development pass through different phases, and that, in consonance with these, their artistic output varies in character and quality from period to period. These variations, however, fluctuate within certain clearly defined limits, and are superficial rather than radical; so that, while each may reflect with greater or less fidelity the specific outlook of a particular epoch, the form of expression remains fundamentally true to

one type, and that the national type. And this national type is always to be found in its purest, as well as in its most stable and permanent form, in the folk-arts of a nation.

Although this theory of nationalism in art is now very generally accepted, the fact that it is based upon the intimate relationship which the art of the folk must always bear to that of the self-conscious, cultivated and trained individual artist is too often overlooked. But, bearing this in mind, the significance and value of the contents of such a book as this become immediately apparent. We talk glibly of the creative musician, but, however clever and inspired he may be, he cannot, magician-like, produce music out of nothing; and if he were to make the attempt he would only put himself back into the position of the primitive savage. All that he can do and, as a matter of fact, does, is to make use of the material bequeathed to him by his predecessors, fashion it anew and in such manner that he can through it, and by means of it, express himself. It is my sober belief that if a young composer were to master the contents of this book, study and assimilate each tune with its variants, he would acquire just the kind of education that he needs, and one far better suited to his requirements than he would obtain from the ordinary Conservatoire or College of Music.

Again, the value of such songs as these as material for the general education of the young cannot be overestimated. For, if education is to be cultural and not merely utilitarian, if its aim is to produce men and women capable, not only of earning a living, but of holding a dignified and worthy position upon an equality with the most cultivated of their generation, it will be necessary to pay at least as much attention to the training and development of the emotional, spiritual and imaginative faculties as to those of the intellect. And this, of course, can be achieved only by the early cultivation of some form of artistic expression, such as singing, which, for reasons already given, seems of all the arts to be the most natural and the most suitable one for the young. Moreover, remembering that the primary purpose of education is to place the children of the present generation in possession of the cultural achievements of the past so that they may as quickly as possible enter into their racial inheritance, what better form of music or of literature can we give them than the folk-songs and folk-ballads of the race to which they belong, or of the nation whose language they speak? To deny them these is to cut them off from the past and to rob them of that which is theirs by right of birth. To put it another way, the aim of the

educationist should be not to forge the first link of a new chain, but to add a fresh link to an old one.

That culture is primarily a matter of inheritance and not of education is, perhaps, a mere truism, but it is one, nevertheless, which educationists often forget. My knowledge of American life may be too slender for an opinion of mine to carry much weight, but I cannot withhold the criticism—advanced with the greatest diffidence—that the educational authorities of some of the larger cities in the United States are too ready to ignore the educational and cultural value of that national heritage which every immigrant brings with him to his new home, and to rest too confidently upon their educational system, which is often almost wholly utilitarian and vocational, to create the ideal American citizen. I admit that the problem which faces the educationist in America is a peculiarly difficult one, but it will, I am convinced, never be satisfactorily solved until the education given to every foreign colonist is directly based upon, and closely related to, his or her national inheritance of culture.

Of the supreme cultural value of an inherited tradition, even when unenforced by any formal school education, our mountain community in the Southern Highlands is an outstanding example. Another, though negative, instance of the truth of the same principle may be seen in the contents of a book which Professor Lomax has recently compiled, concerning the songs of the cowboys of Texas.[1] Let me ask the reader to compare these with the songs of the Southern Highlanders. The comparison is a fair one, for the cowboys live a communal life almost as isolated and shut off from the world as that of the mountaineers, and feel, accordingly, the same compelling desire to express themselves in song. They are not, or at any rate they would not, I imagine, consider themselves, in any way inferior to their neighbours; they are, I take it, less illiterate, while the life they lead is more vivid and exciting and far richer in incident. Why, then, is it that their songs compare so unfavourably with those of the mountain singers? It can only be because the cowboy has been despoiled of his inheritance of traditional song; he has nothing behind him. When, therefore, he feels the need of self-expression, having no inherited fund of poetic literature upon which to draw, no imaginative world into which to escape, he has only himself and his daily occupations to sing about, and that in a self-centred, self-conscious way, *e.g.*, "The cowboy's life is a dreadful life"; "I'm a poor lonesome cowboy"; "I'm a lonely bull-whacker"—and so forth.

Now this, of course, is precisely what the folk-singer never does.

[1] *Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads.* Sturgis and Walton, 1916.

When he sings his aim is to forget himself and everything that reminds him of his everyday life; and so it is that he has come to create an imaginary world of his own and to people it with characters quite as wonderful, in their way, as the elfish creations of Spenser.

Mrs. Campbell and I realize that we are, of course, only at the beginning of our labours and that the contents of this book are but a first instalment. Indeed, when we consider into what a very small portion of the field we have as yet carried our investigations the magnitude of the task before us seems overwhelming. But this may not in reality be so, for it may not, after all, be necessary to pursue our researches throughout the whole of the area with the same care that we have already given, say, to the Laurel Country. For folk-singing in the mountains is so live an art and so general a practice that in all probability by the time we have collected a certain number of songs—not necessarily a very great number—we shall find that we have exhausted the field. Whether or not this comforting supposition proves to be correct, we shall, neither of us, rest content until all of this material has been collected, either by ourselves or by others, published, and made generally available.

We have in the following pages printed the songs exactly as we took them down from the lips of the singers, without any editing or "adornments" whatsoever, and we have done so because we are convinced that this is the only way in which work of this kind should be presented, at any rate in the first instance. Later on, we may harmonize and publish a certain number of the songs and so make a wider and more popular appeal.

But this can be done at leisure. The pressing need of the moment is to complete our collection while there is yet the opportunity—and who can say how long the present ideal conditions will remain unaltered? Already the forests are attracting the attention of the commercial world; lumber companies are being formed to cut down and carry off the timber, and it is not difficult to foresee the inevitable effect which this will have upon the simple, Arcadian life of the mountains. And then, too, there are the schools, which, whatever may be said in their favour, will always be the sworn enemies of the folk-song collector.

I cannot allow myself to conclude these remarks without expressing my gratitude to the many friends who have assisted me in my investigations. There are those in particular, who were kind enough to entertain me in their mountain homes:—Dr. and Mrs. Packard of White Rock; Miss Edith Fish of Allanstand; Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Bacon of Alle-

ghany; Miss Ollie Henricks of Big Laurel; and Miss Jennie Moor of Rocky Fork. Nor can I omit the names of some, at least, of those by whose help and advice I have so greatly profited:—Mrs. J. J. Storrow, who gave me assistance of a most practical kind; Professor Alphonso Smith, and Mr. John M. Glenn of the Russell Sage Foundation.

C. J. S.

27 Church Row,
Hampstead,
London, N. W.

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BALLADS

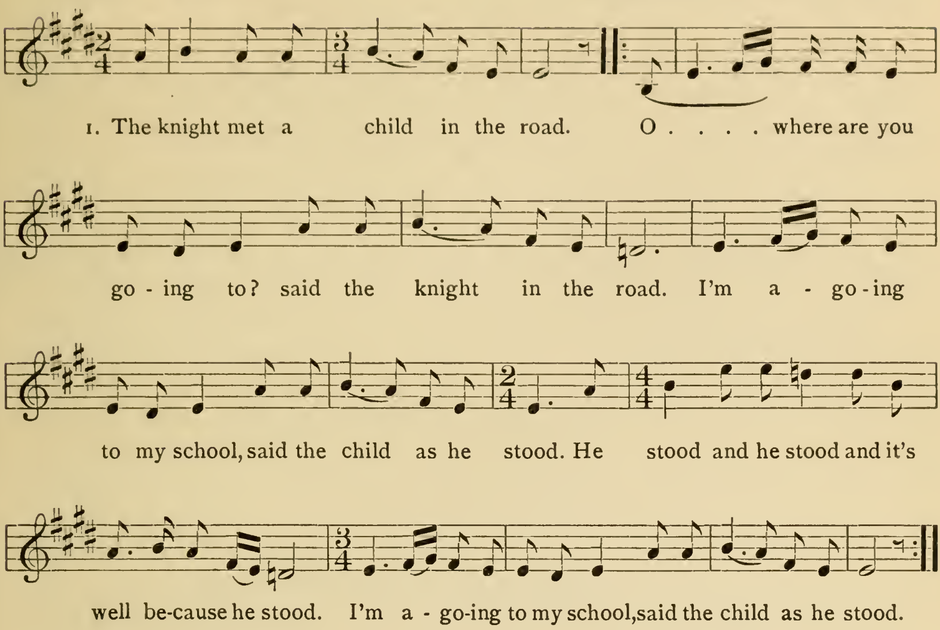
No. 1

The False Knight Upon the Road

A

Sung by Mrs. T. G. Coates
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.



2 O what are you going there for?
For to learn the Word of God.

3 O what have you got there?
I have got my bread and cheese.

4 O won't you give me some?
No, ne'er a bite nor crumb.

5 I wish you was on the sands.
Yes, and a good staff in my hands.

6 I wish you was in the sea.
Yes, and a good boat under me.

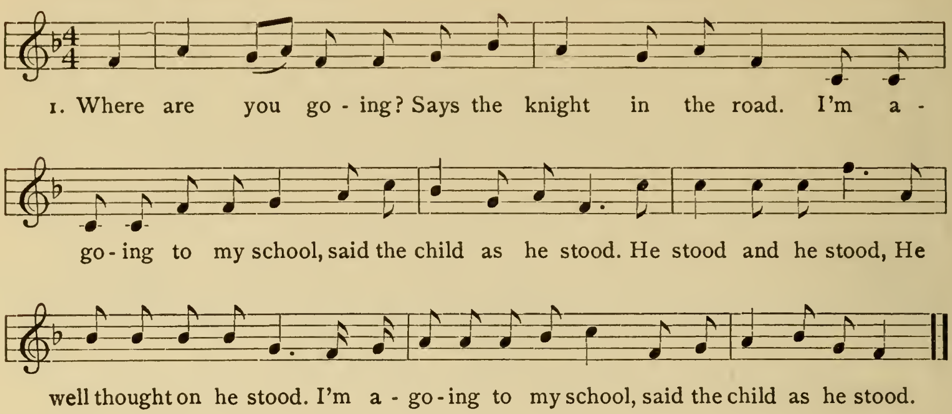
7 I think I hear a bell.
Yes, and it's ringing you to hell.

The False Knight Upon the Road

B

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3, b (no 6th).



2 What are you eating?
I'm a-eating bread and cheese.

3 I wish'd you was in the sea.
A good boat under me.

4 I wish'd you was in the well.
And you that deep in hell.

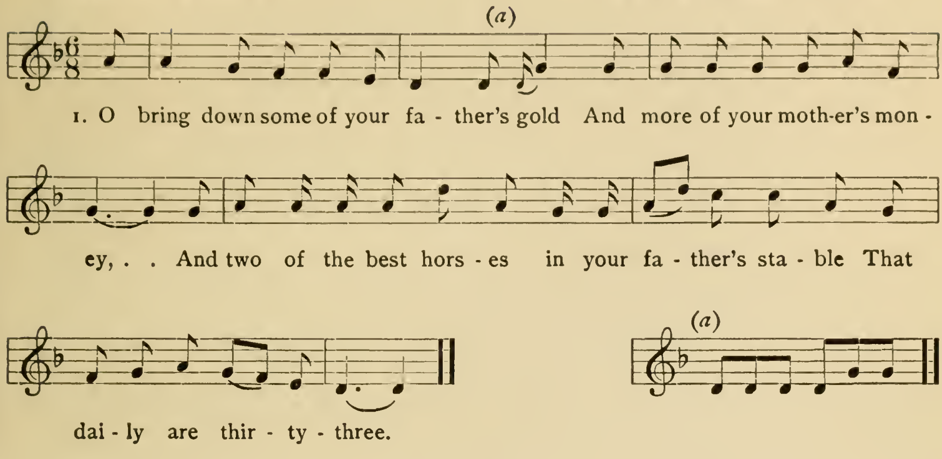
No. 2

Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight

A

Sung by Miss ELIZABETH COIT
at Amherst, Mass., July, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



2 She brought down some of her father's gold
And more of her mother's money,
And two of the best horses in her father's stable
That daily are thirty-three.

3 He rode on the milk-white steed
And she rode on the bay,
And together they came to the North of Scotland
Three hours before it was day.

4 Light down, light down, my pretty colleen,
I've something here to tell thee.
Six kings' daughters lie drowned here
And thou the seventh shall be.

5 O turn your back to the billowy waves,
Your face to the leaves of the tree,
For it ill beseems an outlandish knight
Should view a stark lady.

6 He turned his back to the billowy waves,
His face to the leaves of the tree,
When quickly she threw both her arms round his neck
And tossed him into the sea.

7 Lie there, lie there, thou false young man,
Lie there instead of me.
You promised to take me to the North of Scotland,
And there you would marry me.

8 O give me hold of your little finger
And hold of your lily-white hand,
And I'll make you the ruler of all my estates
And the ruler of all my land.

9 No, I won't give you hold of my little finger,
Nor hold of my lily-white hand,
And I won't be the mistress of all your estates
And the ruler of all your land.

10 She rode on the milk-white steed,
And by her went the bay,
And together they came to her father's castle
Three hours before it was day.

11 'Twas then the pretty parrot spoke
From his cage upon the wall:
O what is the matter, my pretty colleen,
Why did you not answer my call?

12 O hush, O hush, my pretty parrot,
Don't tell any tales upon me,
And your cage shall be of the beaten gold
And your perch of the almond tree.

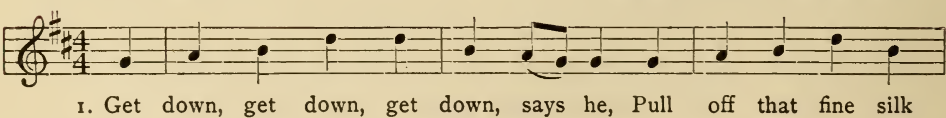
13 'Twas then her father spoke
From the chamber where he lay:
O what is the matter, my pretty parrot,
That you're calling so long before day?

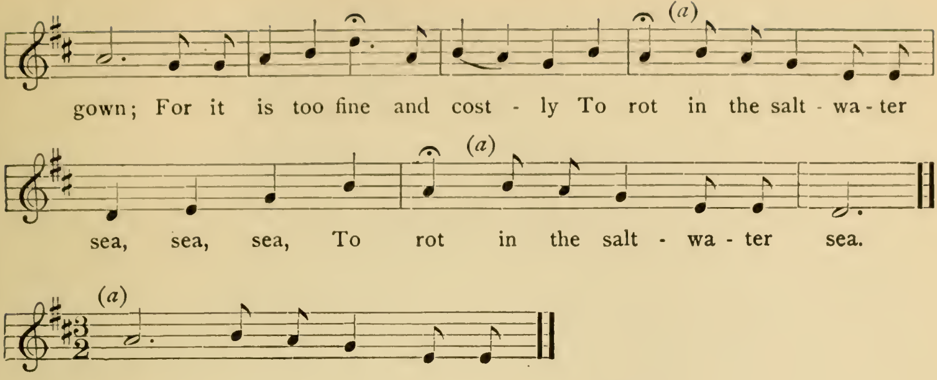
14 O these rats, these rats are at my cage door;
They're trying to take me away,
So I am just calling my pretty colleen
To drive these rats away.

B

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 2, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1.





2 Turn yourself all round and about
With your face turned toward the sea.
And she picked him up so manfully
And over'd him into the sea.

3 Pray help me out, pray help me out,
Pray help me out, says he,
And I'll take you to the old Scotland
And there I will marry thee.

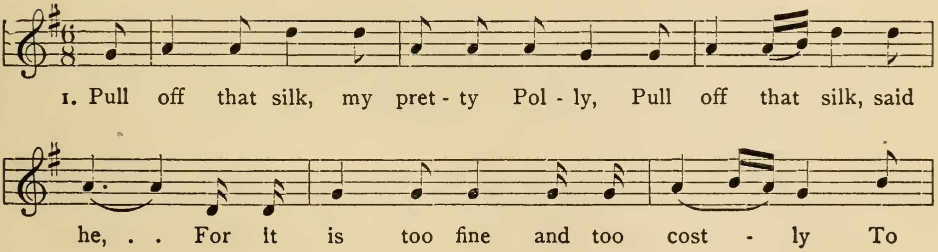
4 Lie there, you false-hearted knight,
Lie there instead of me,
For you stripped me as naked as ever I was born,
But I'll take nothing from thee.

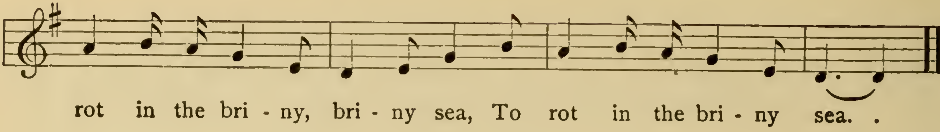
5 She jumped upon the milk-white steed
And she led the dapple grey,
And she rode back to her father's dwelling
Three long hours before day.

C

Sung by Mrs. BISHOP, Clay Co., Ky.,
on July 16, 1909

Pentatonic. Mode 1.





2 Turn your back, sweet Willie, said she,
O turn your back unto me,
For you are too bad a rebel
For a naked woman to see.

3 She picked him up in her arms so strong
And she threw him into the sea,
Saying: If you have drowned six kings' daughters here,
You may lay here in the room of me.

4 Stretch out your hand, O pretty Polly,
Stretch out your hand for me,
. . . .
And help me out of the sea. . .

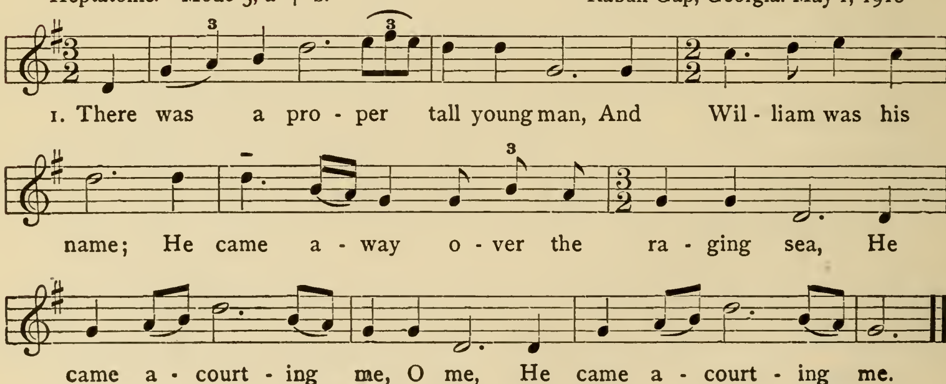
5 She picked up a rock and threw on him, saying:
Lay there, lay there, you dirty, dirty dog,
Lay there in the room of me.
You're none too good nor too costly
To rot in the briny, briny sea.

6 Hush up, hush up, my pretty parrot,
Hush up, hush up, said she.
You shall have a golden cage with an ivory lid
Hung in the willow tree.

D

Sung by Mrs. Moore,
Rabun Gap, Georgia. May 1, 1910

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b.



2 He followed me up, he followed me down,
He followed me in my room.
I had no wings for to fly away,
No tongue to say him nay.

3 He took part of my father's gold,
Half of my mother's fee;
He took two of my father's stable steeds,
For there stood thirty and three.

4 The lady rode the milk-white steed,
The gentleman rode the grey.
They rode all down by the north green land
All on one summer's day.

5 Light off, light off, my pretty fair miss,
I tell you now my mind.
Six pretty fair maids I've drownded here,
The seventh one you shall be.

6 Hush up, hush up, you old vilyun,
That hain't what you promised me.
You promised to marry me over the raging sea,
And then for to marry me.

7 Turn your back and trim those nettles
That grow so near the brim;
They'll tangle in my golden hair
And tear my lily-white skin.

8 He turned his back to trim those nettles
That growed so near the brim;
This young lady with her skilfulness
She tripped her false love in.

9 Lie there, lie there, you old vilyun,
Lie there in the place for me.
You have nothing so fine nor costly
But to rot in the salt water sea.

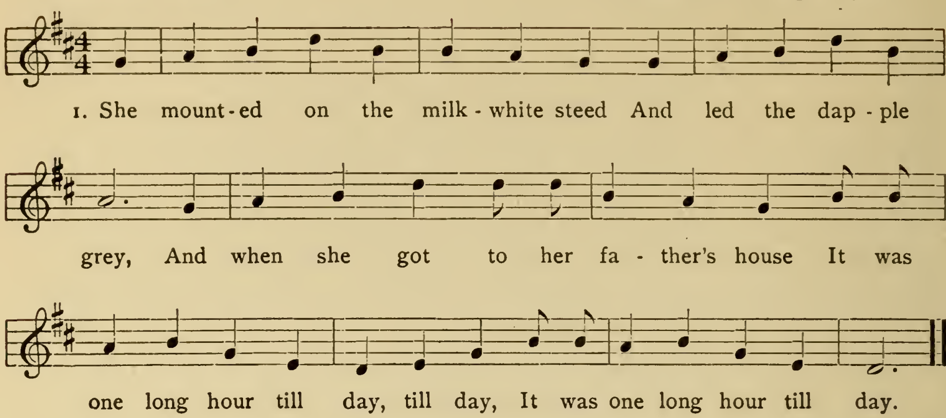
10 First she rode the milk-white steed
And then she rode the grey.
She returned back to her father's house
Three long hours before it was day.

Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight

E

Sung by Mrs. NANCY E. SHELTON
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 8, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode I.

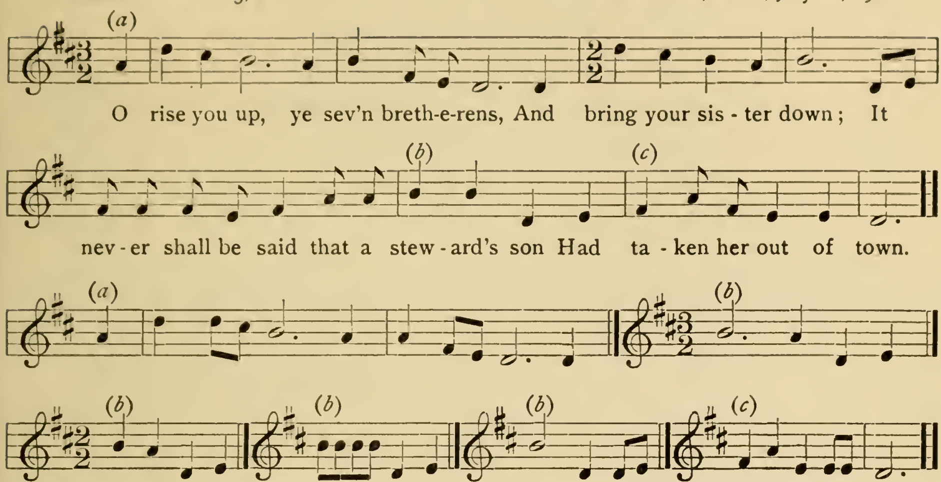


No. 3

Earl Brand

A

Sung by Mrs. POLLY SHELTON
Hexatonic. Mode 3, a. at White Rock, N. C., July 28, 1916



2 I thank you kindly, sir, he says,
I am no steward's son.
My father is of a regis king,
My mother's a quaker's queen.

3 He mound (mounted) her on a milk-white steed,
He rode a dapple grey.
He swung a bugle horn all round about his neck
And so went blowing away.

4 He had not gone three mile out of town
Till he looked back again,
And saw her father and seven bretherens
Come trippling over the plain.

5 Sit you down, fair Ellender, he said,
And hold this steed by the rein,
Till I play awhile with your father
And your seven bretherens.

6 Fair Ellender she sat still.
It wasn't long till she saw
Her own dear seven bretherens
All wallowing in their blood.

7 Fair Ellender she sat still,
She never changed a note
Till she saw her own father's head
Come tumbling by her foot.

8 Saying: Love runs free in every vein,
But father you have no more,
If you're not satisfied with this,
I wish you were in some mother's chamber
And me in some house or room.

9 If I was in my mother's chamber
You'd be welcome there.
I'll wind you east, I'll wind you west,
I'll wind along with you.

10 He mound her on a milk-white steed,
He rode the dapple grey,
He swung a bugle horn all round about his neck
And so went bleeding away.

11 As he rode up to his father's gate
He tingled at the ring,
Saying: O dear father, asleep or awake,
Arise and let me in.

12 O sister, sister, make my bed,
My wounds are very sore.
Saying: O dear mother, O bind up my head,
For me you'll bind no more.

13 It was about three hours till day,
The cock began to crow.
From every wound that he received
His heart blood began to flow.

14 Sweet William he died like it might be to-day,
Fair Ellender tomorrow.
Sweet William he died for the wounds he received,
Fair Ellen died for sorrow.

15 Fair Ellender was buried by the church door,
Sweet William was buried by her;
And out of her breast sprung a blood red rose
And out of his a briar.

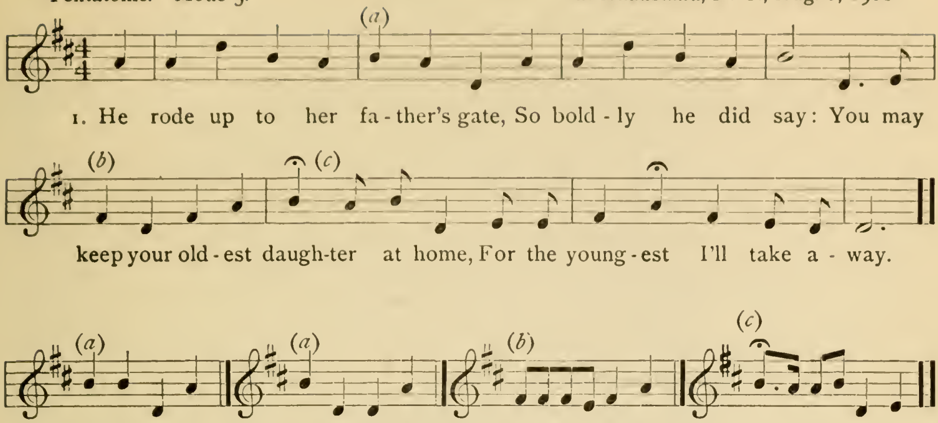
16 They growed, they growed to the top of the church
Till they could grow no higher,
And there they tied a true love's knot
And the rose ran round the briar.

Earl Brand

B

Sung by Mrs. MARY SANDS
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 1, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



The pause-notes were sung as minims.

2 He jumped upon the milk-white steed
And she rode the dapple grey,
And he hung a bugle horn all about his neck
And so went sounding away.

3 He had not got but a mile or two
Till he looked back over the main,
And he saw her father and her seven brothers all
Come trippling over the lane.

4 Get down, get down, get down, says he,
And hold this steed by the mane,
Till I play awhile with your father, he says,
Yes, and your seven brethren.

5 She got down and never spoke,
Nor never cheaped
Till she saw her own father's head
Come trinkling by her feet.

6 Hold your hand, sweet William, she says,
Pray hold your hand for sure,
For love runs free in every vein,
But father I'll have no more.

7 If you hain't pleased at this, he says,
If you hain't pleased, says he,
I'll wished you was at home in your mother's chambery
And me in some house or room.

8 Go wind you east, go wind you west,
I will go along with you.
And he hung a bugle all round about his neck,
And so went bleeding away.

9 But when he got to his mother's hall,
He jingled at the ring;
O dear mother, sleep or awake,
Rise and let me in.

10 Sister, sister make my bed,
My wounds are very sore.
O dear mother, bind my head,
You'll never bind it more.

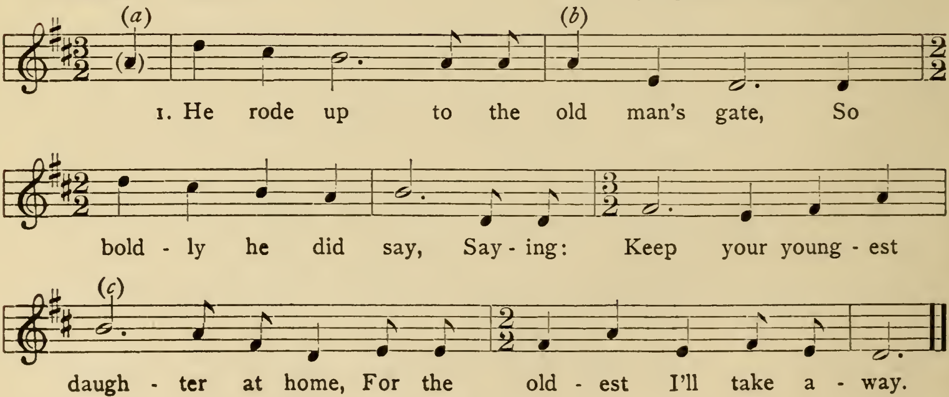
11 It was about three hours before day,
The chickens began to crow,
And every breath that he did draw
His heart's blood begin to flow.

12 Sweet William died of the wounds he got
And Barbary died for sorrow,
And the old woman died for the love of them both
And was buried on Easter Monday.

C

Sung by Mrs. Hester House
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916

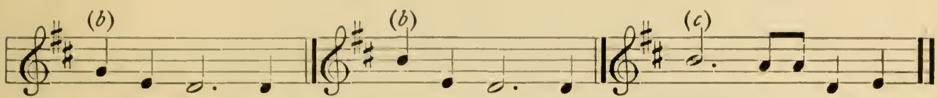
Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



Earl Brand



Verses 5 and 6



2 He holp her on his milk-white steed,
And he rode the apple grey.
He swung a bugle horn all round about her neck
And so went winding away.

3 He hadn't got more than a mile out of town,
Till he looked back again.
He saw her own dear seven brothersen
Come trippling over the plain.

4 Set you down, fair Ellinor, he said,
And hold the steed by the rein,
Till I play awhile with your own dear father
And your seven brothersen.

5 Fair Ellinor she sat still
And never changed a word,
Till she saw her own dear seven brothersen
All wallowing in their blood.

6 Fair Ellinor she sat still
And never changed a note,
Till she saw her own dear father's head
Come tumbling by her feet.

7 He holp her on her milk-white steed
And he rode the apple grey,
Till he swung a bugle horn all around her neck
And so went winding away.

8 He rode up to his mother's gate
And tingled on the ring,
Saying: O dear mother, asleep or awake,
Arise and let me in.

9 Sister, sister, fix my bed,
My wounds are very sore.
Saying: O dear mother, bind up my head,
For me you'll bind no more.

10 Sweet William he died from the wounds received,
Fair Ellinor died with sorrow;
Sweet William died with the wounds received
And Ellinor died with sorrow.

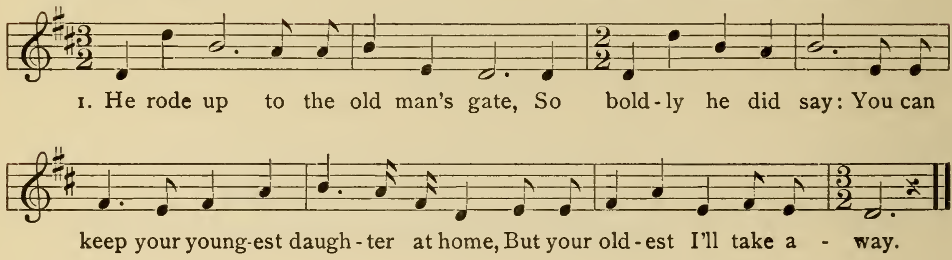
11 Sweet William was buried at the upper church yard
And Ellinor was buried close by.
Out of William's grave spring a blood red rose
And out of hers a briar.

12 They grew, they grew to the top of the church
Where could not grow any higher.
They wound, they tied in a true love knot,
The rose wrapped round the briar.

D

Sung by Mrs. MOORE,
Rabun Co., Georgia, in May, 1909

Penatonic. Mode 3.



2 O rise you up, you seven brothers all,
And bring your sister down,
It never can be said that a steward's son
Shall take her out of town.

3 I thank you, kind sir, said he,
I am no steward's son;
My father's of the richest of kings
And my mother's a Quaker's queen.

4 She lit on the milk-white steed,
And he rode on the brown.

. . . .

5 Then they rode about three miles from town,
And then he cast his eyes all around,
And saw her father and seven brothers all
Come trickling down the plain.

6 O, light you off, fair Ellen, said he,
And hold my steed by the rein,
Till I play awhile with your father
And seven brothers all.

7 Fair Ellen she still stood there
And never changed a word
Till she saw her own dear seven brothers all
A-wallowing in their own blood.

8 Fair Ellen she still stood there
And never changed a note,
Till she saw her own dear father's head
Come tumbling by her foot.

9 O hold your hand, sweet William, said she,
Love runs free in every vein,
But father I have no more.
If you are not satisfied with this
I wish you were in your mother's chamberee
And I'se in some house or room.

10 If I was in my mother's chamberee,
You'd be welcome there.
I'll wind you East, I'll wind you West,
I'll trip along with thee.

11 He rode up to his mother's gate
And jangled at the ring:
O mother, dear mother, asleep or awake,
Arise and let me in.

12 O sister, O sister, make my bed,
For my wound is very sore.
O mother, O mother, bind up my head,
For me you'll bind no more.

13 It was about three hours till day,
And the chickens crowing for day,
When every wound sweet William received,
The blood began to pour.

14 Sweet Willlam he died like it was to-day,
Fair Ellender tomorrow;
Sweet William died from the wounds he received,
Fair Ellender died cf sorrow.

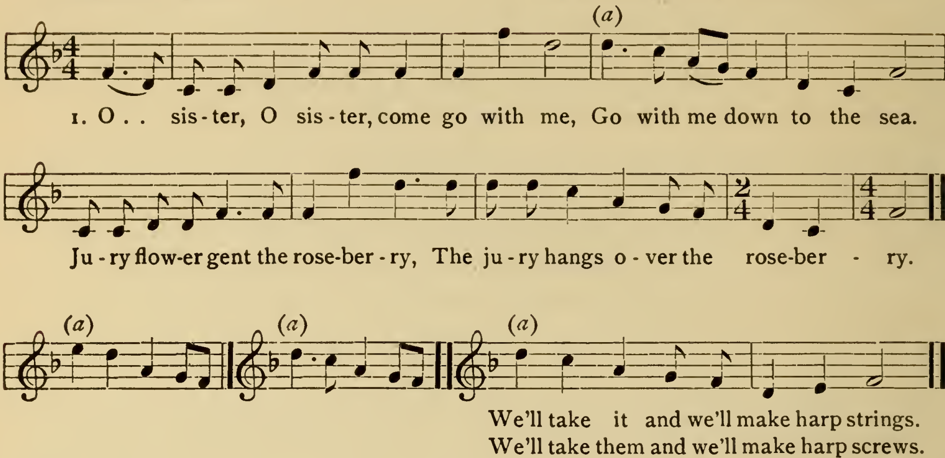
No. 4

The Two Sisters

A

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept, 11, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 She picked her up all in her strong arms
And threwed her sister into the sea.

3 O sister, O sister, give me your glove,
And you may have my own true love.

4 O sister, O sister, I'll not give you my glove,
And I will have your own true love.

5 O sister, O sister, give me your hand,
And you may have my house and land.

6 O sister, O sister, I'll not give you my hand,
And I will have your house and land.

7 O the farmer's wife was sitting on a rock,
Tying and a-sewing of a black silk knot.

8 O farmer, O farmer, run here and see
What's this a-floating here by me.

9 It's no fish and it's no swan,
For the water's drowned a gay lady.

10 The farmer run with his great hook
And hooked this fair lady out of the sea.

11 O what will we do with her fingers so small?
We'll take them and we'll make harp screws.

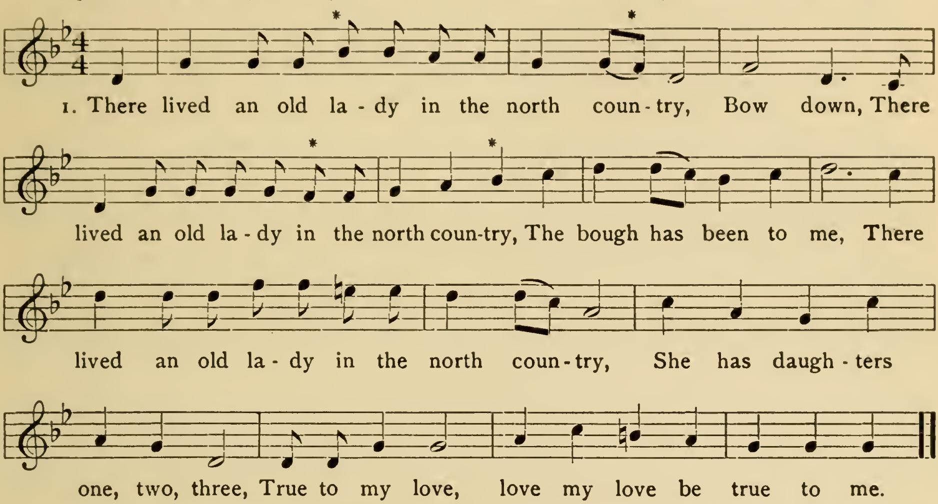
12 O what will we do with her hair so long?
We'll take it and we'll make harp strings.

13 O the farmer was hung by the gallows so high,
And the sister was burned by the stake close by.

B

Sung by Mr. WESLEY BATTEN at Mount Fair,
Albermarle County, Va., Sept. 22, 1916

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b (dorian).



* These B's and F's were ordinarily sung as written; but the singer occasionally sharpened them, making the B's natural and the F's sharp.

2 There came a young man a-courting there,
And he made the choice of the youngest there.

3 He made her a present of a beaver's hat,
The oldest thought a heap of that.

4 O sister, O sister, just walk out
To see those vessels a-sailing about.

5 The oldest pushed the youngest in.
She did struggle and she did swim.

6 O sister, O sister, give me your hand,
And I will give you my house and land.

7 I will not give you my hand,
But I will marry that young man.

8 The miller picked up his drab hook,
And then he fished her out of the brook.

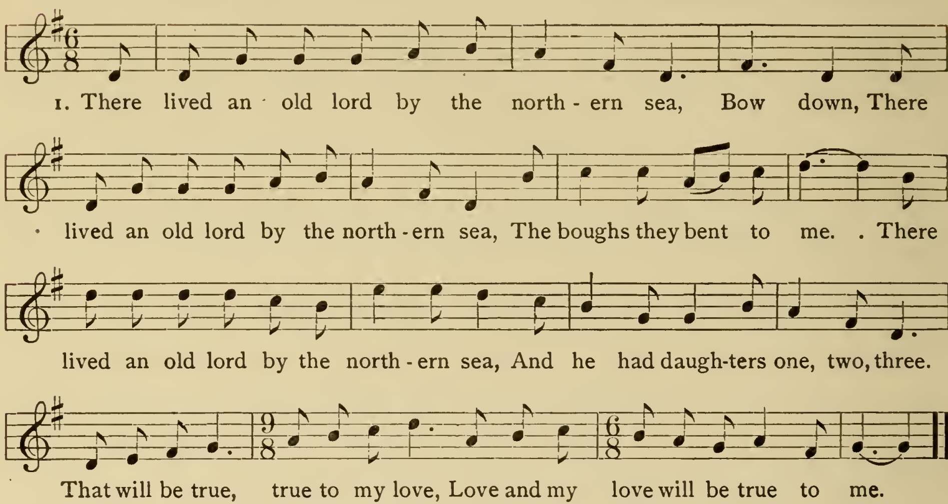
9 The miller got her golden ring,
The miller pushed her back again.

10 The miller was hung at his mill gate
For drownding my poor sister Kate.

C

Sung by Miss Louisa Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 23, 1916

Heptatonic. Major Mode.



2 A young man came a-courting there,
He took choice of the youngest there.

3 He gave this girl a beaver hat,
The oldest she thought much of that.

4 O sister, O sister, let's we walk out
To see the ships a-sailing about.

5 As they walked down the salty brim,
The oldest pushed the youngest in.

6 O sister, O sister, lend me your hand,
And I will give you my house and land.

7 I'll neither lend you my hand or glove,
But I will have your own true love.

8 Down she sank and away she swam,
And into the miller's fish pond she ran.

9 The miller came out with his fish hook
And fished the fair maid out of the brook.

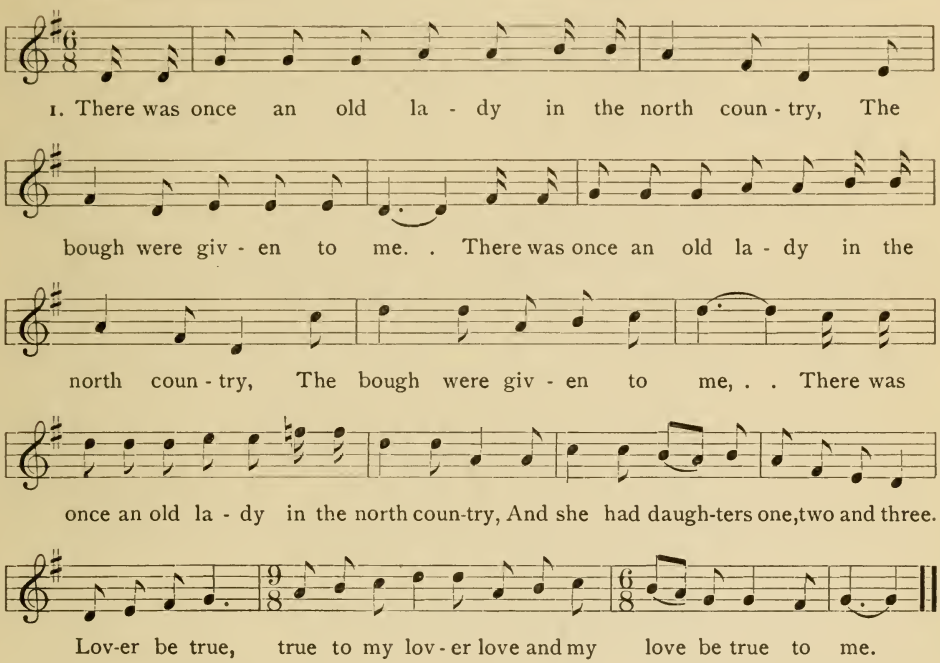
10 And it's off her finger took five gold rings,
And into the brook he pushed her again.

11 The miller was hung at his mill gate
For drowning of my sister Kate.

D

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian influence).

Sung by Mr. Nuel Walton at Mt. Fair, Va., Sept. 26, 1916



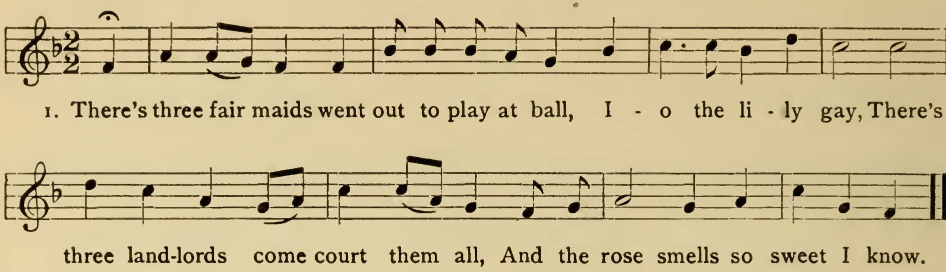
2 That young man bought a beaver hat,
The oldest one thought hard of that.

No. 5

The Cruel Brother

Sung by Mrs. Hester House
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 The first landlord was dressed in blue.
He asked his maid if she would be his true.

3 The next landlord was dressed in green.
He asked his maid if she'd be his queen.

4 The next landlord was dressed in white.
He asked his maid if she'd be his wife.

5 It's you may ask my old father dear,
And you may ask my mother too.

6 It's I have asked your old father dear,
And I have asked your mother too.

7 Your sister Anne I've asked her not,
Your brother John and I had forgot.

8 Her old father dear was to lead her to the yard,
Her mother too was to lead her to the step.

9 Her brother John was to help her up.
As he holp her up he stabbed her deep.

10 Go ride me out on that green hill,
And lay me down and let me bleed.

11 Go haul me up on that green hill,
And lay me down till I make my will.

12 It's what will you will to your old father dear?
This house and land that I have here.

13 It's what will you will to your mother, too?
This bloody clothing that I have wear.

14 Go tell her to take them to yonders stream,
For my heart's blood is in every seam.

15 It's what will you will to your sister Anne?
My new gold ring and my silver fan.

16 It's what will you will to your brother John's wife?
In grief and sorrow the balance of her life.

17 It's what will you will to your brother John's son?
It's God for to bless and to make him a man.

18 It's what will you will to your brother John?
A rope and a gallows for to hang him on.

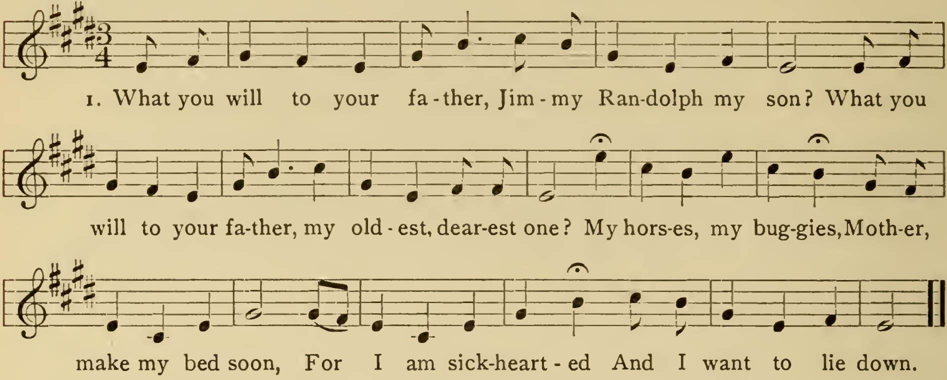
No. 6

Lord Randal

A

Sung by Mrs. DORA SHELTON
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 2, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



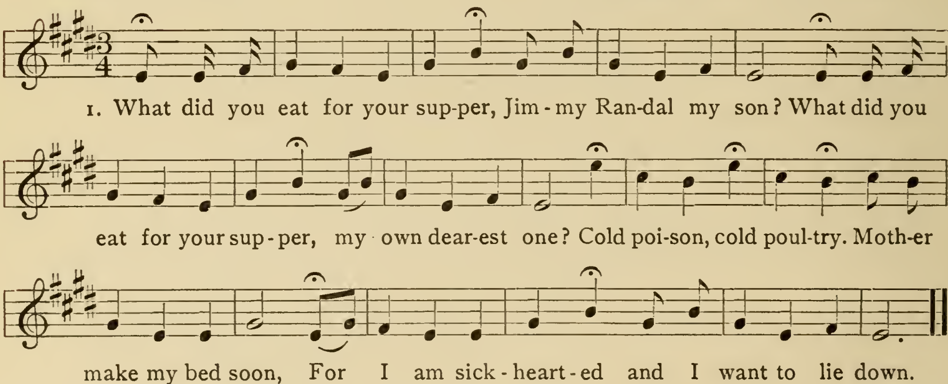
2 What you will to your brothers. . . . . .
My mules and waggons.

3 What you will to your sisters. . . . . .
My gold and my silver.

B

Sung by Mrs. MARY SANDS
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 3, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 What will you will to your mother. . . . .
My gold and my silver.

3 What will you will to your father . . . .
My mules and my wagons.

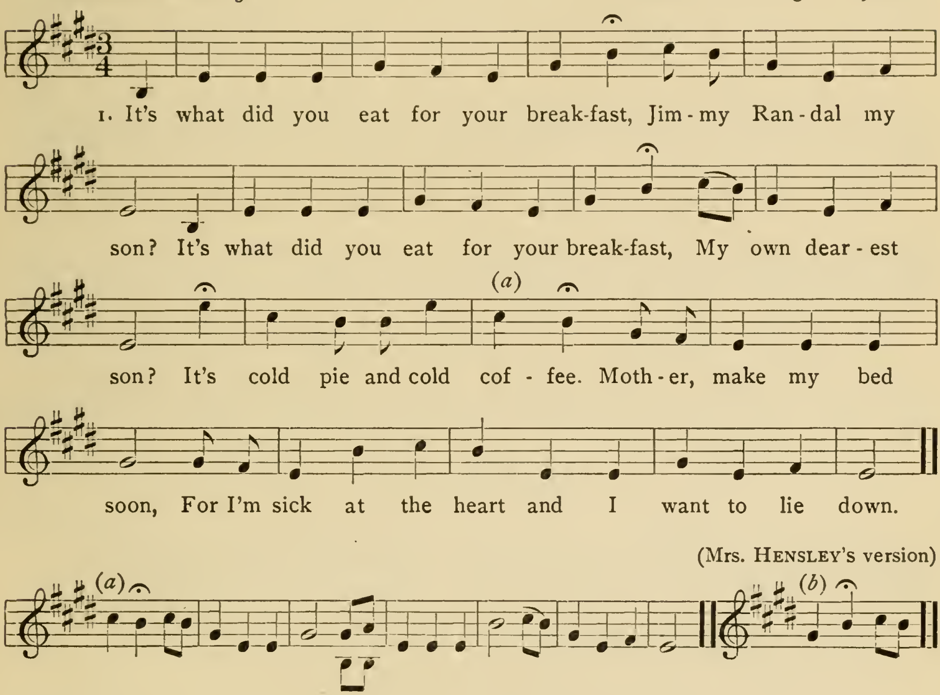
4 What will you will to your sister. . . . .
My land and my houses.

5 What will you will to your brothers. . . .
My trunks and my clothing.

6 What will you will to your sweetheart. . . . .
Two tushes bulrushes and them both parched brown,
For she is the cause of my lying down.

C

Miss Emma Hensley
Pentatonic. Mode 3. at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 28, 1916



2 It's what will you will to your father . . . .
My mules and my wagons.

3 It's what will you will to your mother . . . .
My trunk and my clothing.

4 It's what will you will to your brother . . . .
My house and plantation.

5 It's what will you will to your sister . . . .
My gold and my silver.
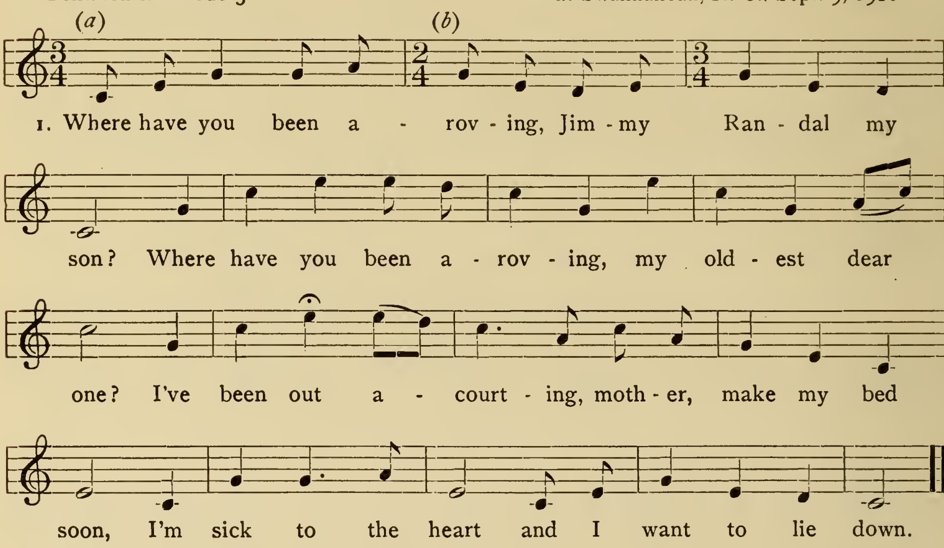
6 It's what will you will to your sweetheart . . .
Bulrushes, bulrushes, and them half parched brown,
For she's the whole cause of my lying down.

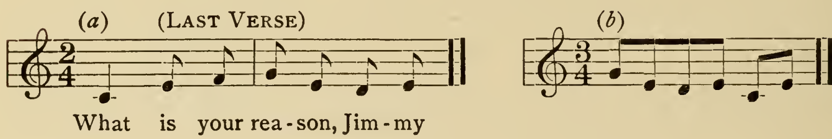
7 Where do you want to be buried . . . .
By my little baby.

D

Sung by Mr. William F. Wells
at Swannanoah, N. C., Sept. 9, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.





2 What did you will to your mother . . . .
My houses and my lands.

3 What did you will to your father . . . .
My waggon and my team.

4 What did you will to your brother . . .
My horn and my hounds.

5 What did you will to your sister . . .
My rings off my finger.

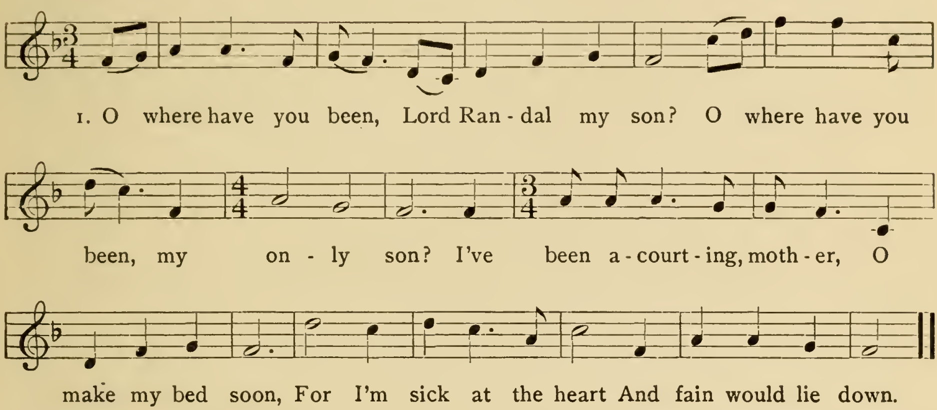
6 What did you will to your sweetheart . .
A cup of strong poison.

7 What is your reason . . .
Because she poisoned me.

E

Sung by Miss Florence McKinney
at Habersham Co., Georgia, June 2, 1910

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 What did you have for your supper. . . .
A cup of cold poison.

3 What would you leave your father. . . . .
My wagon and oxen. . . .

4 What would you leave your mother
My coach and six horses. . . .

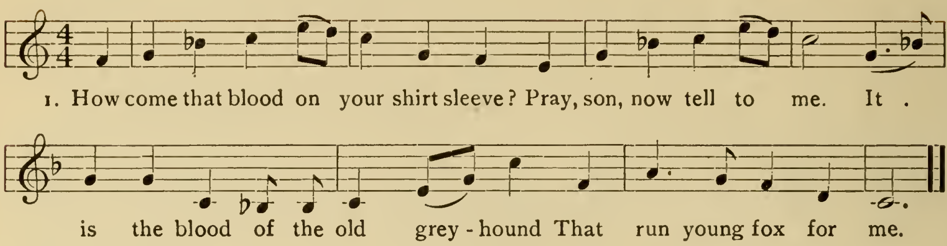
5 What would you leave your sweetheart . . .
Ten thousand weights of brimstone to burn her bones brown,
For she was the cause of my lying down.

No. 7

Edward

A

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b (mixolydian). at Hot Springs. N. C., Aug. 24, 1916



2 It is too pale for that old greyhound.
Pray, son, now tell to me.
It is the blood of the old grey mare
That ploughed that corn for me.

3 It is too pale for that old grey mare.
Pray, son, now tell to me.
It is the blood of my youngest brother
That hoed that corn for me.

4 What did you fall out about?
Pray, son, now tell to me.
Because he cut yon holly bush
Which might have made a tree.

5 O what will you tell to your father dear
When he comes home from town?
I'll set my foot in yonder ship
And sail the ocean round.

6 O what will you do with your sweet little wife?
Pray, son, now tell to me.
I'll set her foot in yonder ship
To keep me company.

7 O what will you do with your three little babes?
Pray, son, now tell to me.
I'll leave them here in the care of you
For to keep you company.

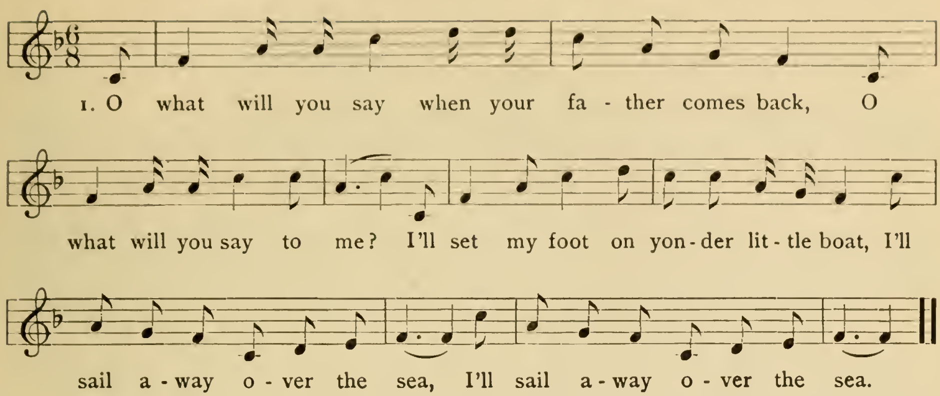
8 O what will you do with your house and land?
Pray, son, now tell to me.
I'll leave it here in care of you
For to set my children free.

Edward

B

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 28, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



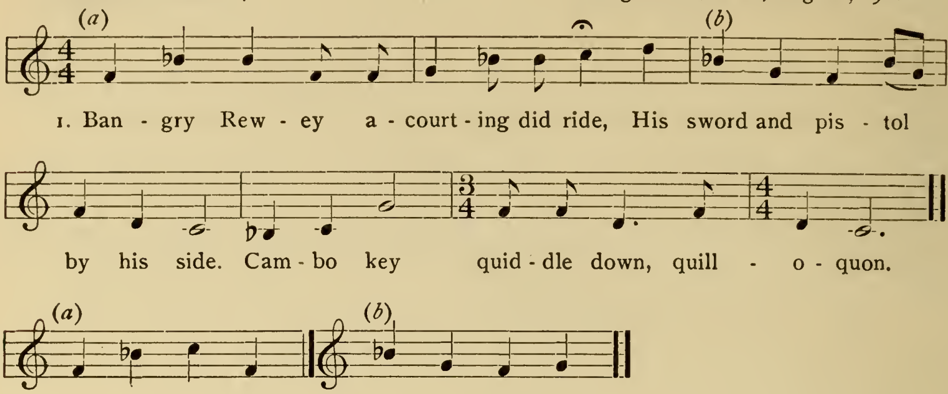
No. 8

Sir Lionel

A

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 16, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 4.



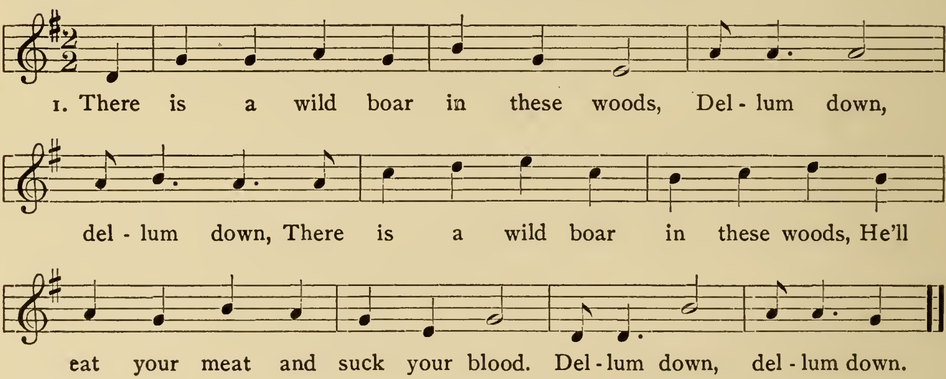
2 Bangry rode to the wild boar's den
And there spied the bones of a thousand men.

3 Then Bangry drew his wooden knife
To spear the wild boar of his life.

B

Sung by Mrs. Betty Smith and Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 27, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 Bangrum drew his wooden knife
And swore he'd take the wild boar's life.

3 The wild boar came in such a flash,
He broke his way through oak and ash.

No. 9

The Cruel Mother

A

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 10, 1916

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).



1. She laid her-self all a-gainst the oak, All a-long in the Lude-ney



And first it bent and then it broke, Down by the green-wood side.

2 She leaned herself all against the thorn,
And there she had two fine babes born.

3 She pulled out her snow-white breast,
And she bid them a-suck for that would be the last.

4 She pulled down her yellow hair,
And she bound it around their little feet and hands.

5 She pulled out her little penknife,
And she pierced all in their tender little hearts.

6 She was setting in her father's hall,
And she saw her babes a-playing with their ball.

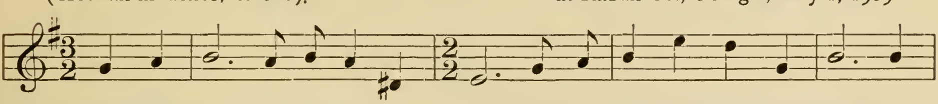
7 O babes, O babes, if you were mine,
I would dress you in the silk so fine.

8 O mother, O mother, when we were thine,
You neither dressed us in the coarse silk nor fine.

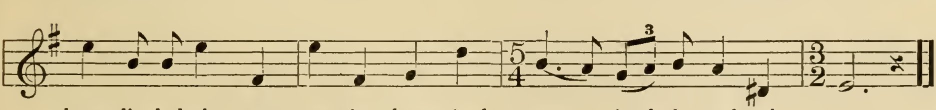
B

Hexatonic. Minor mode
(Aeolian influence, no 6th).

Sung by Mrs. Moore
at Rabun Co., Georgia, May 1, 1909



1. Christ-mas time is a roll-ing on, When the nights are long and cool, When



three lit-tle babes come run-ning down And run in their moth-er's room.

2 As she was going to her father's hall,
All down by the greenwood side,
She saw three little babes a-playing ball.
All down by the greenwood side.

3 One was Peter and the other was Paul,
All down, etc.
And the other was as naked as the hour it was born.
All down, etc.

4 O babes, O babes, if you were mine,
I'd dress you in the silk so fine.

5 O mother, O mother, when we were young,
You neither dressed us coarse nor fine.

6 You took your penknife out of your pocket,
And you pierced it through our tender hearts.

7 You wiped your penknife on your shoe,
And the more you wiped it the bloodier it grew.

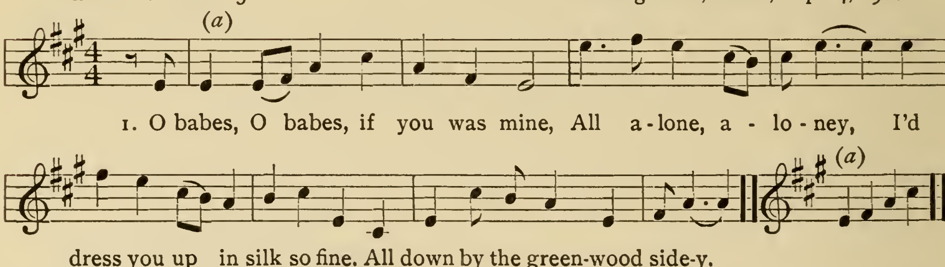
8 You buried it under the marble stone,
You buried it under the marble stone.

9 The hell gates are open and you must go through,
The hell gates are open and you must go through.

C

Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916

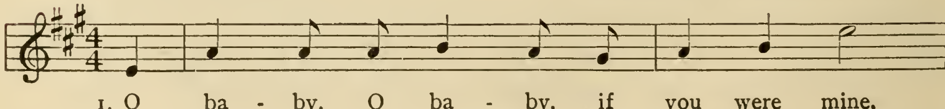
Pentatonic. Mode 3.

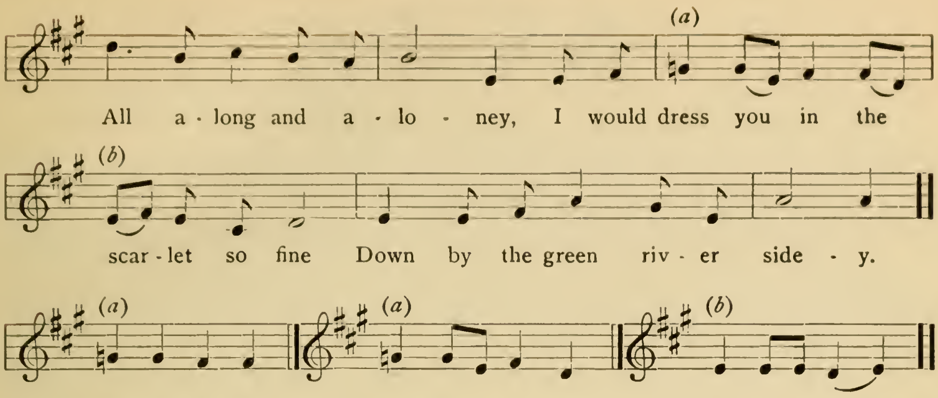


D

Heptatonic. Mode 1,
a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 21, 1916

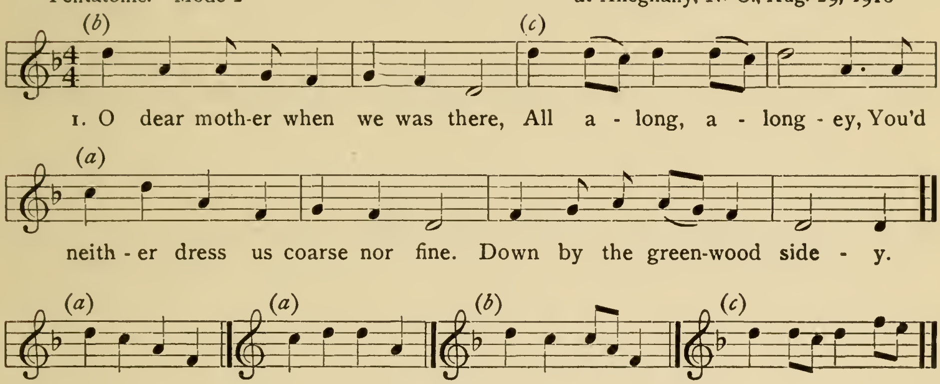




E

Sung by Mr. RILEY SHELTON
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 29, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2

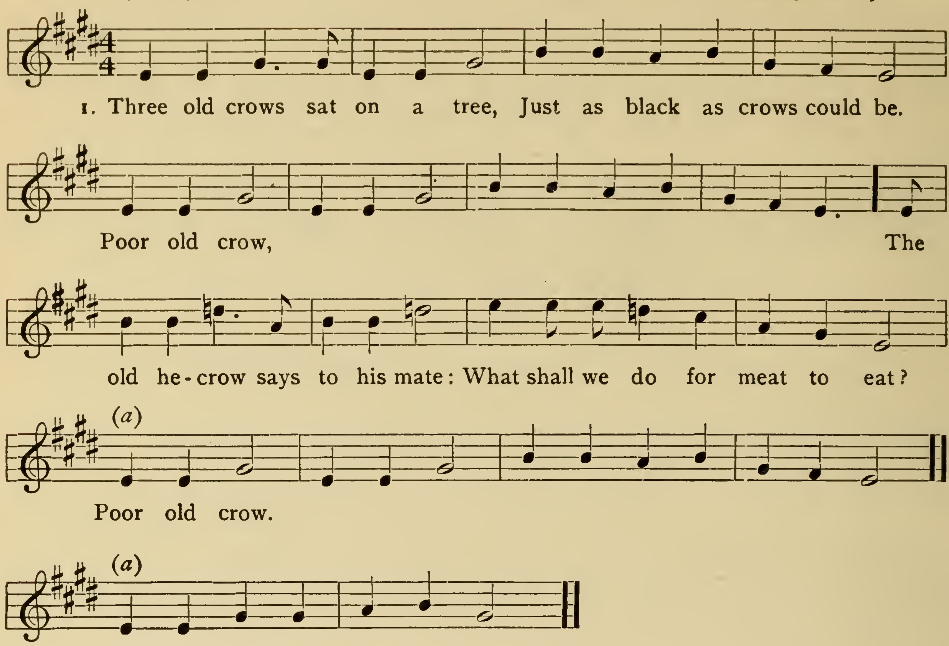


No. 10

The Three Ravens

Heptatonic. Mode 1,
a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mr. Ben Burgess
at Charlottesville, Va., Sept. 28, 1916



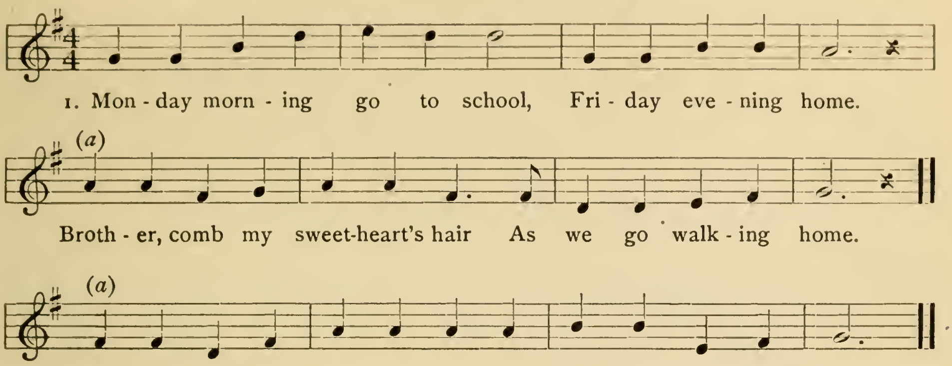
No. 11

The Two Brothers

A

Sung by Mrs. Lizzie Roberts and Mrs. Smith
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



2 Brother, won't you play a game of ball?
Brother, won't you toss a stone?
Brother, won't you play no other game
As we go marching home?

3 I can't play no game of ball,
I can't toss no stone,
I can't play no other game.
Brother, leave me alone.

4 Brother took out his little penknife,
It was sharp and keen.
He stuck it in his own brother's heart,
It caused a deadly wound.

5 Brother, take off your little check shirt,
Stitched from gore to gore;
Bind it around the deadly wound.
It won't bleed no more.

6 Brother took off his little check shirt,
Stitched from gore to gore;
Bound it around the deadly wound.
It didn't bleed no more.

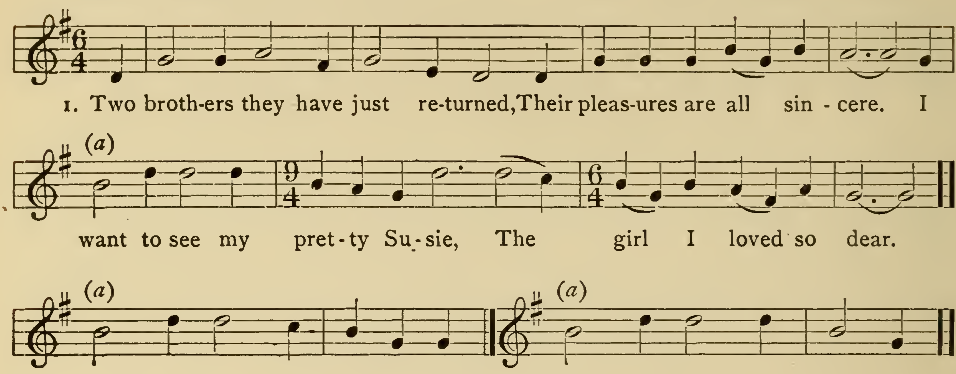
7 Brother, O brother, go dig my grave,
Dig it wide and deep.
Bury my bible at my head,
My hymn book at my feet.

8 He buried his bible at his head,
His hymn book at his feet,
His bow and arrow by his side,
And now he's fast asleep.

B

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Smith
at Charlottesville, Va., Sept. 25, 1916

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b (ionian).



2 You're not the one that loves Susie,
And here I'll spill your blood.
He drew a knife both keen and sharp
And pierced it through his heart.

3 What will you tell my father dear
When he calls for his son John?
I'll tell him you're in the western woods
A-learning your hounds to run.

4 What will you tell my mother dear
When she calls for her son John?
I'll tell her you're in the Tennessee
A lesson there to learn.

5 What will you tell my pretty Susie
When she calls for true love John?
I'll tell her you're in your silent grave,
Where never no more to return.

6 She took her bible in her hand,
A-moaning she went on.
She moaned till she came to his silent grave.
In search of her true love John.

7 What do you want, my pretty Susie?
What do you want with me?
I want a kiss from your clay-cold lips,
'Tis all I ask of thee.

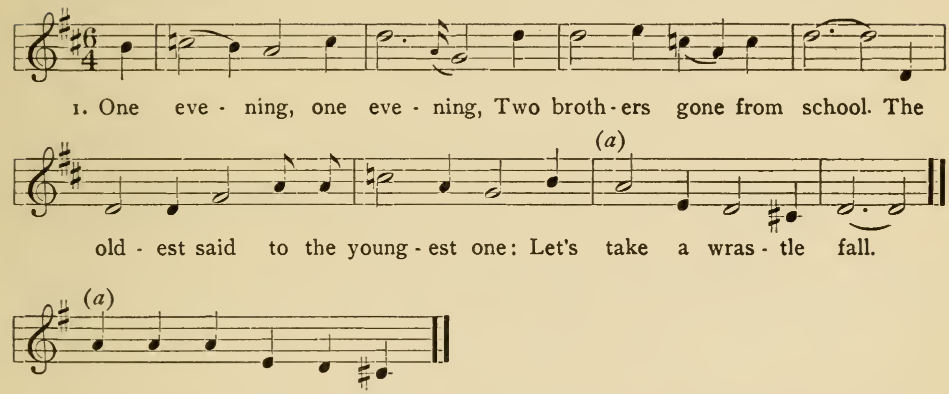
8 If I were to kiss your rosy cheeks
My breath it is too strong.
If I were to kiss your ruby lips,
You would not stay here long.

9 So now go home, my pretty Susie,
And moan no more for me,
For you may moan to Eternity,
My face no more you'll see.

C

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b
(mixolydian influence).

Sung by Mr. Nuel Walton
at Mount Fair, Va., Sept. 26th, 1916



2 The oldest threw the youngest down,
He threw him to the ground,
And from his pocket came a penknife
And give him a deathless wound.

3 Pull off, pull off, your woolen shirt,
And tear it from gore to gore,
And wrap it around this deathless wound,
And that will bleed no more.

4 He pulled off his woolen shirt,
And tore it from gore to gore,
And wrapped it around this deathless wound,
And it did bleed no more.

5 It's take me up all on your back
And carry me to yonder churchyard,
And dig my grave both wide and deep
And gentle lie me down.

6 What will you tell your father
When he calls for his son John?
You can tell him I'm in some low green woods
A-learning young hounds to run.

7 What will you tell your mother
When she calls for her son John?
You can tell her I'm in some graded school,
Good scholar to never return.

8 What will you tell your true love
When she calls for her dear John?
You can tell her I'm in some lonesome grave,
My books to carry home.

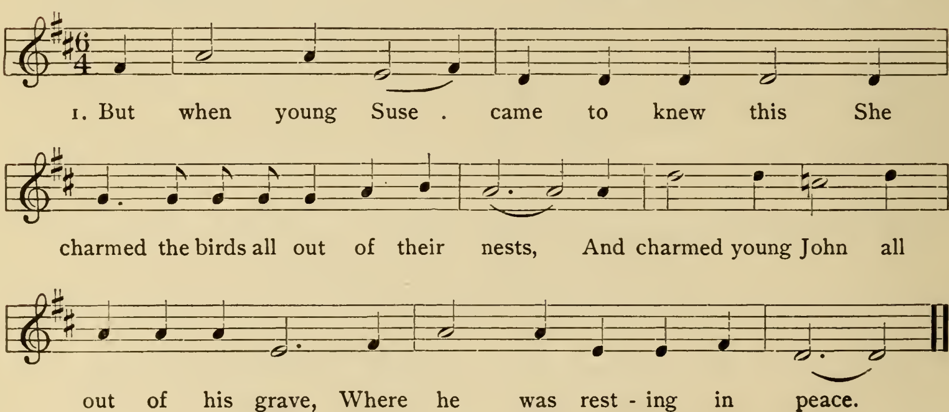
. . . .

9 One sweet kiss from your clay, clay lips
Will bring my day short on.

D

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mr. Ozzo Keeton at Mount Fair, Va., Sept. 26th, 1916



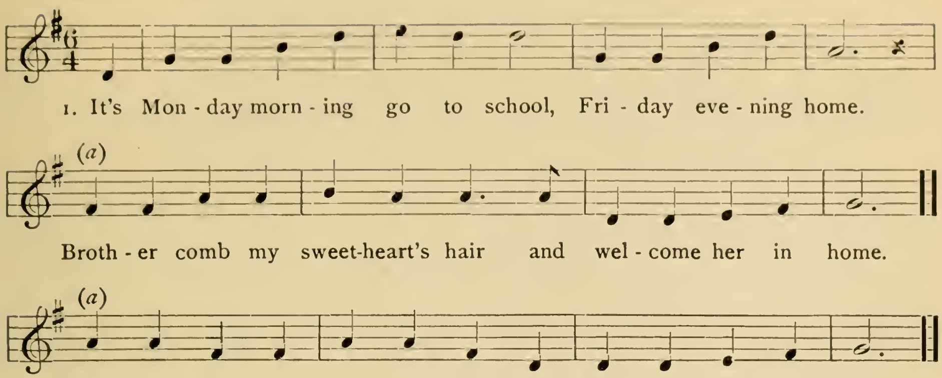
2 O what do you want with me, young Suse,
O what do you want with me?
I want one kiss from your sweet lips
And then I can rest in peace.

The Two Brothers

E

Sung by Mrs. Carrie Ford
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 18, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



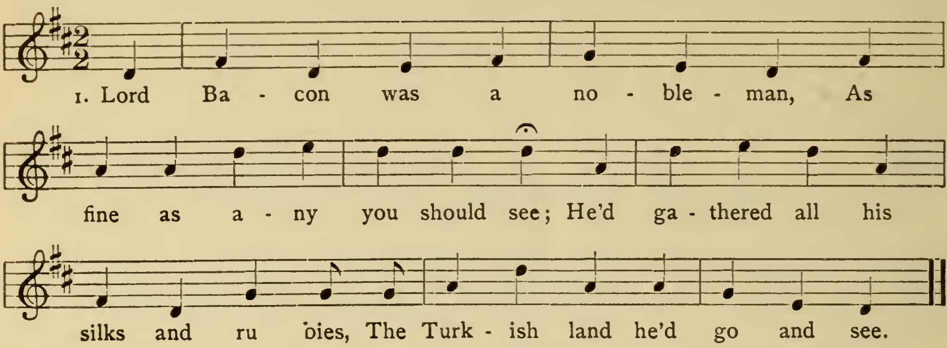
No. 12

Young Beichan

A

Sung by "Granny" BANKS
at White Rock, N. C., July 28, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1, a (no 6th).



2 He first blowed East and then blowed West,
And he blowed down to the Turkish land.
The Turks they got him and so sadly used him,
To love his life he was quite wearied.

3 They bored a hole in his left shoulder
And nailed him down unto a tree.
They gave him nothing but bread and water,
And bread and water but once a day.

4 The Turks they had but one fair daughter,
As fair a one as you should see.
She stole the keys of the prison strong
(*or*, She stole the jail keep from her father)
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

5 She said: Have you got any land or living,
Or have you any dwelling free?
Would you give it all to a prince's daughter
If she would set you free?

6 Then he says: I've got a land and living
And I have got a dwelling free,
And I'll give it all to you, (my) pretty creature,
If you will do that thing for me.

7 She went on to her master's cellar
And from her father stole a jail key.
She opened the dungeon both deep and wide,
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

8 Then she took him to her master's (*or* father's) cellar
And drawed some of the best port wine,
And drink a health, you pretty creature,
I wish, Lord Bacon, you were mine.

9 And then they drawed each other's notes of love
And seven years they were to stand.
He vowed he'd marry no other woman
Unless(*or* Until) she married some other man.

10 Then she took him on to the sea-side
And left him sailing over the main:
Fare-ye-well, fare-ye-well, you pretty creature.
O when shall I see you again?

11 When seven years was passed and gone,
And seven months and almost three,
She gathered all her silks and rubies
And vowed Lord Bacon she'd go and see.

12 When she got to Lord Bacon's hall
She knocked so far below the ring.
Who's there, who's there (*or* O yes, O yes), said the bold, proud porter,
Who knock so hard fain would come in?

13 Is this Lord Bacon's hall, she said,
Or is there any man within?
O yes, O yes, said the bold, proud porter,
This day has fetched him a young bride in.

. . . .

14 She says: Now you've married some other woman
And I have married no other man,
I wish I had my notes of love,
Straight back I'd go to the Turkish land.

15 She's got a ring on every finger
And on her middle one she's got three,
And gold around her neck a-plenty
To buy all Cumberland of thee.

16 Then up spoke the young bride's mother,
An angry spoken old thing was she,
Saying: Would you quit my own fair daughter
And take up with a Turkish lady?

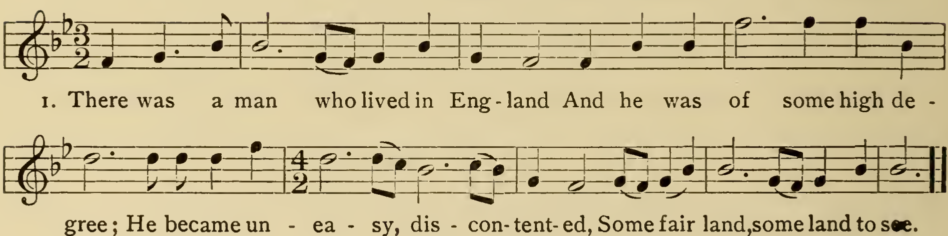
17 He said: You may take your daughter home with you,
For I'm sure she's none the worse of me,
For the prettiest thing stands there a-waiting
That ever my two eyes did see.

18 He took her by the lily-white hand
And took her to her father's cellar,
And drawed some of the best port wine,
Saying: Drink a health, you pretty creature,
Who freed me from such a prison strong.

19 He took her by the lily-white hand
And gently led her to his hall,
And changed her name from Pretty Nancy,
And called her name, it was Noble Jane.

B

Pentatonic. Mode 3. Sung at Hindman School, Knott Co., Ky., 1907



2 He sailed East, he sailed West,
He sailed all over the Turkish shore,
Till he was caught and put in prison,
Never to be released any more.

3 The Turk he had but one lone daughter,
She was of some high degree;
She stole the keys from her father's dwelling,
And declared Lord Batesman she'd set free.

4 She led him down to the lower cellar
And drew him a drink of the strongest wine,
Every moment seemed an hour.
O Lord Batesman, if you were mine!

5 Let's make a vow, let's make a promise,
Let's make a vow, let's make it stand;
You vow you'll marry no other woman,
I'll vow I'll marry no other man.

6 They made a vow, they made a promise,
They made a vow, they made it stand;
He vowed he'd marry no other woman,
She vowed she'd marry no other man.

7 Seven long years had rolled around,
It seemed as if it were twenty-nine,
She bundled up her finest clothing,
And declared Lord Batesman she'd go find.

8 She went till she came to the gate, she tingled,
It was so loud, but she wouldn't come in,
Is this your place, she cried, Lord Batesman,
Or is it that you've let yours, brought your new bride in?

9 Go remember him of a piece of bread,
Go remember him of a glass of wine,
Go remember him of the Turkish lady
Who freed him from the iron, cold bonds.

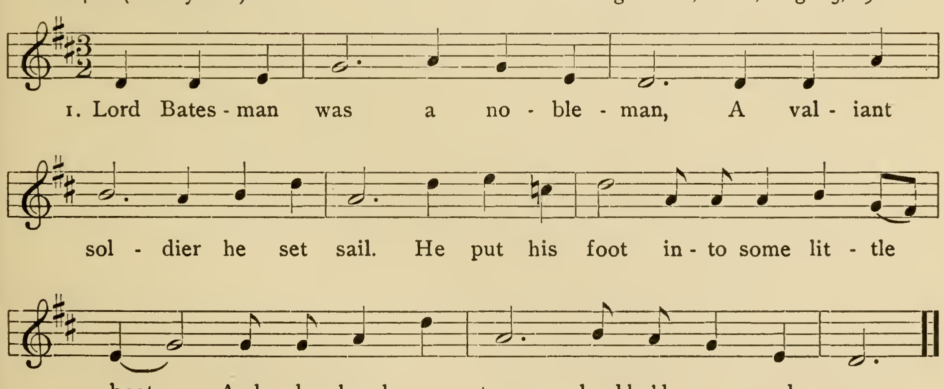
10 He stamped his foot upon the floor,
He burst the table in pieces three,
Saying: I'll forsake both land and dwelling
For the Turkish lady that set me free.

11 She went till she came to the gate, she tingled,
It was so loud, but she wouldn't come in,
She's got more gold on her little finger
Than your new bride and all your kin.

C

Heptatonic. Mode 1,
a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. Zippo Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 15, 1916

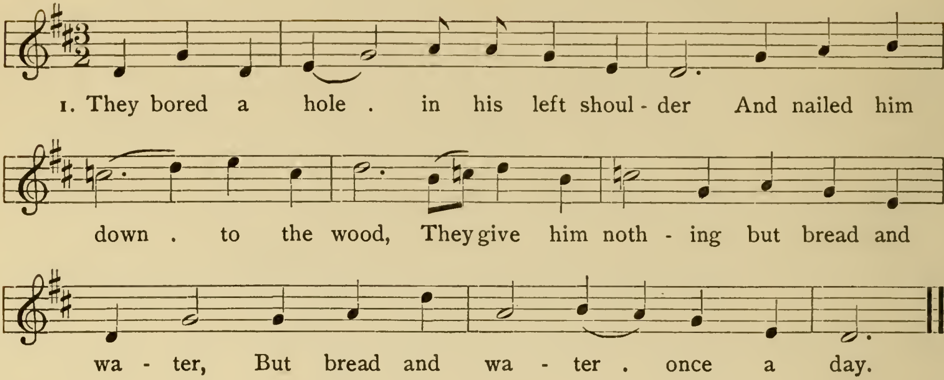


Young Beichan

D

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 17, 1916

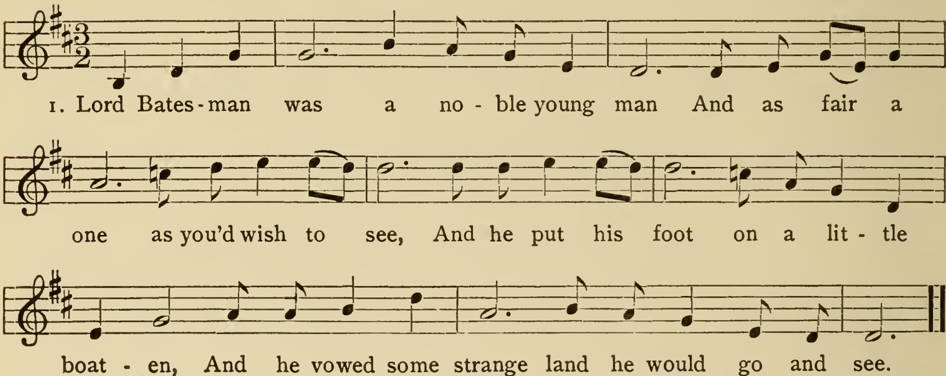
Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.



E

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., July 31, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.



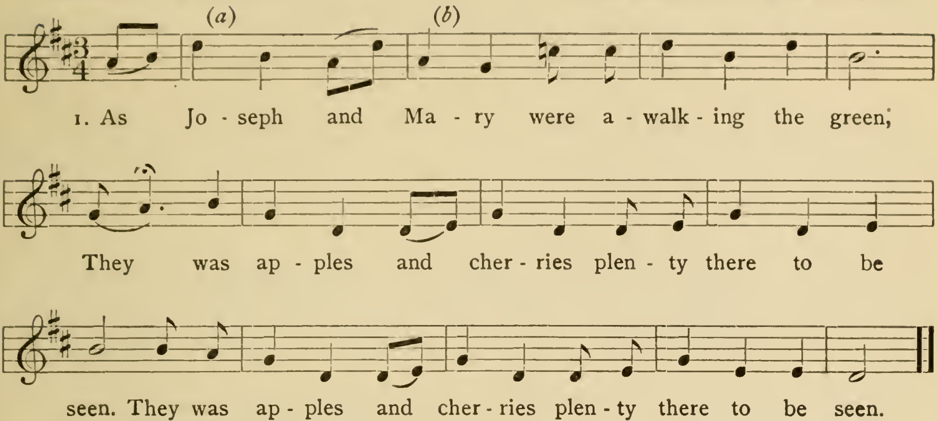
No. 13
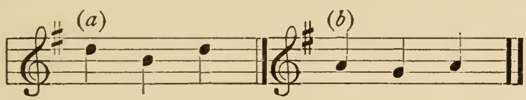
The Cherry-Tree Carol

A

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 17, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.





2 And then Mary said to Joseph so meek and so mild:
Gather me some cherries, Joseph, for I am with child.

3 Then Joseph said to Mary so rough and unkind:
Let the daddy of the baby get the cherries for thine.

4 Then the baby spoke out of its mother's womb:
Bow down you lofty cherry trees, let my mammy have some.

5 Then the cherry tree bent and it bowed like a bow,
So that Mary picked cherries from the uppermost bough.

6 Then Joseph took Mary all on his left knee,
Saying: Lord have mercy on me and what I have done.

7 Then Joseph took Mary all on his right knee,
Saying: O my little Saviour, when your birthday shall be,
The hills and high mountains shall bow unto thee.

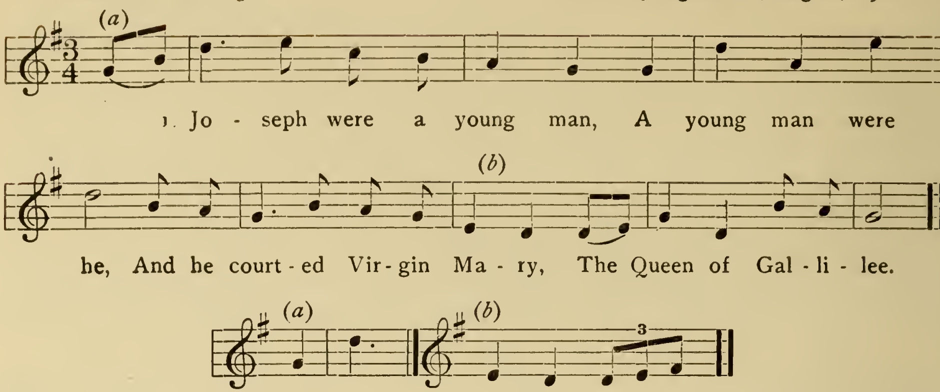
8 Then the baby spoke out of its mother's womb:
On old Christmas morning my birthday shall be (*or*, it'll be just before day),
When the hills and high mountains shall bow unto me.

The Cherry-Tree Carol

B

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3



2 Mary and Joseph
Were a-walking one day.
Here is apples and cherries
A-plenty to behold.

3 Mary spoke to Joseph
So meek and so mild:
Joseph, gather me some cherries,
For I am with child.

4 Joseph flew in angry,
In angry he flew,
Saying: Let the father of your baby
Gather cherries for you.

5 The Lord spoke down from Heaven,
These words he did say:
Bow you low down, you cherry tree,
While Mary gathers some.

6 The cherry tree bowed down,
It was low on the ground;
And Mary gathered cherries
While Joseph stood around.

7 Then Joseph took Mary
All on his right knee:
Pray tell me, little baby,
When your birthday shall be.

8 On the fifth day of January
My birthday shall be,
When the stars and the elements
Shall tremble with fear.

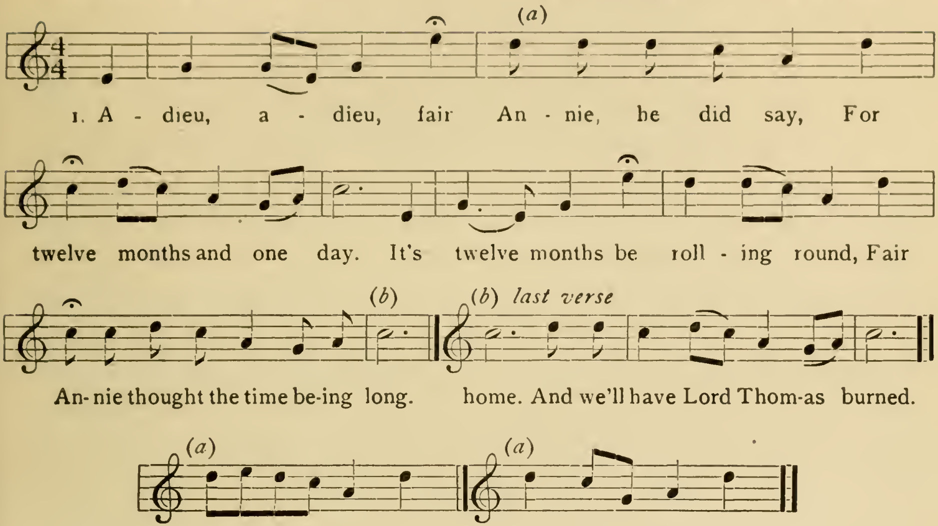
9 Then Joseph took Mary
All on his left knee,
Saying: Lord have mercy upon me
For what I have done.

No. 14

Fair Annie

Sung by Mrs Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24. 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3



2 She took her spy glass in her hands
And out of doors she went;
She looked to the East, West, both North and South,
And looked all under the sun.

3 She thought she saw Lord Thomas a-coming,
All bringing his new briden home.
She called her own seven sons:
I think I see your father a-coming
And bringing your step-mother home.

4 Come down, come down, dear mother they did say,
Some clothing to put on.
Saying: All of his merry, merry, merry maids
Might as well to come as one.

5 Fair Annie she had a silken towel
Hanging on a silver pin,
And she wiped out her watery eyes
As she walked out and in.

6 The rest of them drunk ale, beer and wine,
But fair Annie she drunk cold well water
To keep her spirits alive.

7 There is a fair lady in our house,
Before tomorrow morning she'll be dead,
We will call to our waiting-maids
And have her taken out of town.
A word or two, Lord Thomas, she did say,
Before I go away.

8 I wish my sons was seven greyhounds
And I was a fox on the hill,
And they might have longer (*or* more) breath than I
That they might worry me down.

9 It's who is your father dear,
And who is your mother,
And who is your brother dear
And who is your sister?

10 It's King Henry he's my father dear,
Queen Chatry's my own mother,
Quince Dudley he's my own brother dear
And fair Annie she's my own sister.

11 If King Henry he's your own father dear,
Queen Chatry she's your own mother,
Quince Dudley your brother dear,
I'll ensure I'm your own sister.

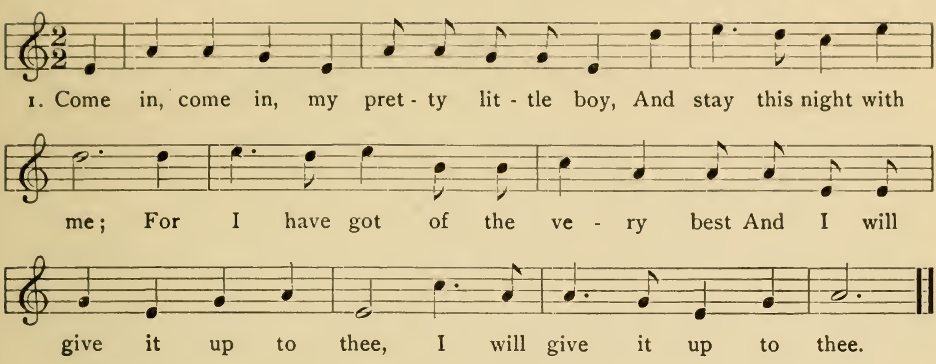
12 We have seven ships all on the sea,
They're loaded to the brim,
And five of them I'll give to you
And two will carry me home,
And we'll have Lord Thomas burned.

No. 15

Young Hunting

A

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
Hexatonic. Mode 2, a. at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 25, 1916



2 I can't come in, I won't come in
And stay this night with thee,
For I have a wife in old Scotchee
This night a-looking for me.

3 She did have a little penknife,
It was both keen and sharp.
She gave him a deathlike blow
And pierced him through the heart.

4 She picked him up all in her arms,
Being very active and strong,
And she throwed him into an old dry well
About sixty feet.

5 One day she was sitting in her father's parlour door,
Thinking of no harm.
She saw a bird and a pretty little bird
All among the leaves so green.

6 Come down, come down, my pretty little bird
And parley on my knee.
I'm afeard you'd rob me of my life
Like you did the poor Scotchee.

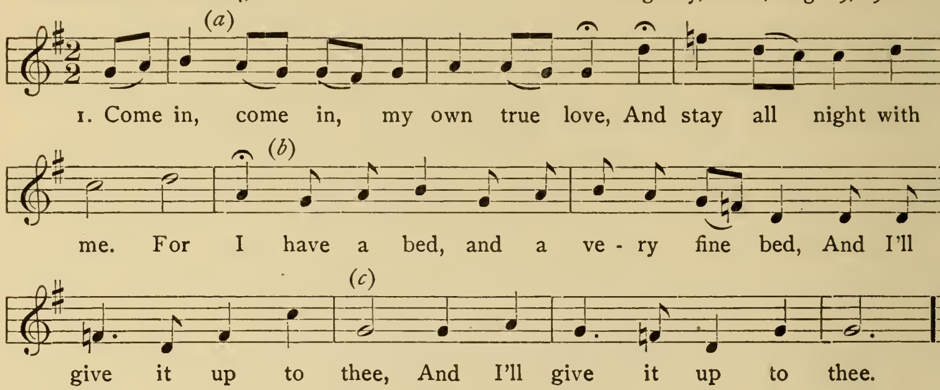
7 I wish I had my bow and arrow,
My arrow and my string;
I'd shoot you through your tender little heart,
For you never no more could sing.

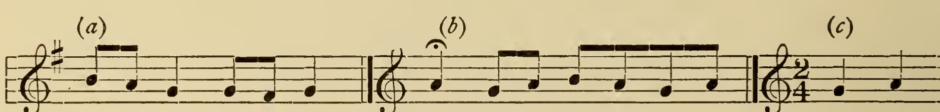
8 I wish you had your bow and arrow,
Your arrow and your string;
I'd fly away to the heavens so high,
Where I could for evermore sing.

B

Sung by Mr. FLOYD CHANDLER
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 29, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.





2 It's I ain't coming in, nor I can't come in
To stay all night with thee,
For I have a wife in old Scotland
And this night she weeps over me.

3 It's out she drew her little penknife
And stabbed him through his heart.
She cried out with a very loud cry:
There's a dead man in my house.

4 It's she picked him up by the middle so small,
She picked him up by his feet,
She plunged him over in a deep, wide well
Just about eighteen feet, feet,
Just about eighteen feet.

5 And as she was sitting in her parlour door
Thinking of what she had done,
She saw a bird and a very pretty bird
All among the leaves so green, green.

6 Come here, come here, my pretty little bird
And perch all on my thumb,
For I have a cage and a very fine cage
And I'll give it up to thee.

7 It's I ain't a-coming there and I won't come there
To perch all on your thumb,
For I'm afraid you'll rob me of my tender little heart
Just like a Scotland man, man.

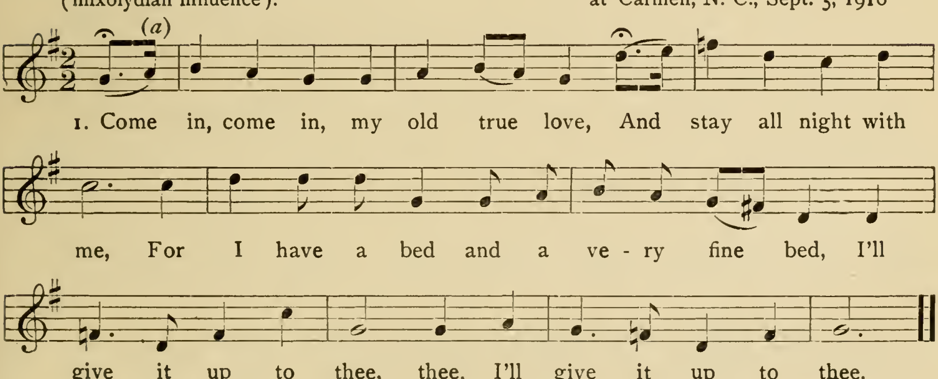
8 It's if I had my bow and arrow,
My arrow and my bow,
I'd shoot you right through the tender little heart
Just like the Scotland man, man.

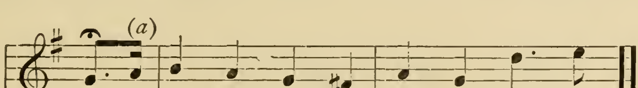
9 It's if you had your bow and arrow,
Your arrow and your bow,
I'd fly away to the heavens above
And ne'er be seen any more.

C

Heptatonic. Major Mode
(mixolydian influence).

Sung by Miss LINNIE LANDERS
at Carmen, N. C., Sept. 5, 1916





2 I can't come in, nor I'm not coming in
To stay all night with thee,
For I have a wife in the old Scotland,
This night she waits for me.

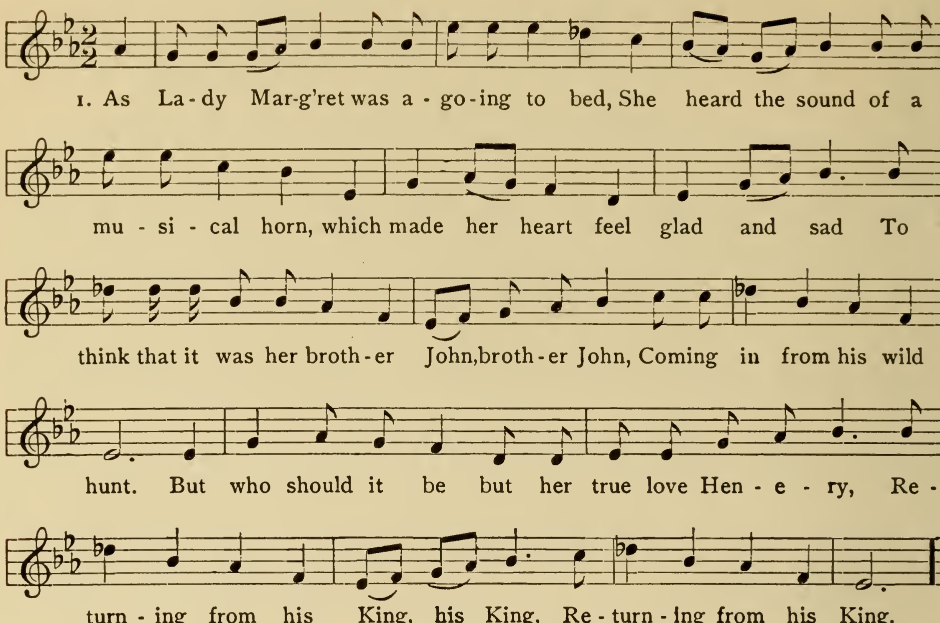
(*The remaining stanzas as in B*)

Young Hunting

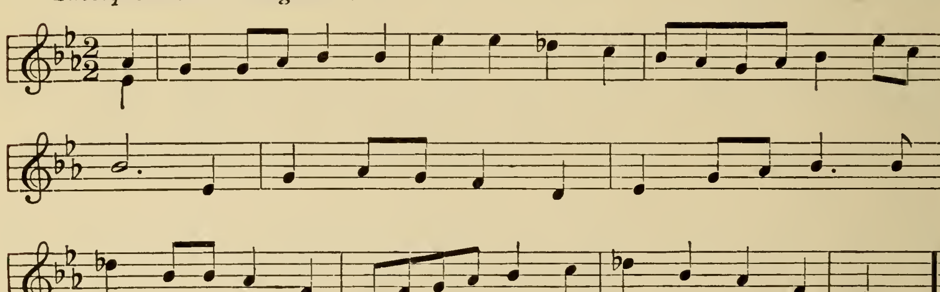
D

Heptatonic. Major Mode
(mixolydian influence).

Sung by Mrs. Orilla Keeton,
at Mount Fair, Va., Sept. 26, 1916



Subsequent verses sung thus:



2 O light, O light, love Henery,
And stay all night with me,
And you shall have the cheers of the cheer (*or* cheery) cold girl,
The best I can give you.

3 I will not light and I shall not light
To stay all night with thee,
For there's a pretty girl in Merry Green Lea
I love far better than thee.

4 He bended over her soft pillow
And gave her a kiss so sweet,
But with a penknife in her right hand,
She wounded him in full deep.

5 Woe be, woe be, Lady Marg'ret, he cried,
Woe be, woe be to thee,
For don't you see my own heart's blood
Come twinkling down my knee?

6 She called unto a maid of hers:
Keep a secret, keep a secret on me.
All these fine robes on my body
Shall always be to thee.

7 One takened him by his long yellow hair
And the other one by his feet,
And they threw him into the well waters
Which was so cool and deep.

8 Lie there, lie there, love Henery,
Till the flesh rots off your bones,
And that pretty girl in Merry Green Lea
Thinks long of your coming home.

9 Up spoke, up spoke a pretty little parrot
Exceeding on a willow tree:
There never was a girl in Merry Green Lea
He loved so well as thee.

10 Come down, come down, my pretty little parrot,
And sit upon my knee,
And you shall have a cage of a pure, pure gold
Instead of the willow tree.

11 I won't come down, nor I shan't come down
To sit upon your knee,
For you have murdered your true love Henery,
More sooner you would kill me.

12 If I had my arrow in my hand,
My bow on tuneful string,
I'd shoot a dart that would win your heart,
So you could no longer sing.

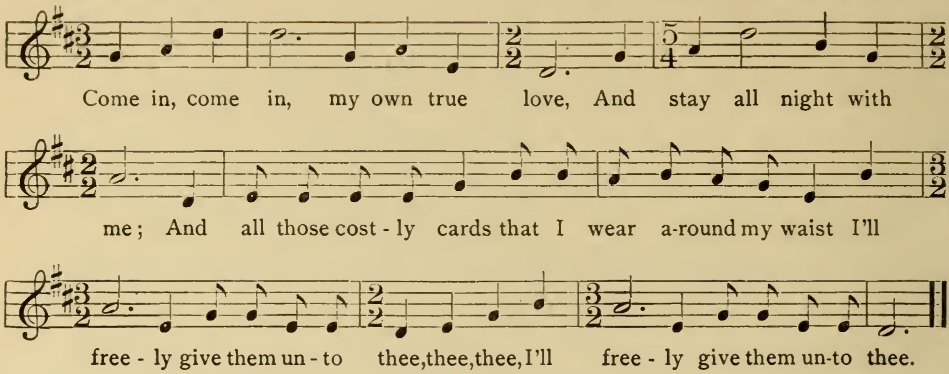
13 If you had your arrow in your hand,
Your bow on tuneful string,
I'd take a flight and fly, fly away
And tune my voice to sing.

Young Hunting

E

Sung by Mrs. SOTHERLAND,
at Carmen, N. C., on Oct. 3, 1914

Pentatonic. Mode 1.



2 I won't come in, or I won't sit down,
Or stay all night with thee,
For there is another pretty girl in old Scotland
That I love more better than thee.

3 She had a sharp knife within her right hand,
She pierced him heartilee.

4 I will come down and I must come down
And stay all night with thee.
There is nary nother pretty girl in old Scotland
That I love more better than thee.

5 O live, Lord Henry, she cried,
One hour, or two, or three,
And all these costly cards I wear around my waist
I'll freely give them unto thee.

6 I can't live, nor I won't live,
One hour, nor two, nor three,
And all the costly cards you wear around your waist
Will do no good for me.

7 She tuk him by his lily-white hand,
She drug him to the well,
Which you know was cold and deep.
She says . . . .

8 Lie there, love Henry, she cried,
Till the flesh all rots off your poor bones
And all your pretty girls in old Scotland
Will mourn for your return.

9 Come down, come down, my pretty parrot bird,
And sit at my right knee,
And your cage shall be decked of the yellow beaten gold
And hung on the ivory.

10 I won't come down, nor I won't come down,
Nor sit at your right knee,
For you just now murdered your own true love,
And soon you'd murder me.

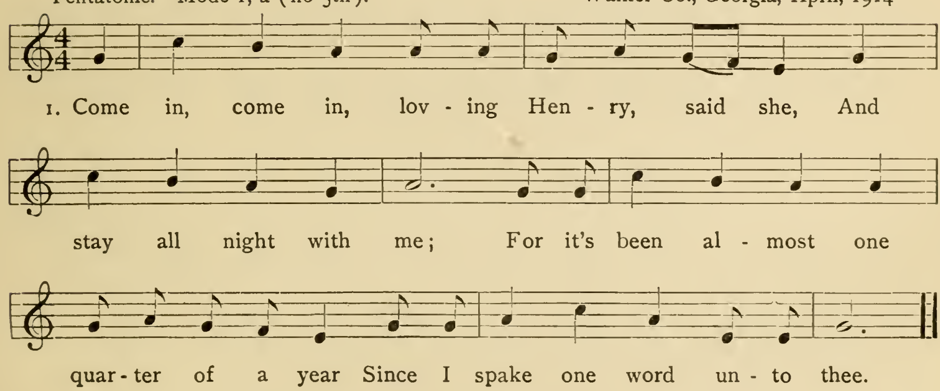
11 I wish I had in my bow in flight,
My arrow keen and sharp,
I'd pierce a lightning all through your breast
That you never should sing again.

12 If you had your bow in flight,
Your arrow keen and sharp,
My two little wings would carry me away,
Where you never would see me again.

F

Sung by Mrs. Hall at Kensington,
Walker Co., Georgia, April, 1914

Pentatonic. Mode 1, a (no 5th).



2 I can't come in, Lady Margaret, said he,
Nor stay all night with thee,
For the girl that I left in the Arkansas land
Will think long of my return.

3 Then stooping over the great high fence
And kissing all so sweet,
She had a penknife in her hand
And she plunged it into the deep.

4 Some taken him by his lily-white hands,
Some taken him by his feet,
And they carried him to the broad water side
And plunged him into the deep.

5 Lay there, lay there, loving Henry, said she,
Till the meat drops off your bones,
And the girl you left in the Arkansas land
Will think long of your return.

6 Come in, come in, pretty parrot, said she,
And sing all on my knee;
Your cage shall be made of ivory beaten gold
And the doors of ivory.

7 I can't come in, Lady Margaret, said he,
Ncr sing all on your knee,
For you are the girl that killed loving Henry,
And surely you might kill me.

8 I wish I had a bow and arrow,
And it all in its prime,
I'd shoot yon yonders pretty little bird
That sits on that tall pine.

9 Who cares I for your bow and arrow,
And it all in its prime,
I fly away to some lonesome valley
And 'light on some high pine.

No. 16

Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor

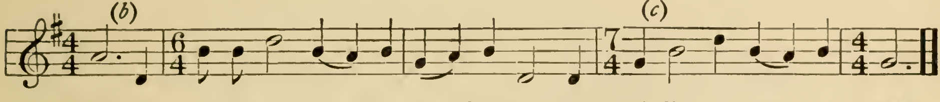
A

Sung by Mrs. HESTER HOUSE
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916

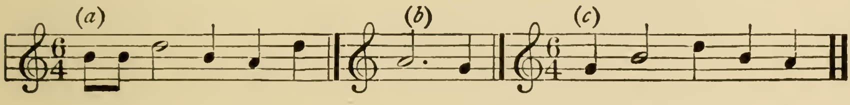
Pentatonic. Mode 3.



1. Lord Thom-as he was a brave young man, The keep-ing of bach-e-lor's



hall. Come rid-dle to me, my mo-ther dear, Come rid-dle to me as one.



2 Or shall I marry fair Ellendry now,
Or bring you the brown girl home?
Or shall I marry fair Ellendry now,
Or bring the brown girl home?

3 The brown girl she has house and land,
Fair Ellendry she has none.
My request is to you, my son,
Go bring the brown girl home.

4 Fair Ellendry dressed herself in white,
And trimmed her merry maidens green,
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be some queen.

5 She rode up to Lord Thomas's hall,
And tingled on the ring;
No a one so ordel but Lord Thomas himself
For to rise and let her come in.

6 He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her through the hall,
He sat her down at the head of the table
Amongst those ladies all.

7 Is this your bride?—fair Ellendry she says—
What makes her so wonderful brown?
When you could have married as fair a lady one
As ever the sun shined on.

8 Go hold your tongue, you pretty little miss,
And tell no tales on me,
For I love your little finger nail
Better than her whole body.

9 The brown girl had a little penknife
Which just had lately been ground,
She pierced it through fair Ellendry's side,
The blood come tumbling down.

10 He took her by her little hand,
He led her in the room ;
He took his sword and cut her head off
And kicked it against the wall.

11 He put the handle against the wall,
The point against his breast.
Here is the ending of three dear lovers.
Pray take their souls to rest.

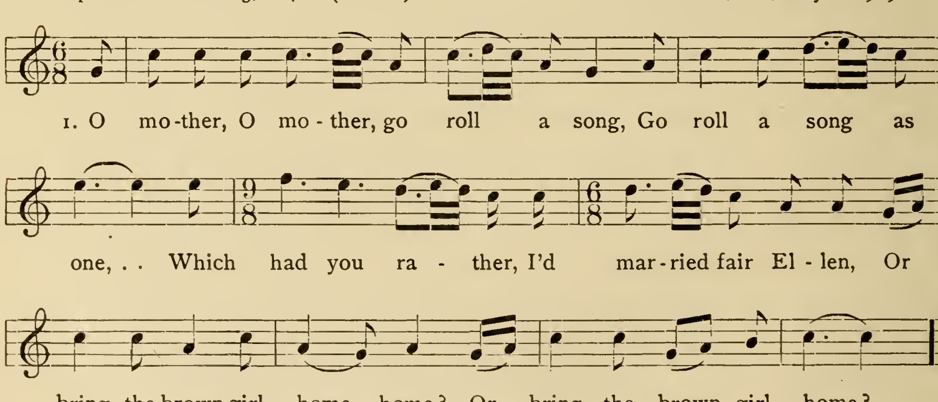
12 Go dig my grave both wide and deep
And paint my coffin black,
And bury fair Ellendry in my arms,
The brown girl at my back.

13 They dug his grave both wide and deep
And painted his coffin black,
And buried the brown girl in his arms
And fair Ellendry at his back.

B

Sung by Mrs. Moore
at Rabun Co., Ga., May 2, 1909

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b (ionian).



2 It's, O my son, I'd advise you at your own blessing
To bring the brown girl home;
For she has got both house and land
And fair Ellender she has none.

3 He dressed himself in the finest he had,
His image it was broad;
And every town that he rode round
They took him to be some lord.

4 He rode up to fair Ellender's gate
And jangled at the ring—
No one so ready as fair Ellen herself
To rise and let him come in.

5 Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, she replied,
What news have you brought for me?
I've come to ask you to my wedding,
And that's bad news for to hear.

6 O mother, O mother, go roll a song,
Go roll a song as one,
Which had you rather, I'd go to Lord Thomas' wedding,
Or stay and tarry at home?

7 It's, O my daughter, I'd advise you at your own blessing
To stay and tarry at home.

. . . .

8 I know I've got a-many a friend,
Likewise many a foe,
But if my death coffin was at my door,
To Lord Thomas' wedding I'd go.

9 She dressed herself in the finest she had,
Her image it was green;
And every town that she rode round
They took her to be some queen.

10 She rode up to Lord Thomas's gate
And knocked so clear it rung.
No one so ready as Lord Thomas hisself
For to rise and let her come in.

11 He took her by her lily-white hand
And led her in the hall,
And seated her down by his bright side
Amongst the ladies all.

12 Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your bride?
I think she's very brown;
When you once might have had as fair a lady
As ever the sun shined on.

13 This brown girl she had a knife in her hand,
And the blade both keen and sharp.
'Twixt the long ribs and the short
She pierced it through fair Ellender's heart.

14 Fair Ellen, fair Ellen, he replied,
What makes you look so pale?
Your cheeks were once the rosy red,
And all your fine color has failed.

15 Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, she replied,
Are you blind, or cannot you see?
Or don't you see my own heart's blood
Come twinkling down so free?

16 Lord Thomas had a sword hung by his side
With a blade both keen and sharp.
He cut this brown girl's head smooth off
And cleaved the body apart.

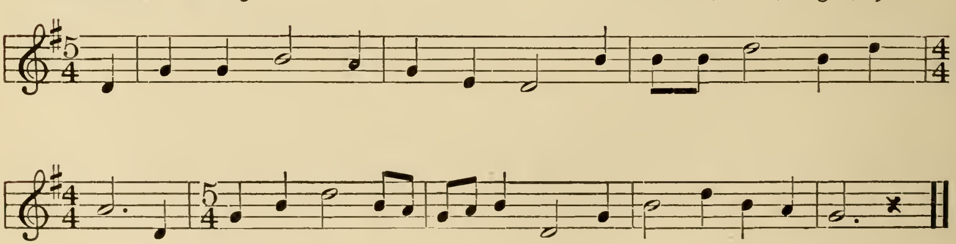
17 And then he pointed toward the floor
With the point toward his heart.
Did you ever see three own true loves
Sudden in death to part?

18 Go dig my grave both wide and deep
And paint my coffin black,
And put fair Ellender in my arms
And the brown girl at my back.

C

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 8, 1916
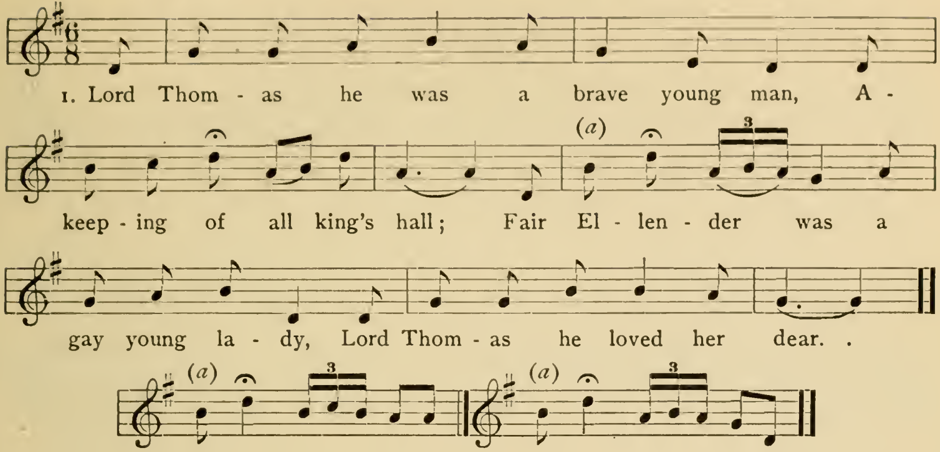
Pentatonic. Mode 3.



D

Sung by Mrs. Mandy Shelton
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 11, 1916

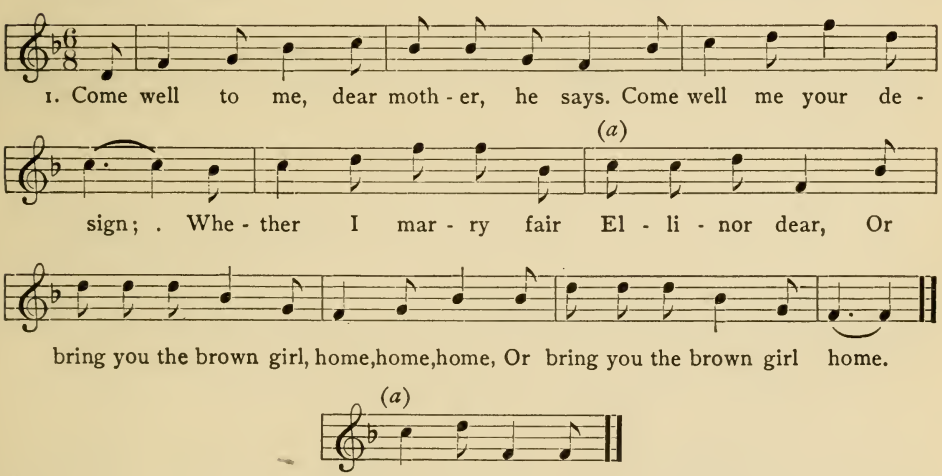
Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



E

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916

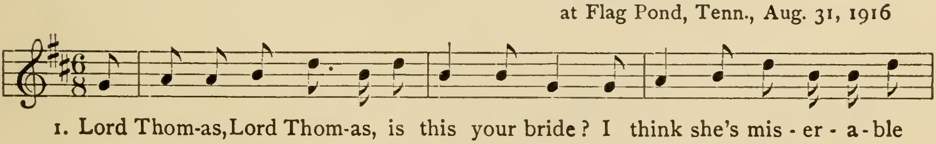
Pentatonic. Mode 1.

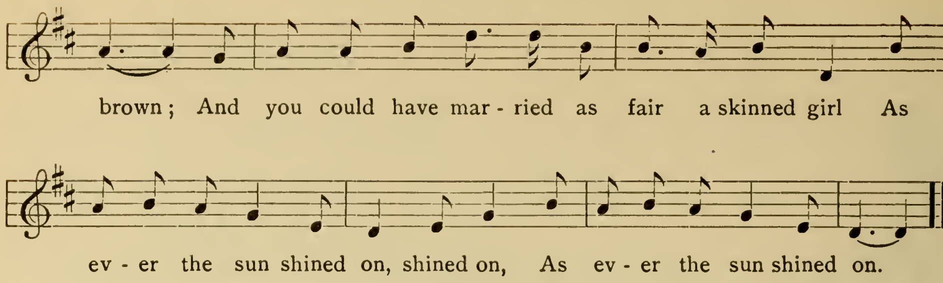


F

Pentatonic. Mode 1.

Sung by Mrs. Addy Crane
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1916
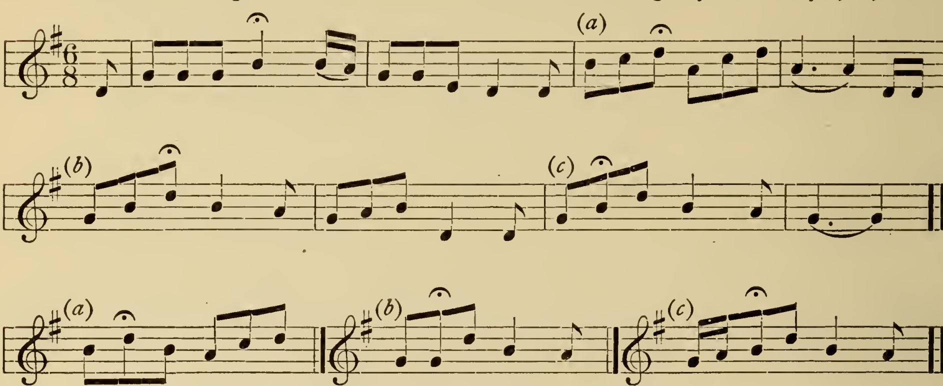




G

Sung by Mrs. Noah Shelton
at Alleghany, N. C., July 29, 1916

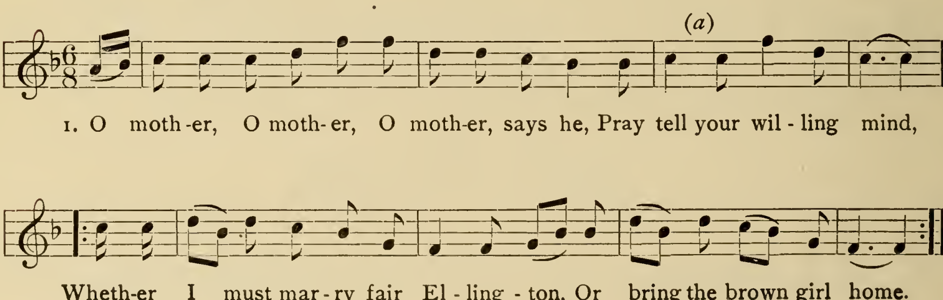
Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.
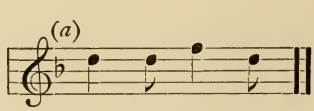


H

Sung by Mrs. Kate Campbell
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 21, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, a.



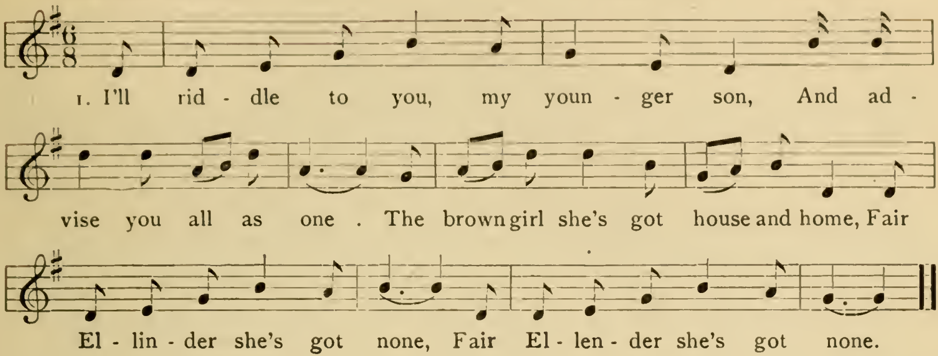


Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor

I

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 5, 1916

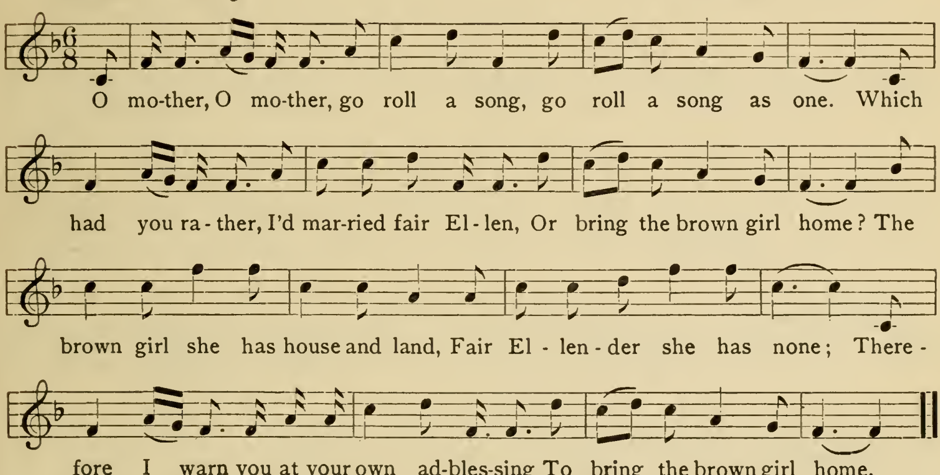
Pentatonic. Mode 3.



J

Sung by Miss Della Moore
at Rabun Co., Ga.

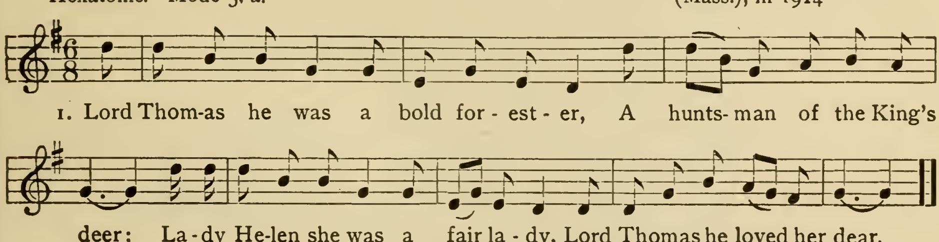
Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



K

Sung by Mrs. Isabel A. Dame
(Mass.), in 1914

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



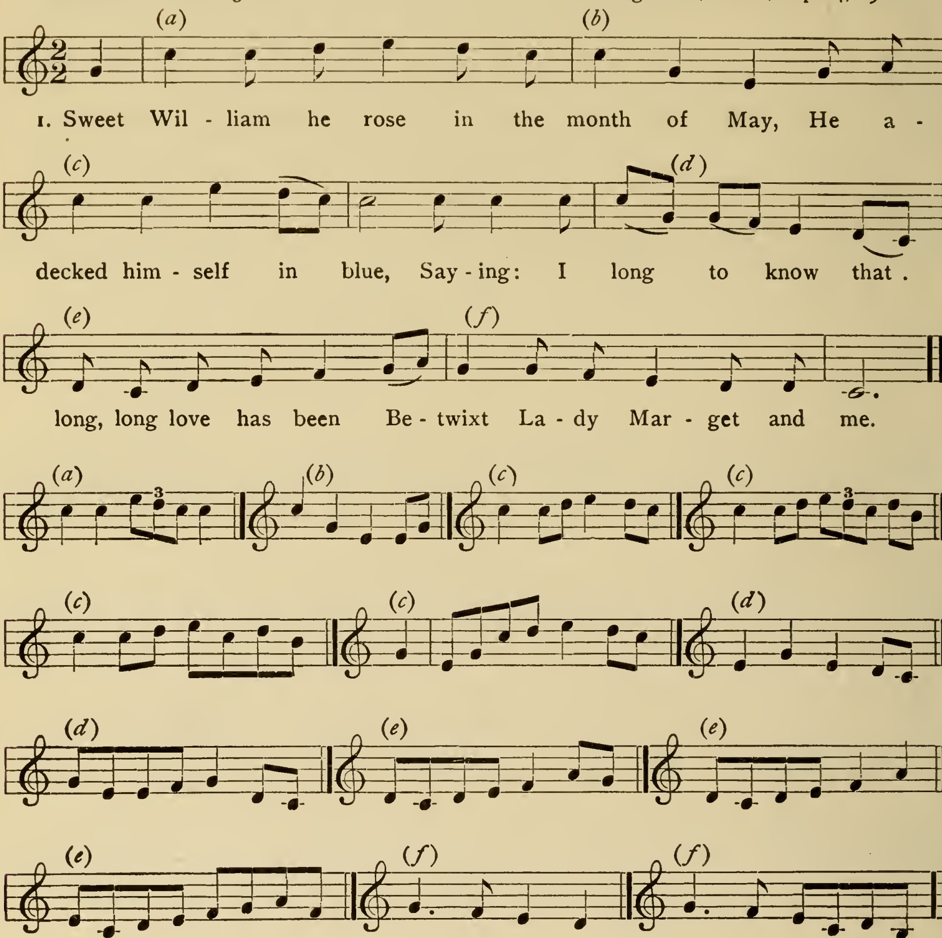
No. 17

Fair Margaret and Sweet William

A

Sung by Mr. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 No harm, no harm of Lady Marget,
Nor she knows none by me,
But before tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Lady Marget a bride shall see.

3 Lady Marget was a-sitting in her bowing room
Combing back her yellow hair,
And she saw Sweet William and his new wedded bride,
To church they did draw nigh.

4 And it's down she stood her ivory comb
And back she threw her hair.
And it's you may suppose and be very well assured
Lady Marget was heard no more.

5 The time has passed away and gone
For all men to be asleep,
And something appeared to Sweet William and his new wedded bride
And stood up at their bed feet.

6 Saying: How do you like your bed making?
Or how do you like your sheets?
Or how do you like that new wedded bride
That lies in your arms and sleeps?

7 Very well do I like my bed making,
Much better do I like my sheets;
But the best of all is the gay lady
That stands at my bed feet.

8 The time was passed away and gone
For all men to be awake.
Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
By the dreams that he dreamed last night.

9 Such dreams, such dreams cannot be true,
I'm afraid they're of no good,
For I dreamed that my chamber was full of wild swine
And my bride's bed a-floating in blood.

10 He called down his waiting-men,
One, by two, by three,
Saying: Go and ask leave of my new wedded bride
If Lady Marget I mayn't go and see.

11 It's he rode up to Lady Marget's own bowing room,
And he knocked so clear at the ring;
And who was so ready as her own born brother
For to rise and let him in.

12 Is Lady Marget in her own bowing room?
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she high in her chambry
Amongst her merry maids all?

13 Lady Marget's not in her bowing room,
Nor neither is she in her hall;
But she is in her long coffin,
Lies pale against yon wall.

14 Unroll, unroll the winding-sheets,
Although they're very fine,
And let me kiss them cold pale lips
Just as often as they've kissed mine.

15 Three times he kissed her ivory cheeks,
And then he kissed her chin,
And when he kissed them cold pale lips
There was no breath within.

16 Lady Marget she died like it might be to-day,
Sweet William he died on tomorrow;
Lady Marget she died for pure, true love,
Sweet William he died for sorrow.

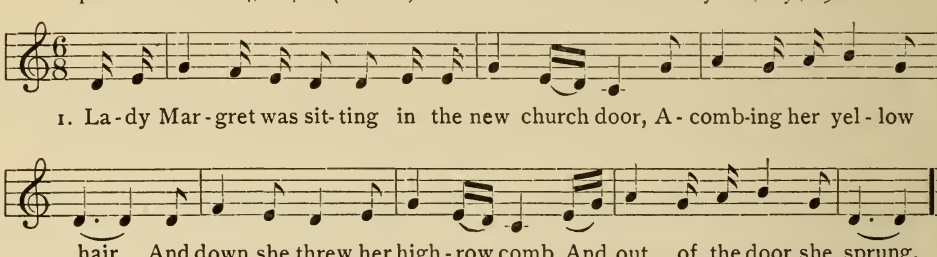
17 Lady Marget were buried in yons churchyard,
Sweet William was buried by her;
From her there sprung a red, red rose,
From his there sprung a briar.

18 They both growed up the old church wall
Till, of course, could grow no higher,
And they met and they tied in a true love's knot,
For the rose rolled round the briar.

B

Sung by Mrs. Louisa Hensley
at Clay Co., Ky., 1910

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b (dorian)*.



2 O mother, O mother, I saw a sight
Which I never shall see any more.
She dies, she never drew another breath,
And she never lived any longer.

3 Willy rode on home that night
And quickly fell asleep,
Bothered and pestered all night
In a dream he dreamed before.

*i.e. with tonic D. If C be tonic, Mode 1, a + b (ionian).

4 Early, early he rose up,
Dressed himself in blue;
Asked of his new wedded wife
To ride one mile or two.

5 They rode on till they got to Lady Margret's gate,
Tingled at the wire;
There was none so ready to let them in
But Lady Margret's mother dear.

6 Is she in her sewing-room?
Nor in her chamber asleep?
Or is she in her dining-room,
A lady before them all?

7 She is not in her sewing-room,
Nor in her chamber asleep;
Although she's in her dying-room,
A lady before them all.

8 Her father opened the coffin lid,
Her brother unwrapped the sheet;
He kneeled and kissed her cold clay lips
And died all at her feet.

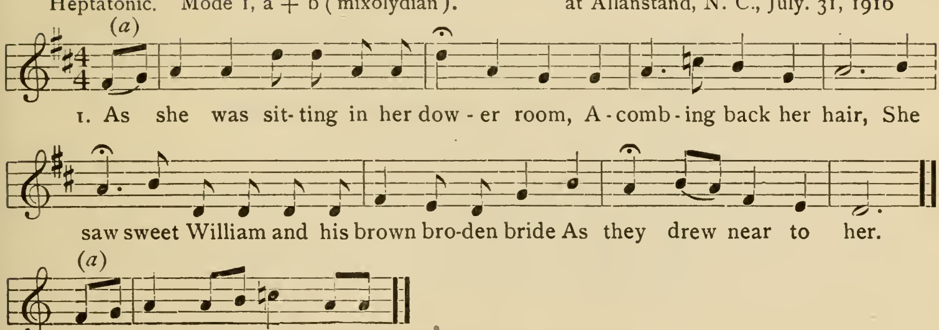
9 They buried Lady Margret in the new church yard,
And Willy close by her side;
And out of her heart sprang a red rose,
And out of his a green briar.

10 They grew and grew so very high,
Uhtil they couldn't grow any higher;
They looped and tied in a true love knot
The red rose and green briar.

C

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., July. 31, 1916

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).



2 Lady Marget she rose in the dead hour of night
When they'se all a-lying at sleep,
Lady Marget she rose in the dead hour of night
And stood at his bed feet.

3 Says, how do you like your bed? she says,
And how do you like your sheet?
Or how do you like your brown broden bride
That lays in your arms at sleep?

4 Very well, very well do I like my bed,
But better do I like my sheet,
But better do I like a lady gay
Who stands at my bed feet.

5 Sweet William arose at the dead hour of night
When they was all a-lying at sleep,
Sweet William arose at the dead hour of night
And tingled on the ring.
There was none so ready as her seven brothers
To rise and let him come in.

6 O where is Lady Marget, Lady Marget? he cries,
O where is Lady Marget? says he;
For she's a girl I always did adore
And she stole my heart from me.

7 Is she in her dower room?
Or is she in the hall?
Or is she in her bed chambry
Along with the merry maids all?

8 She is not in her dower room,
Nor neither in the hall,
But she is in her cold, cold coffin
With her pale face toward the wall.

9 And when he pulled the milk-white sheets
That were made of satin so fine:
Ten thousand times you have kissed my lips
And now, love, I'll kiss thine.

10 Three times he kissed her snowy white breast,
Three times he kissed her cheek,
But when he kissed her cold clay lips
His heart was broke within.

11 What will you have at Lady Marget's burying?
Will you have bread and wine?
Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
The same shall be had at mine.

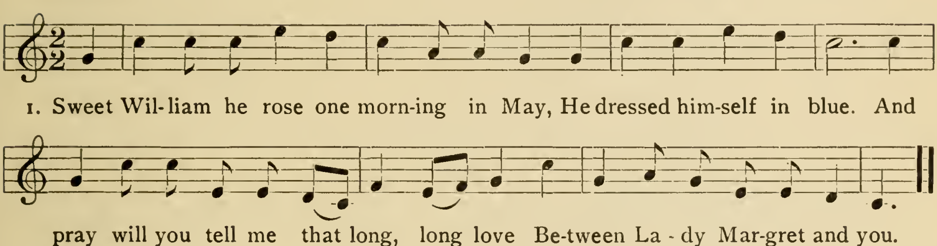
12 They buried Lady Marget in our church-yard,
And buried Sweet William by her;
And out of Sweet William's breast sprung a blood-red rose,
And out of Lady Marget's a briar.

13 They grew and grew to the top of the church,
And they could grow no higher,
And they tied a true love's knot
And lived and died together.

D

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 8, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 I know nothing of Lady Margret, he says,
Lady Margret knows nothing of me.
To-morrow morning about eight o'clock
Lady Margret my bride shall see.

3 Lady Margret was in her dowel room,
Combing back her yellow hair.
She saw Sweet William and his new wedded wife
As they drew near to her.

4 O down she threw her ivory comb,
And back she threw her hair,
And running to her bed-chamber
To never no more appear.

5 The very same night they were all in the bed,
They were all in the bed asleep,
Lady Margret she rose and stood all alone
And sung at Sweet William's bed feet.

6 Saying : How do you like your bed, Sweet William?
Or how do you like your sheet?
Or how do you like your new wedded wife
That lies in your arms and sleeps?

7 Very well, very well I like my bed,
Very well I like my sheet,
But ten thousand times better do I like the lady gay
That stands at my bed-feet

8 Sweet William he rose and stood all alone,
He tingled at the ring.
There was none so ready as her dear old mother
To rise and let him come in.

9 O where's Lady Margret? he says,
O where's Lady Margret? he cries.
Lady Margret is a girl I always adored,
She hath stole my heart away.

10 Or is she in her dowel room?
Or is she in her hall?
Or is she in her bed-chamber
Among her merry maids all?

11 She's neither in her dowel room,
Nor neither in her hall;
Lady Margret she's in her cold coffin
With her pale face all to the wall.

12 O down he pulled the milk-white sheets
That was made of satin so fine.
Ten thousand times she has kissed my lips,
So lovely I'll kiss thine.

13 Three times he kissed her cherry, cherry cheeks,
Three times he kissed her chin,
And when he kissed her clay cold lips
His heart it broke within.

14 Saying: What will you have at Lady Margret's burying?
Will you have some bread and wine?
To-morrow morning about eight o'clock,
The same may be had at mine.

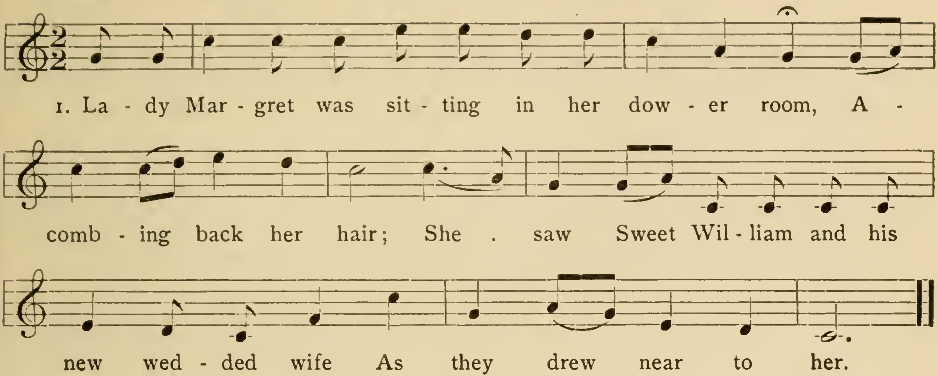
15 They buried Lady Margret in the old church-yard,
They buried Sweet William by her;
Out of Lady Margret's grave sprung a deep-red rose,
And out of William's a briar.

16 They grew to the top of the old church house,
They could not grow any higher,
And met and tied in a true love's knot,
And the rose hung on the briar.

E

Sung by Miss Wonnie Shelton
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 11, 1916

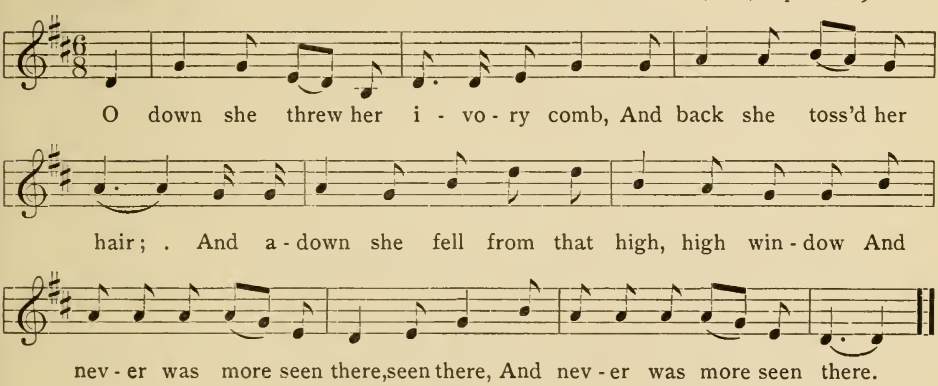
Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



F

Sung by Mrs. Orilla Keeton
at Mount Fair, Va., Sept. 26, 1916

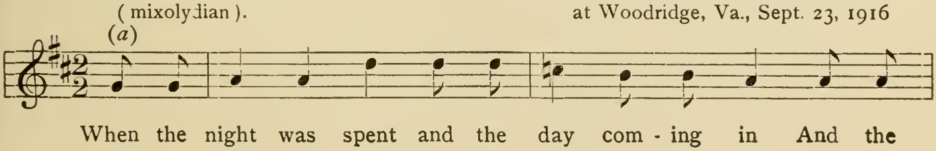
Pentatonic. Mode 1.

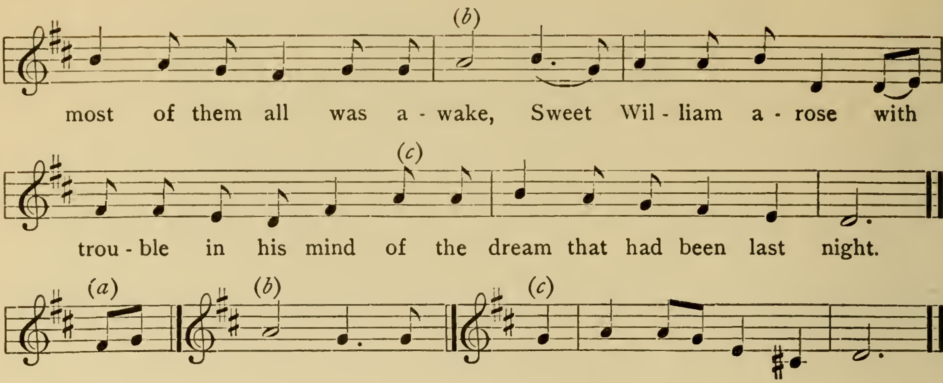


G

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b
(mixolydian).

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 23, 1916
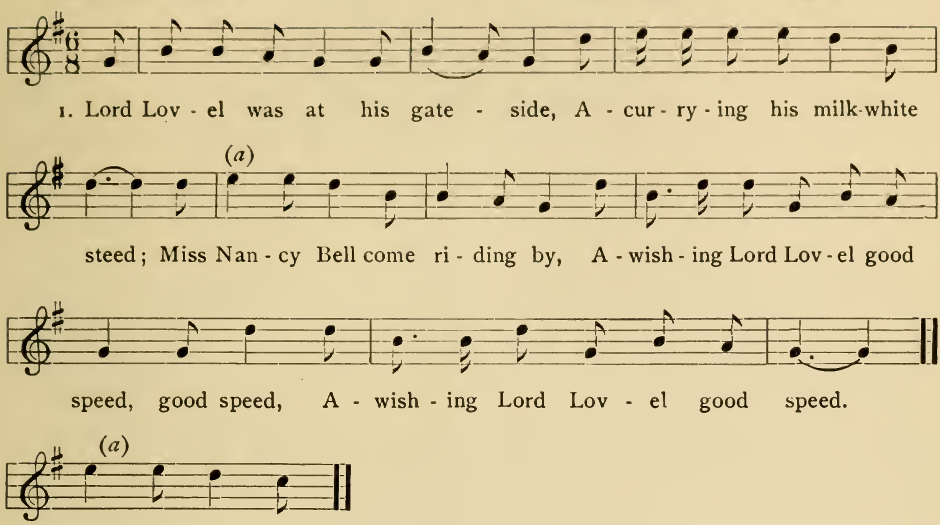



(b)
most of them all was a - wake, Sweet Wil - liam a - rose with
(c)
trou - ble in his mind of the dream that had been last night.
(a)
(b)
(c)

No. 18

Lord Lovel

Sung by Mrs. MARY SANDS
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 3, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 Where are you going, Lord Lovel? she says,
Where are you going? says she.
I'm going to ride my milk-white steed
Some foreign country to see.

3 How long will you be gone, Lord Lovel? she says,
How long will you be gone? says she.
One year, or two, or two, or three,
Then 'turn to my Lady Nancy.

4 He had not been gone but one year and one day,
Strange thoughts rolled through his mind
. . . .
About his Lady Nancy.

5 And so he mounted his milk-white steed
And rode to London town,
And there he heard the death-bells ringing
And the people a-mourning all round.

6 Who is dead? Lord Lovel he said,
Who is dead? says he.
Miss Nancy Bell from London town
That is called your Lady Nancy.

7 Go open her coffin, Lord Lovel he said,
Pull down her shroud, says he,
And let me kiss her cold, cold lips—
And the tears come trinkling down.

8 Go dig my grave, Lord Lovel he said,
Go dig my grave, says he,
For I have no longer in this world to stay
For the loss of my Lady Nancy.

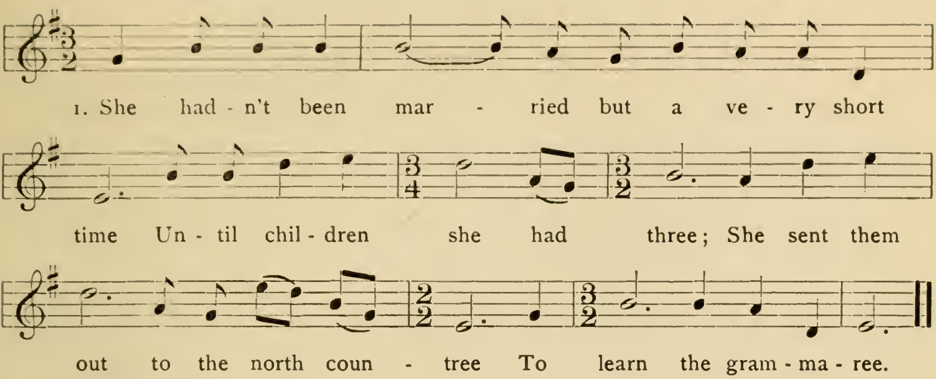
No. 19

The Wife of Usher's Well

A

Sung by Mr. Sol. and Miss Virginia Shelton
at Alleghany, N. C., July 29, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2.



2 They hadn't been there before a very short time,
Scarcely six weeks and three days,
Till sickness came into that old town
And swept her three babes away.

3 She dreamed a dream when the nights were long,
When the nights were long and cold;
She dreamed she saw her three little babes
Come walking down to their home.

4 She spread them a table all on a white cloth,
And on it she put bread and wines.
Come and eat, come and eat, my three little babes,
Come and eat and drink those wines.

5 Take it off, take it off, mother dear, cried they,
For we can no longer stay,
For yonder stands one, our Saviour dear,
To take us in his arms.

6 She spread them a bed in the backside room,
And on it she put three sheets,
And one of the three was a golden sheet,
For the youngest one might sleep.

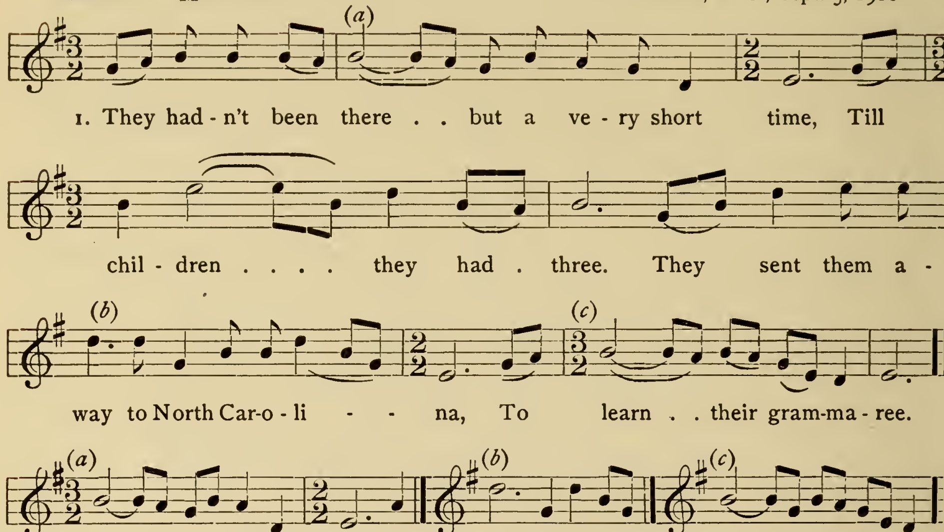
7 Take it off, take it off, mother dear, cried they,
For we can no longer stay,
For yonder stands one, our Saviour dear,
To take us in his arms.

8 Dear mother, it is the fruits of your own pride heart
That has caused us to lie in the clay.
Cold clods at our head, green grass at our feet,
We are wrapped in our winding-sheets.

B

Sung by Miss LINNIE LANDERS
at Carmen, N. C., Sept. 5, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2.



2 They hadn't been there but a very short time,
Scarcely six weeks and three days,
Till sickness came into that old town
And swept her babes away.

3 She dreamed a dream when the nights were long,
When the nights were long and cold.
She dreamed she saw her three little babes
Come walking down to their home.

4 She spread them a table on a milk-white cloth
And on it she put cake and wine.
Come and eat, come and eat, my three little babes,
Come and eat and drink of mine.

5 No mother, no mother, don't want your cakes,
Nor neither drink your wine,
For yonder stands our Saviour dear
To take us in his arms.

6 She fixed them a bed all in the back side room
And on it she put three sheets,
And one of the three were a golden sheet,
Under it that the youngest might sleep.

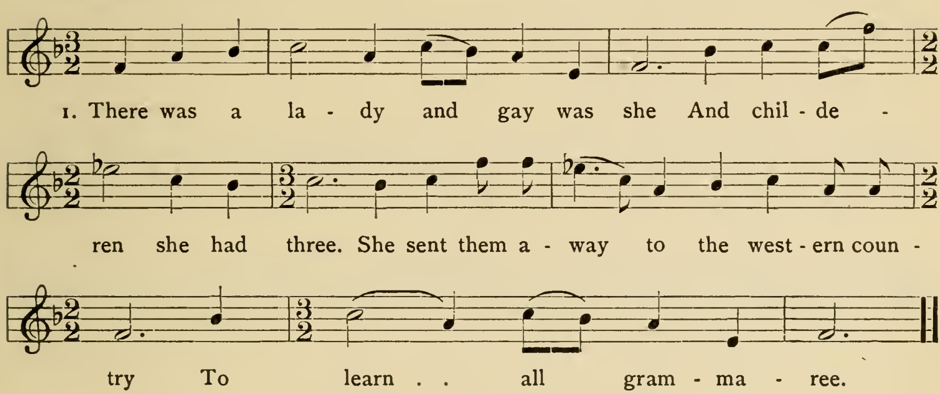
7 Take it off, take it off, dear mother, they said,
For we haven't got long to stay,
For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
Where we must surely be.

8 Dear mother, dear mother, it's the fruit of your poor pride heart
That caused us to lie in the clay.
Cold clods at their heads, green grass at their feet,
We are wrapped in our winding-sheet.

C

Sung by Mr. T. JEFF. STOCKTON
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 4, b (no 2nd).



2 They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
Scarcely three weeks and a day,
Till death came along through them dark woods
And swept them all away.

3 There is a King in the Heavens all bright,
He used to wear a crown.
I hope he'll send me my three babes to-night
Or in the morning soon.

4 The beds was fixed in the back wall room,
Spread over with clean sheets,
And on the top was a golden cloth
That they might rest and sleep.

5 The table was set in the dining-room,
Spread over with cakes and wine.
Go sit down, my three little babes,
And eat and drink of mine.

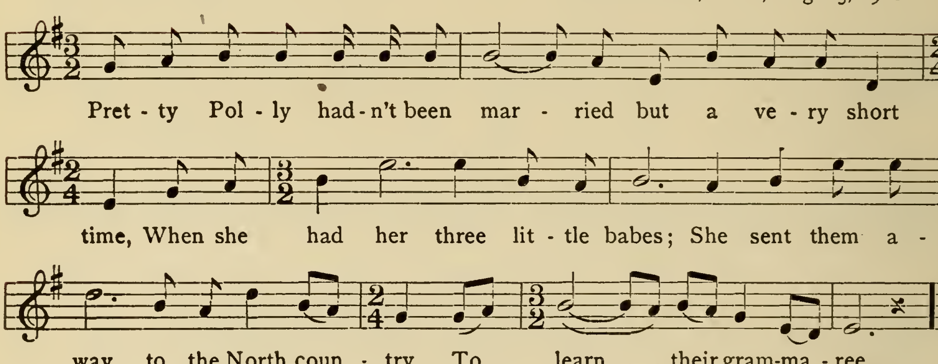
6 Take it off, take it off, dear mother, said they,
Take it off, I say again,
For we'll not be here till the break of day;
My Saviour will call us away.

7 Rise up, rise up, said the oldest one,
I think it's almost day.
See my Saviour standing by
To welcome us three home.

D

Sung by Mrs. Dora Shelton
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 15, 1916

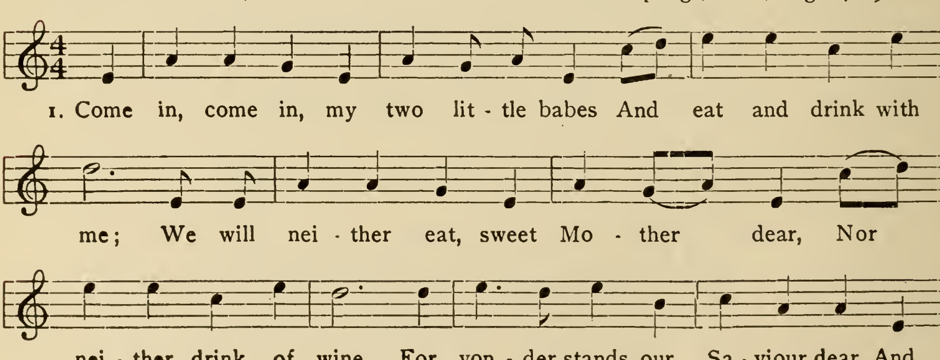
Pentatonic. Mode 2.

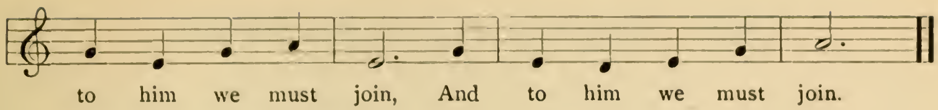


E

Sung by Mrs. Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.

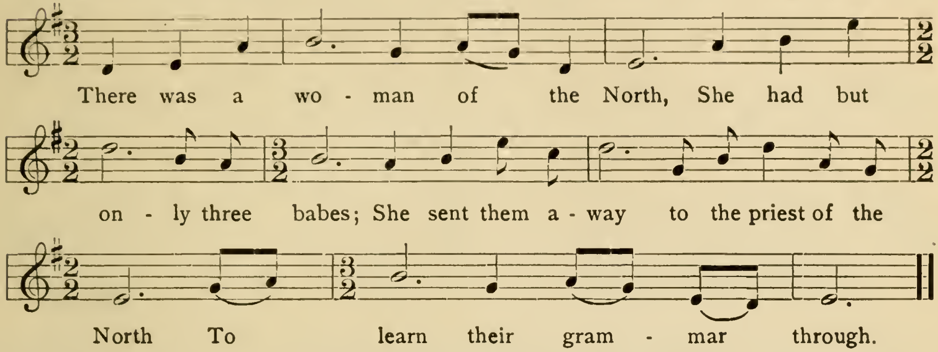




F

Sung by Mrs. Zippo Rice
at Rice Cove, Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 15, 1916
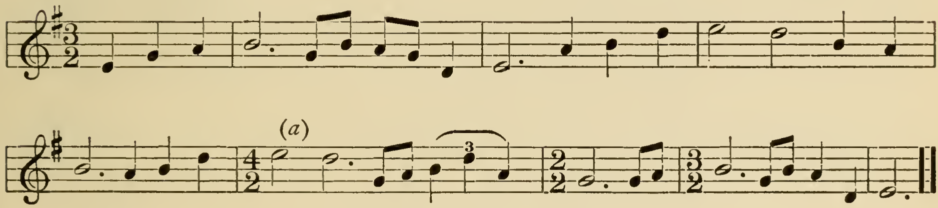
Hexatonic. Mode 2, b.

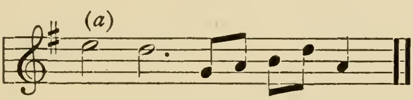


G

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 11, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2.

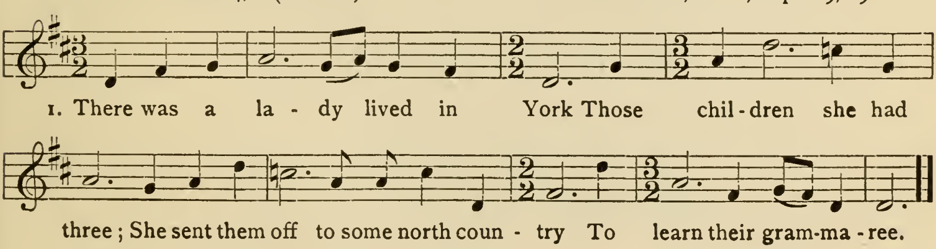




H

Sung by Mrs. Susan Sawyer
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 4, b (no 2nd).



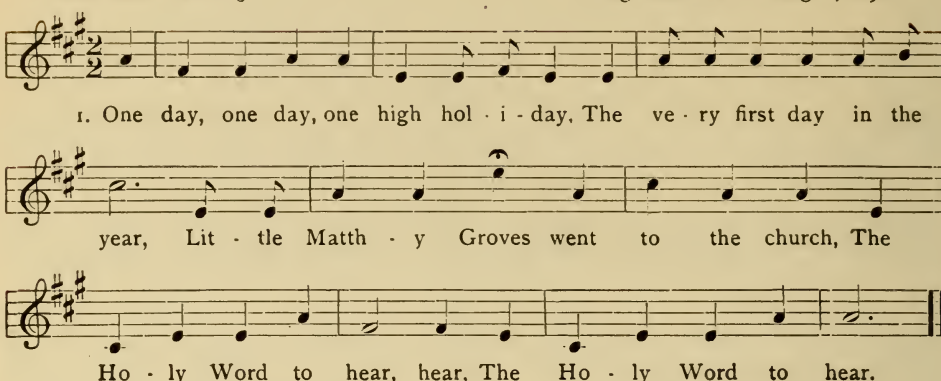
No. 20

Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard

A

Sung by Mrs. Becky Griffin
at Big Laurel, N. C. Aug. 17, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 Lord Dannel's wife was standing by,
She cast her eye on him.
Go home with me, little Matthy Groves,
A wedded wife to be.

3 Hark, hark, hark, hark, said little Matthy Groves,
I cannot spare my life,
I know by the rings you wear on your fingers,
You are Lord Dannel's wife.

4 It's if I am Lord Dannel's wife,
It is nothing to you.
Lord Dannel's gone to Kentucky
King Georgie for to view.

5 Rise, up, rise up, little Matthy Groves,
And men's clothing put on.
It never shall be said in the old Scotland
I slewed a naked man.

6 Hark, hark, hark, hark says little Matthy Groves
I cannot spare my life,
It's you have swords by your side
And I have ne'er a knife.

7 It's I've got swords by my side,
They cost me from my purse,
And you can have the very best
And I will have the worst.

8 The very first lick Lord Dannel struck,
He wound little Matthy deep;
And the very next lick Lord Dannel struck
Little Matthy fell at his feet.

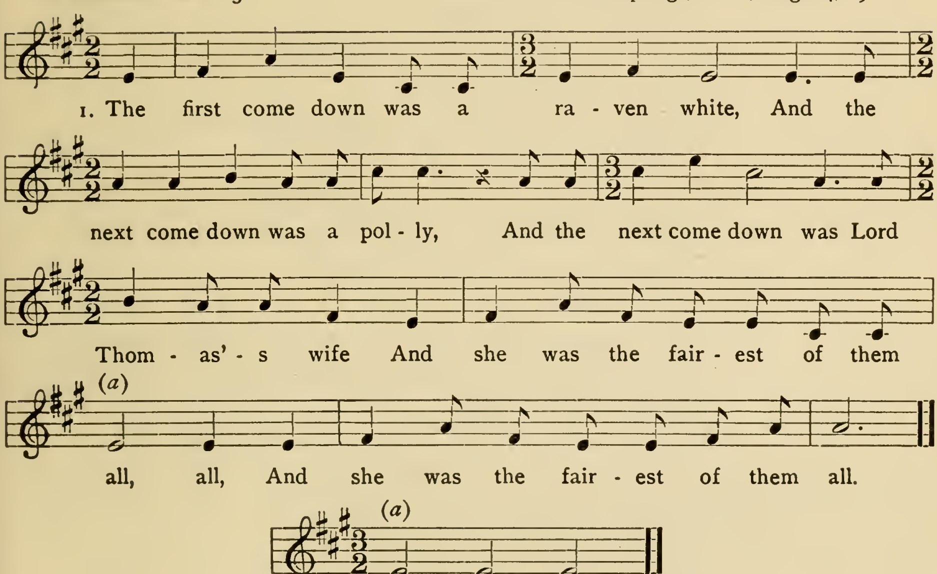
9 He took his lady by the right hand,
He set her on his knee.
Tell to me which you love best,
Little Matthy Groves or me.

10 Very well I like your red rosy cheeks,
Very well I like your chin,
But better I like little Matthy Groves
Than Lord Dannel and all his kin.

B

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 Little Matthy Groves was a-standing by;
She placed her eyes on him,
Saying: You're the darling of my heart
And the darling of my life.

3 It's you no home, no place to lie,
Go home with me this night.
I think by the rings you wear on your fingers
You are Lord Thomas's wife.

4 True, I am Lord Thomas's wife
Lord Thomas is not at home.
The little foot-page was a-standing by,
These words heareth he,
And he licked to his heels and run.

5 He run, he run to the broken-down bridge,
He bent to his breast and swum;
He swum, he swum to the other, other side,
And he buckled up his shoes and he run.

6 He run, he run to Lord Thomas's gate
And he dingled at the ring and it rung,
And he dingled at the ring and it rung.
What news, what news, my little foot-page?
What news you've brought to me?
Little Matthy Groves is at your house
In the bed with the gay lady.

7 If that be a lie you've brought to me
And a lie I expect it to be,
If there is e'er a green tree in these whole worlds
A hangman you shall be.

8 If that be the truth you've brought to me,
And the truth I don't expect it to be,
You may wed my youngest daughter
And you may have all I've got.

9 Lord Thomas's wife raised up about half a doze asleep.
Lay still, lay still, little Matthy Groves says,
Lay still I tell to thee,
For it's nothing, but your father's little shepherd boy
A-driving the wolves from the sheep.

10 When little Matthy Groves did wake
Lord Thomas was at his feet.
Rise up, rise up, Lord Thomas he says,
And put your clothing on,
For it never shall be known in old England
That I slew a naked man.

11 How can I rise up, he says,
When I am afeard of my life?
For you have two good broad-edged swords
And I have not so much as a knife.

12 True, I have two good broad swords
They cost me deep in the purse.
But you may have the very best one
And you may have the first lick.

13 The very first lick little Matthy Groves struck,
He struck him across the head,
And the very next lick Lord Thomas he struck,
And it killed little Matthy Groves dead.

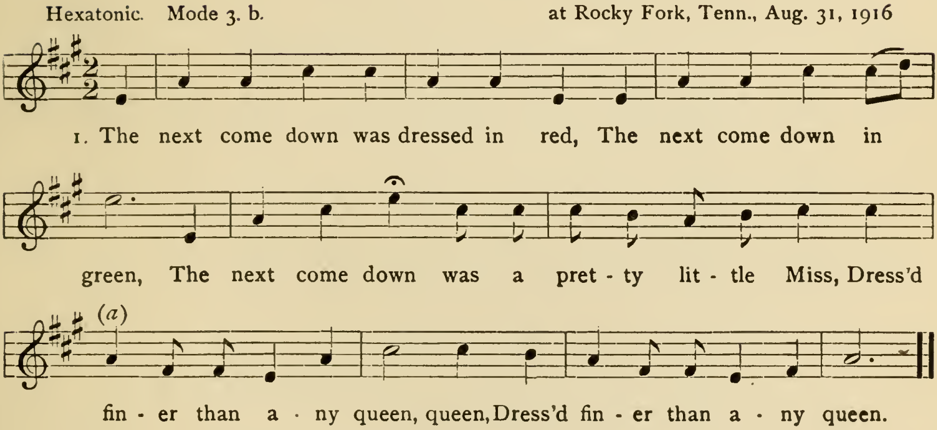
14 He took his gay lady by the hand,
And he led her up and down.
He says: How do you like my blankets
And how do you like my sheets?

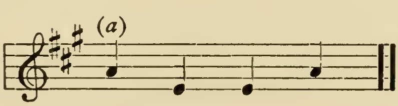
15 Well enough your blankets
And well enough your sheets,
But much better do I love little Matthy Groves
Within my arms asleep.

16 He took his gay lady by the hand
And he pulled her on his knee,
And the very best sword that he did have
He split her head into twine (twain).

C

Sung by Mr. David Norton
Hexatonic. Mode 3. b. at Rocky Fork, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1916





2 She stepped up to little Matthy Groves
And says: Come and go with me.
I know by the rings that is on your hand
You are Lord Dannel's wife,
That you are Lord Dannel's wife.

3 It makes no difference by the rings on my hand,
Nor whose wife I am.
My husband he's not at home,
He's in some foreign land.

4 Little foot Dannel (page?) was standing by,
And he heard every word they were saying.
If I live till broad daylight
Lord Dannel shall know of this.

5 He had about fifteen miles to go
And ten of them he run;
He swum till he came to the river
And he held his breath and swum.

6 He swum till he came to the grassy green grove,
He sprang to his feet and he run;
He run till he came to Lord Dannel's gate
And he rang his bells and rung.

7 Is my castle burning down,
Or what is a-going to be done?
No, your wife's with another man
And both of their hearts are one.

8 He gathered him up about fifty good men,
And done it with a good will.
He put his bugle to his mouth
And blowed it with a shrill.

9 How do you like my pillow, sir,
How do you like my sheet,
And how do you like the pretty little girl
That lies in your arms asleep?

10 Very well do I like your pillow, sir,
Very well do I like your sheet,
But very much better do I like the pretty little girl
That lies in my arms asleep.

11 Little Matthy Groves struck the very first lick,
Which made Lord Dannel sore.
Lord Dannel struck the very next lick
And killed little Matthy on the floor.

12 He took his wife by the lily-white hand
And he sat her upon his knee.
Said: Which one do you love best,
Little Matthy Groves or me?

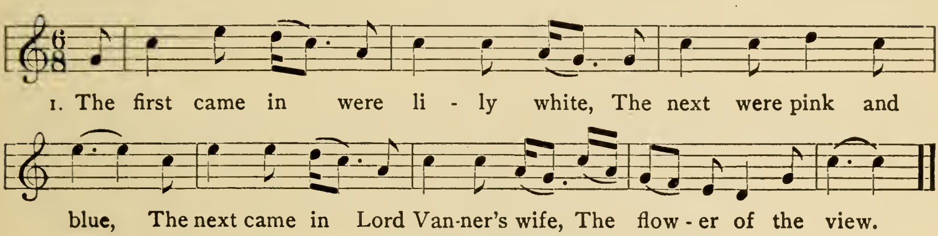
13 He took his wife by the lily-white hand
And he led her through the hall.
He jobbed the pistol in her breast
And she fell with a special ball.

14 Go bury me on yonder church hill
With Matthy in my arms asleep.
. . . .
And bury Lord Dannel at my feet.

D

Sung by Mr. HILLIARD SMITH
at Hindman, Ky., Aug. 10, 1909

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 This young Magrove a-being there,
Fair as the morning sun,
She looked at him and he looked at her,
The like was never known.

3 She stepped up to him and says: Kind Sir,
Won't you take a ride with me?

4 I dare not to, I dare not to,
I dare not to for my life;
From the ring that you wear on your finger,
You are Lord Vanner's wife.

5 Well, if I am Lord Vanner's wife,
Lord Vanner is not at home,
Lord Vanner is to redemption gone,
To King McHenry's throne.

6 This little foot-page a-being by,
Hearing every word they said,
He swore Lord Vanner should have the news
Before the rising sun.

7 He run till he came to the river side,
And he jumped in and swam,
He swam and he swam to the other side,
And he rose and run.

8 He run till he came to McHenry's throne,
He dingled so loud with the ring,
There's none so ready as Lord Vanner himself
To arise and let him in.

9 What news, what news? my little foot-page,
What news have you brought to me?
Has any of casten walls fell down,
Or any of my men false be?

10 There's none of your casten walls fell down,
Nor none of your men false be.
This young Magrove is in fair Scotland
In bed with your lady.

11 If this be lie you bring to me,
As I believe it to be,
I'll build a gallow just for you,
And hangen you shall be.

12 If this be lie I bring to you
As you believe it to be,
You needn't build any gallows for me,
Just hang me on a tree.

13 Lord Vanner calling up his best men,
By one, by two, by three,
Saying: Let's take a trip to fair Scotland,
This happy couple for to see.

14 They rolled and they rolled all over the bed
Till they fell fast asleep,
And when they woke Lord Vanner was there
A-standing at their bed feet.

15 It's how do you like my blanket, sir?
It's how do you like my sheet?
How do you like that fair lady,
That lies in your arms asleep.

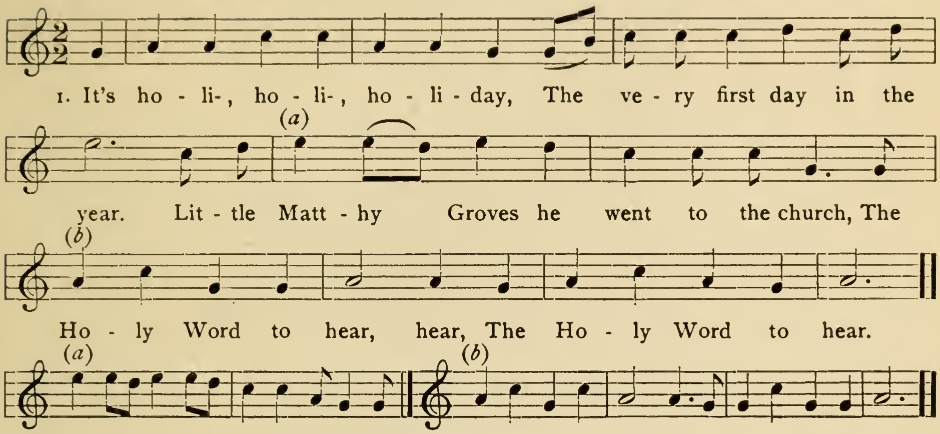
16 Very well I like your blanket, sir,
Very well I like your sheet,
Ten thousand times better I like this fair lady
Lies in my arms asleep.

17 Get up, get up, put on your clothes,
And fight me like a man;
Never should have been said in fair Scotland
I killed a naked man.

E

Sung by Mr. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.

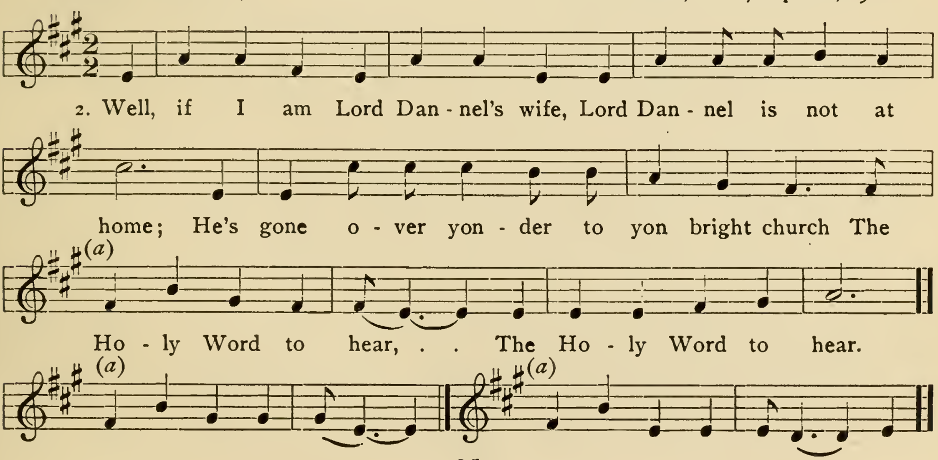


2 If I am Lord Thomas's wife,
Lord Thomas is not at home.
He's gone away to his false taverin
His prentiss for to see.

F

Sung by Mrs. Carrie Ford
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 18, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



1 Go home with me, little Matthy Groves,
And keep me from the cold.
I wouldn't go home with you to-night
If I know'd it would save your life,
For I can tell by the rings on your fingers
That you're Lord Dannel's wife.

2 Well, if I am Lord Dannel's wife,
Lord Dannel is not at home;
He's gone over yonder to yon bright church
The Holy Word to hear.

3 His little foot-page was standing by,
He took to his heels and run;
He run till he came to the broken bridge,
And he laid upon his breast and swum.

4 O Lord Dannel, you'd better go home.
Little Matthy Groves in bed with your wife
Keeping her from the cold.

5 I heard Lord Dannel's bugle blow.
Lay still, lay still, little Matthy Groves,
And keep me from the cold,
For it's only my father's shepherd boy
Driving the sheep from the fold.

6 O how do you like my fine feather bed?
And how do you like my sheet?
And how do you like my pretty little wife,
That lies in your arms asleep?

7 Very well do I like your fine feather bed,
Very well do I like your sheet;
Much better do I like your sweet little wife
That lay in my arms asleep.

8 Get up from there, little Matthy Groves,
And put you on your clothes.
I wouldn't have it known in this native land
I'd slain a naked man.

9 I'll get up, put on my clothes,
I'll fight you for my life.
Your two bright swords hang by your side,
And me not even a knife.

10 My two bright swords hang by my side,
They cost me in my purse,
But you shall have the best of them
And I will have the worst.

11 You shall have the very first lick,
You strike it like a man,
And I will take the very next lick,
I'll kill you if I can.

12 Little Matthy had the very first lick,
He struck and hit the floor.
Lord Dannel had the very next lick,
Little Matthy struck no more.

13 He took her by the lily-white hand,
He laid her on his knee.
Which do you like the best of the two,
Little Matthy Groves or me?

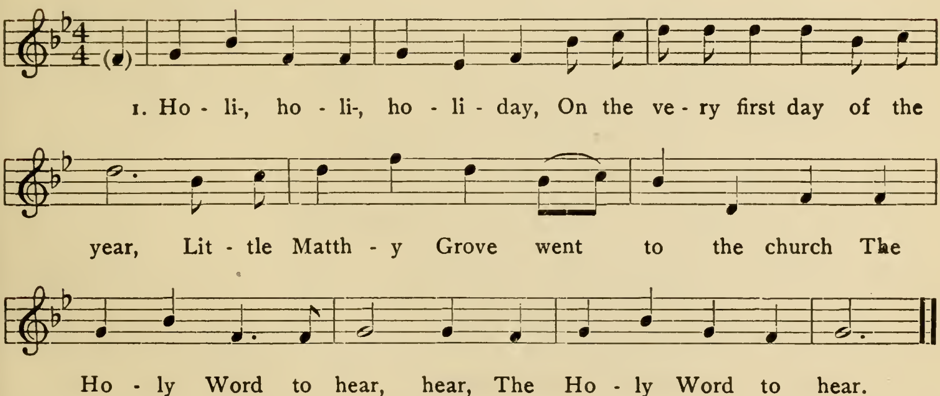
14 Very well do I like your red rosy cheeks,
Also your dimpling chin,
Much better do I like little Matthy Groves
Than any of your kin.

15 He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her in the hall.
He drew his sword, cut off her head
And kicked it against the wall.

G

Sung by Miss LAURA BREWER,
Clay Co., Ky., in 1909.

Pentatonic. Mode 2.



2 First came down was the lady gay,
The next came down was a girl,
The next came down was Lord Donald's wife,
The flowers of the world.

3 She placed her arm on little Matthy Grove,
Says: Matthy, go home with me,
This night, this night,
This livelong night to sleep.

4 I am darsing of my life,
I can't go home with you.
I know you by your finger rings,
You are Lord Donald's wife.

5 If I am Lord Donald's wife,
Lord Donald is gone from home.
He's gone across the water side,
He's gone over there to stay.

6 Little Speedfoot was standing by
To see what he could hear,
And as he saw them both walk off,
He picked up his heels and run.

7 He ran till he came to the river side,
He bent his breast and swam,
Swam till he came to the other side
And he picked up his heels and ran.

8 He ran till he came to the high King Gate;
He rattled the bell and it rung.
What news, what news, little Speedfoot, he says,
What news do you bring me?

9 Is my old scaffold burned down?
Or is my tavern run?
Or is my lady gay put to bed,
With a daughter or a son?

10 No, your scaffold's not burned down,
Nor your tavern's not run;
Nor your lady gay is not put to bed
With a daughter or a son.
But little Matthy Grove is at your own house
In bed with your lady gay.

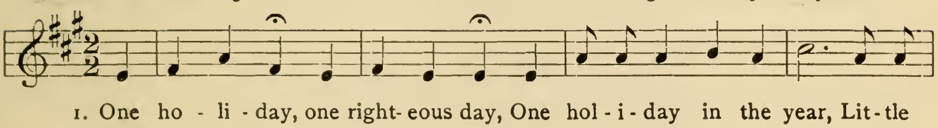
11 Little Donald he had two bright, keen swords,
Little Matthy he had none.
Lord Donald said to get up and put on his clothes
And fight him like a man—
That he couldn't fight a naked man.

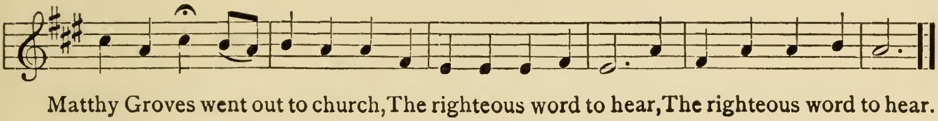
12 Put on your clothes and fight me for your life.
How can I fight you and me not even a knife?

H

Sung by Mrs. JAS. GABRIEL COATES
at Flag Pond, Sept. 1, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.





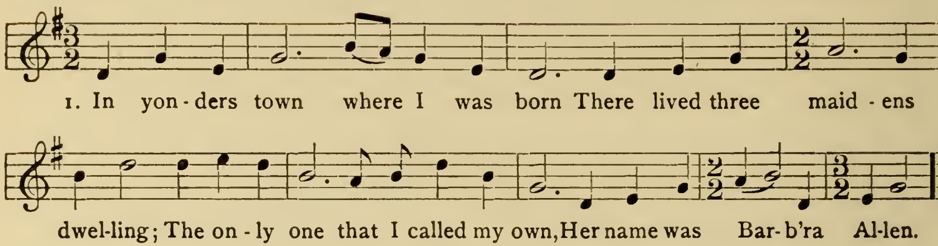
No. 21

Barbara Allen

A

Sung by Miss Lula McCoy
at Chicopee Co., Ga., 1914

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 I was taken sick, so very sick,
Death on my brows were dwelling.
I sent for the only one I loved,
Her name was Barbara Allen.

3 I am sick, so very sick,
Death on my brows are dwelling,
And none of the better will I ever be
Till I get Barbara Allen.

4 You remember the day, the bright groom day,
When you passed your dranks so willing?
You gave your dranks to the ladies all,
But you slighted Barbara Allen.

5 I remember the day, the bright groom day,
When I passed my dranks so willing.
I gave my dranks to the ladies all,
And my love to Barbara Allen.

6 He turned his pale face to the wall
And bursted out to crying.
She turned her back on Sweet Willie's bed
And tipped downstairs a-smiling.

7 I had not got but a mile from the place
Till I heard his death-bells ringing,
And as they rung they seemed to say:
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.

8 I looked to the East, I looked to the West,
I saw his coffin coming.
Lay down, lay down his cold, clay corpse
And let me gaze upon him.

9 I went right home to my mother dear,
Says: Make my death bed long and narrow.
Sweet Willie has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

10 Sweet Willie he died like as to-day,
And Barbara as tomorrow;
Sweet Willie died with the purest love,
And Barbara died with sorrow.

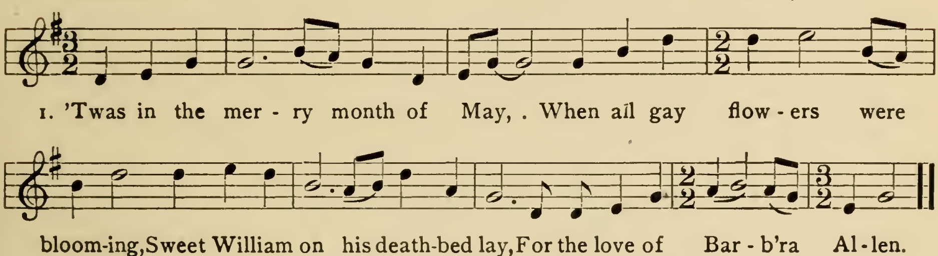
11 Sweet Willie was buried in one churchyard,
And Barbara in another.
A rose bud sprang from Willie's grave,
And a briar from Barbara Allen's.

12 They grew and they grew to the tall church door;
They could not grow any higher.
They linked and tied in a true love's knot
And the rose wrapped around the briar.

B

Sung by Miss FLORENCE MACKINNEY
at Habersham Co., Ga., May 28, 1910

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 He sent his servant to the town,
He sent him to her dwelling,
Saying: Master's sick and very sick,
And for your sake he's dying.

3 Slowly, slowly, she gets up,
And to his bedside going,
She drew the curtains to one side
And says: Young man, you're dying.

4 He reached out his pale, white hands
Intending for to touch her.
She jumped, she skipped all over the room,
And says: Young man, I won't have you.

5 He turned his pale face to the wall
And bursted out a-crying,
Saying: Adieu to thee, adieu to all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

6 She had not more than reached the town,
She heard the death bells tolling.
She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
And saw his pale face coming.

7 Hand down, hand down that corpse of clay
And let me gaze upon him.
The more she gazed, the more she grieved,
And she bursted out a-crying.

8 Cursed, cursed, be my name,
And cursed be my nature,
For this man's life I might have saved
If I had done my duty.

9 O mother, O mother, go make my bed,
And make it long and narrow.
Sweet William died for me to-day,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

10 Sweet William died on Saturday night,
Miss Barbara died on Sunday,
The old lady died for the love of both,
She died on Easter Monday.

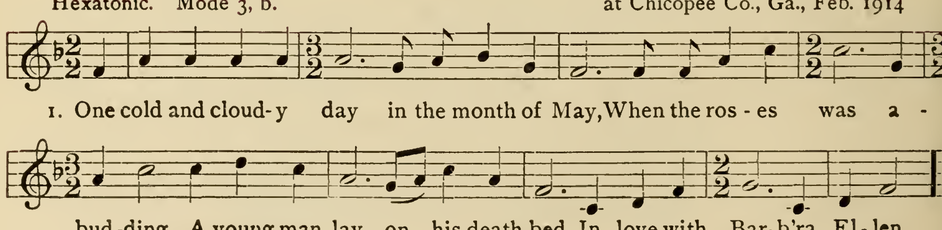
11 Sweet William was carried to one churchyard,
Miss Barbara to another.
A briar grew out of one of their graves,
A rose tree out of the other.

12 They grew as high as the old church top,
They could not grow any higher.
They bound and tied in a true love's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

C

Sung by Miss Roxie Gay
at Chicopee Co., Ga., Feb. 1914

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 He sent his servants after her
And for his sake he sent them :
My master's sick and about to die
And for your sake he's dying.

3 Slowly, slowly, she got up,
And went away unto him,
Saying : Kind Sir,
You are pale looking.

4 O yes, my love, I'm mighty sick,
A kiss or two
From your sweet lips
Would save me from this dying.

5 He turned his pale cheeks toward the wall ;
She turned her back upon him,
Saying : Kind sir, you're none the better of me,
If your heart's blood was a-spilling.

6 Slowly, slowly she gets up
And goes away and leaves him.
She hadn't rode but a mile in town,
She heard his death bells ringing.

7 They rung so clear unto her ear
That she commence lamenting.
She looked to the East and she looked to the West,
She saw his cold corpse coming.

8 Go bring him here as cold as clay
And let me look upon him.

9 Go and tell to my parents most dear,
Who would not let me have him.
Go and tell to the rest of my kin folk,
Who caused me to forsake him.

10 Sweet Willie was buried on Saturday night,
Barbara was buried on Sunday.
Both of the mothers died for them,
Was buried on Easter Monday

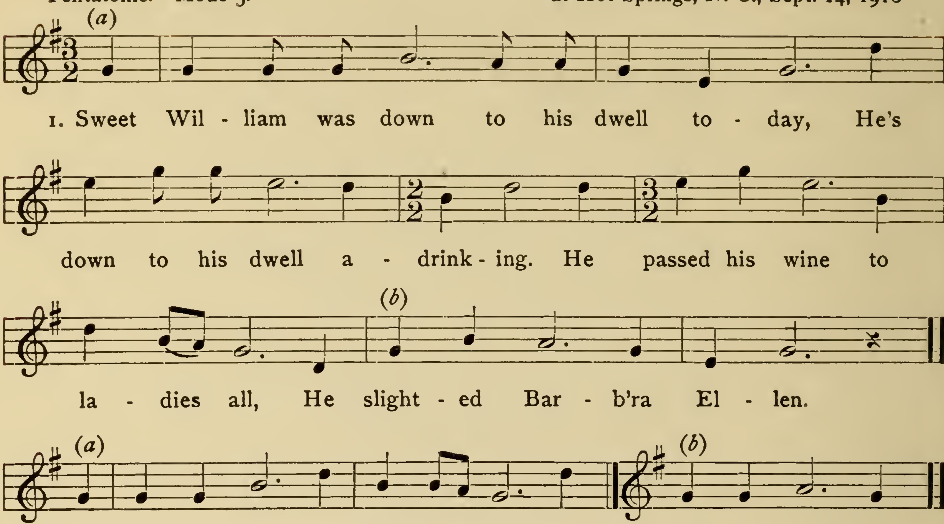
11 Sweet Willie was buried in the new churchyard,
Barbara was buried close beside him.
A red rose grew from sweet Willie's breast,
A briar grew from her feet.

12 They grew as high as the new church house,
They could not grow any higher;
They grew and tied in a true love knot,
A rose grew on the briar.

D

Sung by Mrs. Ellie Johnson
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 There stands three young ladies so fair,
They're dressed in every colour.
There's not but one that I call my own
And that is Barbara Ellen.

3 It wasn't very long before William taken sick,
Death was all he dreaded.
Sent his love for Barbara to come,
She come, she come a-running.

4 And all she said when she got there:
Young man, I think you're dying.
O yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick
And never be no better.

5 It wasn't very long till Barbara started home.
She heard the corpse bells ringing.
She looked East, she looked West
And saw the pale corpse coming.

6 Unfold, unfold those lily-white sheets
And let me look upon him.
Sweet William died for me to-day,
I'll die for him tomorrow.

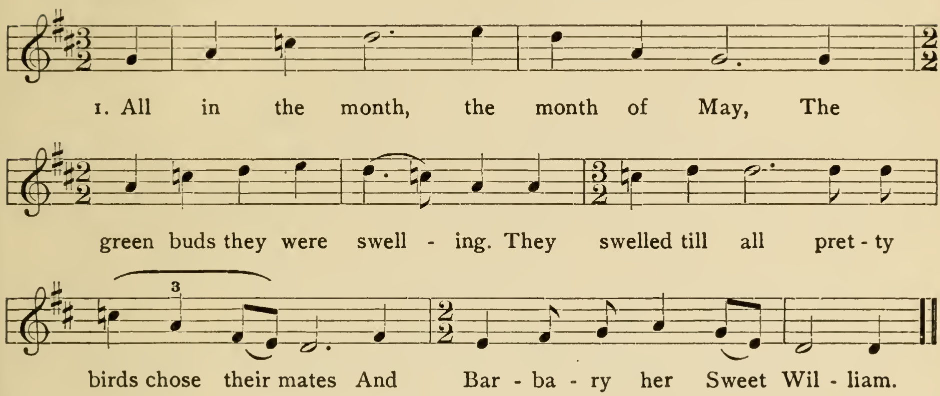
7 Sweet William died on Saturday night,
And Barbara on Sunday.
The old woman died for the love of both,
She died on Easter Monday.

8 On William's grave a turtle dove,
On Barbara's grave a sparrow.
The turtle dove is the sign of love,
The sparrow was for sorrow.

E

Sung by Mr. ALFRED H. NORTON
at Rocky Fork, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 6, b.



2 He sent a letter through the town
To Barbary Allen's dwelling,
Saying: Here's a young man sick and he sends for you,
For you to come and see him.

3 She walked in, she walked in,
She placed her eyes upon him.
The very first word that she said to him:
Young man, I think you're dying.

4 I know I'm sick and very sick,
And sorrow it is dwelling with me.
No better, no better I never will be
Until I get Barbary Allen.

5 I know you're sick and very sick,
And sorrow it is dwelling with you.
No better, no better you never will be,
For you'll never get Barbary Allen.

6 He turned his pale face to the wall,
He burst out a-crying,
Saying: Adieu, adieu to the ladies all around,
Farewell to Barbary Allen.

7 Don't you remember last Saturday night
When I were at your tavern,
You swang you treated the ladies all around,
You slighted Barbary Allen.

8 She rode, she rode a mile from town
The small birds they were singing,
They sung so loud, they sung so swift,
Hard-hearted Barbary Allen.

9 She looked East, she looked West,
She saw the cold corpse coming,
Saying: Lay him down on this cold ground
And let me look upon him.

10 The more she looked the more she mourned
Till she burst out a-crying,
Saying: I could have saved this young man's life
If I'd a-tried my true endeavour.

11 O mother, O mother, O fix my bed,
Go fix it long and narrow.
Sweet William he died for me to-day,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

12 O father, O father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it deep and narrow.
Sweet William he died for me to-day,
And I'll die for him tomorrow.

13 They buried Sweet William in the old churchyard
And Barbary close by the side of him.
At the head of Sweet William's grave there sprung a red rose
And Barbary Allen's was a briar.

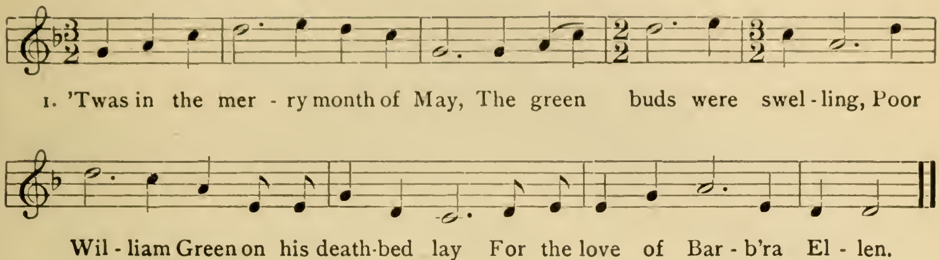
14 They grew, they grew to the top of the church
And they could not grow any higher.
They leaned and tied in a true lover's knot
And the rose hanged on to the briar.

Barbara Allen

F

Sung by Miss Ada B. Smith
at Knott Co., Ky., Dec. 16, 1907

Pentatonic. Mode 4.



2 He sent his servant to the town
To the place where she was dwelling,
Saying: Love, there is a call for you,
If your name is Barbara Ellen.

3 She was very slowly getting up
And very slowly going,
And all she said when there she come:
Young man, I believe you're dying.

4 O yes, I know I'm very bad,
And never will be any better
Until I have the love of one,
The love of Barbara Ellen.

5 He turned his pale face toward the wall,
And death was in him dwelling.
Adieu, adieu, adieu to my dear friends.
Be kind to Barbara Ellen.

6 When she got in about two miles of town,
She heard the death bells ringing.
She says: Come around, you nice young men,
And let me look upon you.

7 O mother, O mother, come make my bed,
Come make it both soft and narrow
For Sweet William died to-day,
And I will die tomorrow.

8 O father, O father, come dig my grave,
Come dig it both deep and narrow,
For sweet William died in love,
And I will die in sorrow.

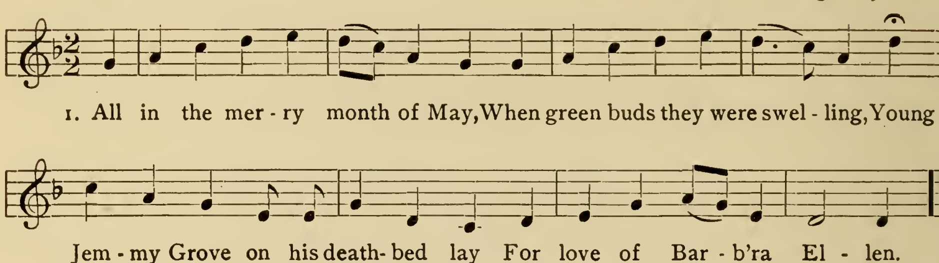
9 Sweet William was buried in the old church tomb,
Barbara Ellen was buried in the yard.
Out of sweet William's grave grew a green, red rose,
Out of Barbara Ellen's a briar.

10 They grew and grew to the old church top
And still they couldn't grow any higher,
And at the end tied a true love-knot,
The rose wrapped around the briar.

G

Sung by Miss Emma Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 8, 1916

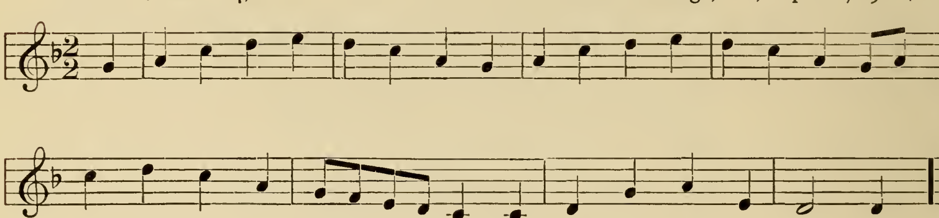
Pentatonic. Mode 4.



H

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 21, 1916

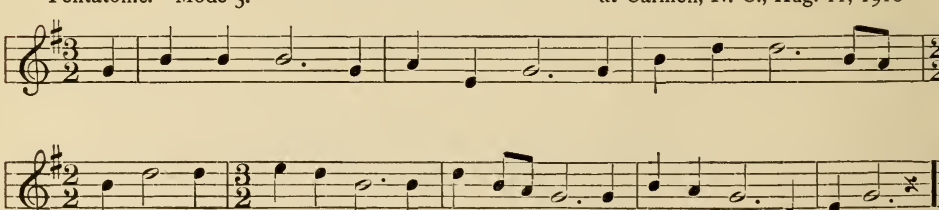
Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.



I

Sung by Miss Wonnie Shelton
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 11, 1916
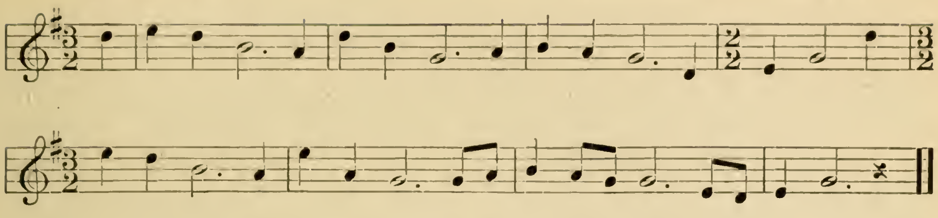
Pentatonic. Mode 3.



J

Sung by Miss Donna Shelton
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 9, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



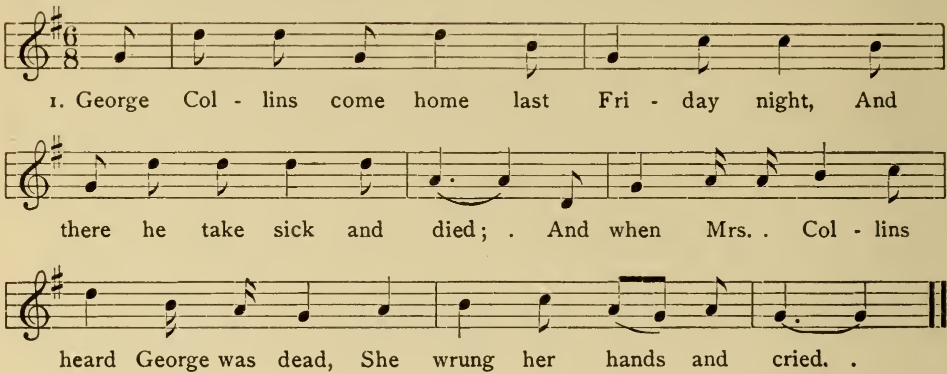
No. 22

Giles Collins

A

Sung by Mrs. Dora Shelton
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 2, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3, b (no 6th).



2 Mary in the hallway, sewing her silk,
She's sewing her silk so fine,
And when she heard that George were dead,
She threw her sewing aside.

3 She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave,
And there all on her bended knee
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

4 Hush up, dear daughter, don't take it so hard,
There's more pretty boys than George.
There's more pretty boys all standing around,
But none so dear as George.

5 Look away, look away, that lonesome dove
That sails from pine to pine;
It's mourning for its own true love
Just like I mourn for mine.

6 Set down the coffin, lift up the lid,
And give me a comb so fine,
And let me comb his cold, wavy hair,
For I know he'll never comb mine.

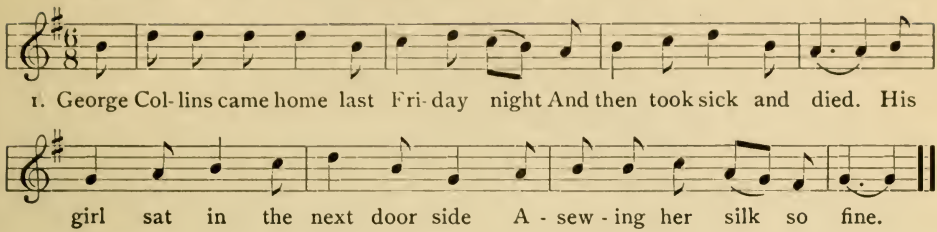
7 Set down the coffin, lift up the lid,
Lay back the sheetings so fine,
And let me kiss his cold, sweet lips,
For I know he'll never kiss mine.

Giles Collins

B

Sung by Mrs. Hester House
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 16, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a + b (no 6th).



2 And when she heard George Collins was dead
She laid her silk aside,
And fell down on her trembling knee
And wept and mourned and cried.

3 O Mary, O Mary, what makes you weep,
What makes you weep and mourn,
What makes you weep when you ought to be asleep?
O Lord, I've lost a friend.

4 God bless the dove that mourns for love
And flies from pine to pine.
It mourns for the loss of its own true love.
O why not me for mine?

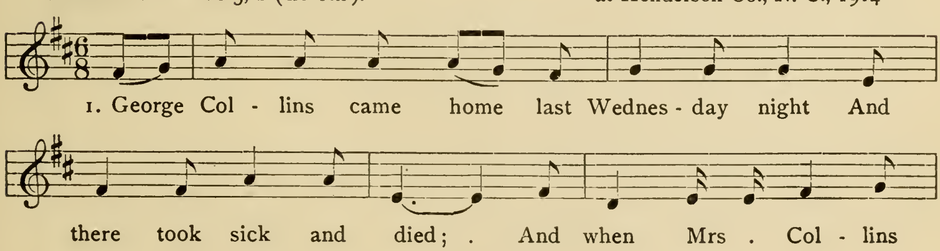
5 I followed Geoge Collins by day, by day,
I followed him to his grave.
Lay off, lay off those coffin lids
And spread the sheets so fine.

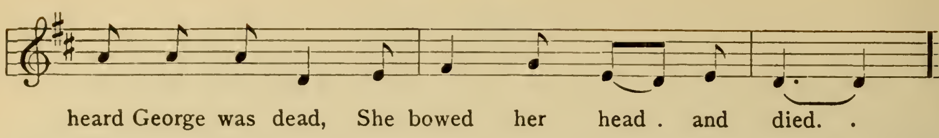
6 Lay off, lay off, those coffin lids
And spread the sheets so fine,
And let me kiss his cold, clay lips.
O Lord, he'll never kiss mine.

C

Sung by Miss Mary McKinney
at Henderson Co., N. C., 1914

Pentatonic. Mode 3, b (no 6th).





2 His own little bride was in the hall,
Sewing her silk so fine,
And she heard that George was dead,
She threw it all aside.

3 She followed him up, she followed him down,
She followed him to his grave,
And there upon her bended knees,
She wept, she mourned, she prayed.

4 O daughter, O daughter, the mother then said,
There is more young men than George;
There is more young men standing round
To hear you weep and mourn.

5 O mother, O mother, the daughter then said,
There is more young men than George;
There is more young men standing round,
But none so dear as he.

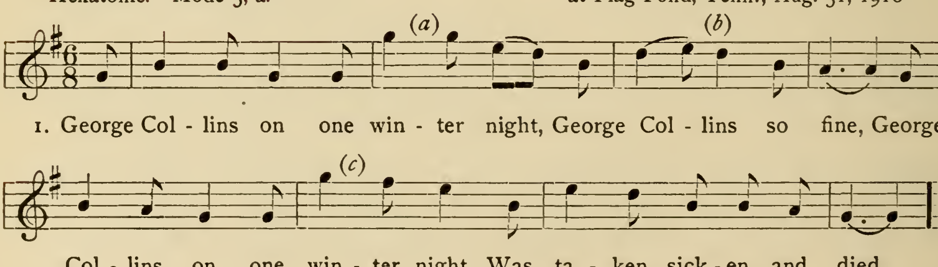
6 Sit down the casket, take off the lid,
Fold back the sheets so fine,
And let me kiss his cold, sweet lips,
I'm sure he'll never kiss mine.

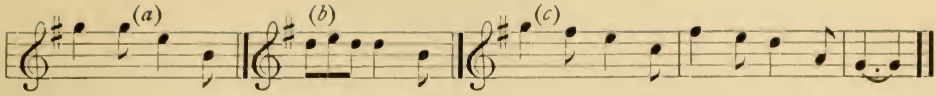
7 Look away over yonder at the lonesome dove,
It flies from pine to pine,
Mourning for its own true love.
Why shoudn't I mourn for mine?

D

Sung by Mr. Dana Norton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.





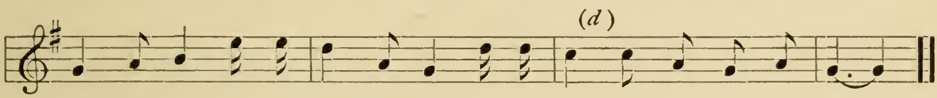
E

Sung by Miss Viney Norton
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 16, 1916

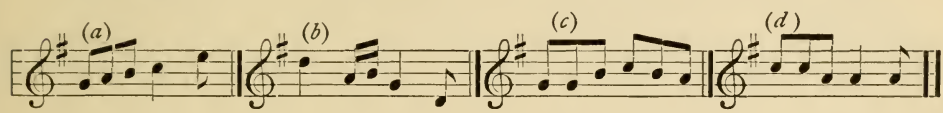
Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



1. Go hand me down my look - ing glass, Go hand me down my comb, And



let me comb lit - tle George's hair For I know he'll nev - er comb mine.

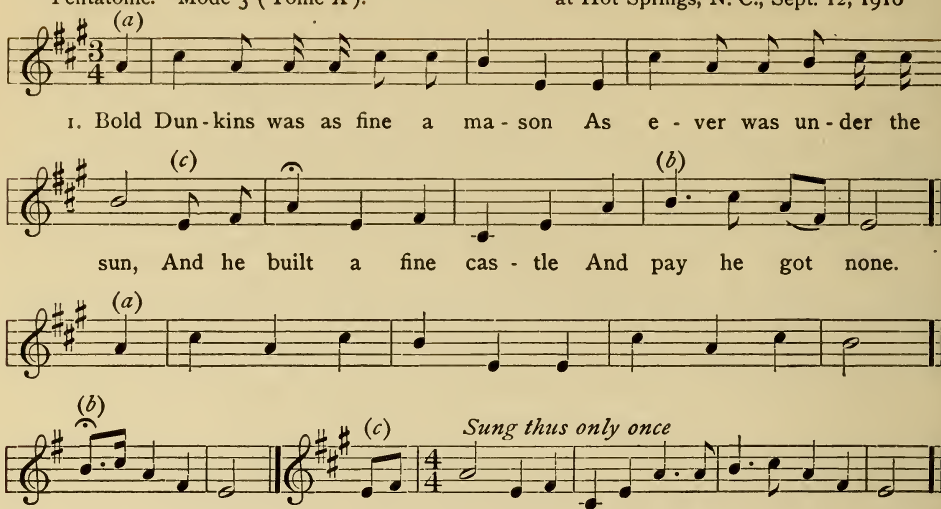


No. 23

Lamkin

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3 (Tonic A).



2 But bold Dunkins crept in
By the way of the back door,
And persuaded the nurse
To help him get her down.

3 We'll pick her baby Johnny
With the silver spade.
And the blood from the head
To the foot-board did run.

4 Bewore, ye fair lady,
You must come to your dearest one.
How can I get to him
At this time of night
When there's no fire burning,
Nor no candle alight?

5 You've got five golden mantles
As bright as the sun.
Bewore, ye fair lady,
You must come by the light of one.

6 She was a-coming downstairs
A-thinking no harm,
When bold Dunkins was ready
To take her in his arms.

7 O spare my life, Dunkins,
Just one half of an hour,
And you may have as much gold and silver
As endel in the streets.

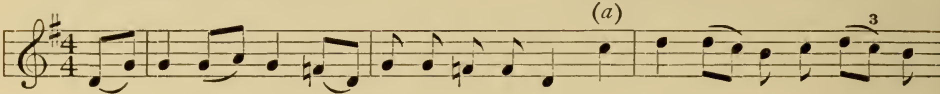
No. 24

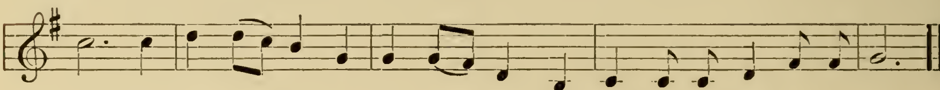
The Maid Freed from the Gallows
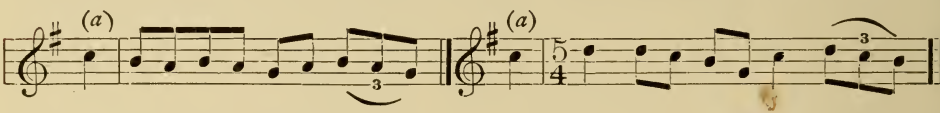
A

Hexatonic. Mode 1, a + b
(no 6th, mixolydian influence).

Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916







2 O father, O father, have you got any gold for me?
Or silver to pay my fee?
They say I've stoled a silver cup
And hanged I must be.

3 No, daughter, I have got no gold for thee,
Nor silver to pay your fee;
But I've come here to see you hang
On yon high gallows tree.

In subsequent verses, "mother," "brother," "sister," and finally "true love" are substituted for "father."
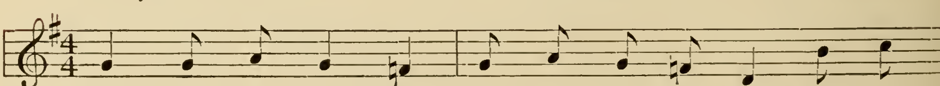
The last verse runs thus: —

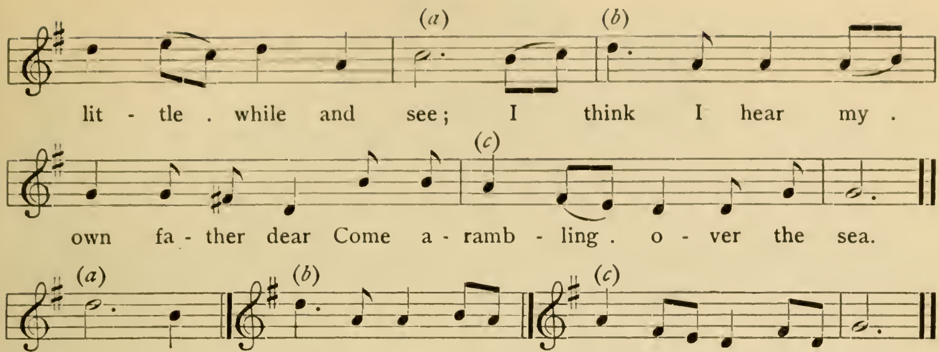
Yes, true love, I have gold for you
And silver to pay your fee.
I've come here to win your neck
From yon high gallows tree.

B

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b
(mixolydian influence).

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916





2 O father, have you any gold for me?
Any silver to pay my fee?
For I have stoled a golden cup
And hanging it will be.

3 No, daughter, no, I have no gold for thee
Nor silver to pay your fee;
For I have come for to see you hang
All on that willow tree.

. . . .

. . . .

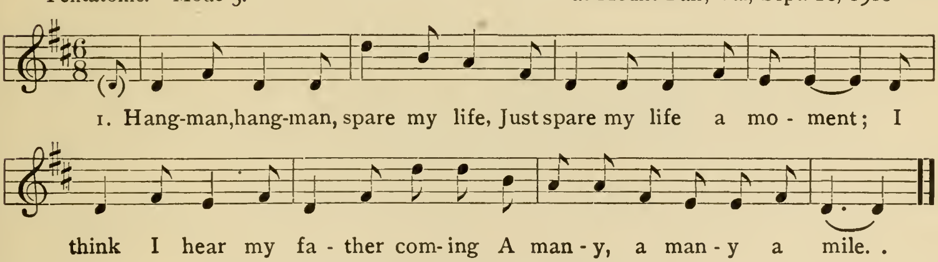
. . . .

Yes, true love, I have some gold for you
And silver to pay your fee,
For I have come for to pay your fee
And take you home with me.

C

Sung by Mrs. Orilla Keeton
at Mount Fair, Va., Sept. 26, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 Father, father, have you gold,
The gold to set me free,
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the willow tree?

3 Daughter, daughter, I have no gold,
Gold to set you free,
But I have come to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree.

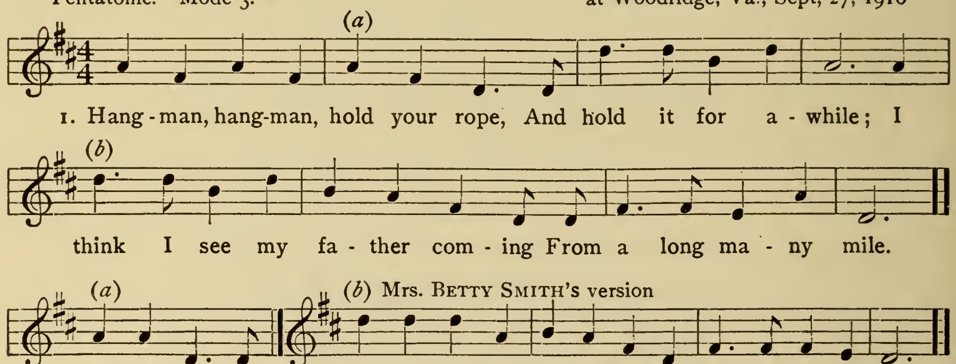
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

True love, true love, I have the gold,
Gold to set you free,
And I shan't come to see you hung
Beneath the willow tree.

D

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept, 27, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 Father, father, have you any gold?
Gold for to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the gallows tree?

3 Son, O son, I have no gold,
Gold to set you free;
I've only come to see you hung
Beneath the gallows tree.

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

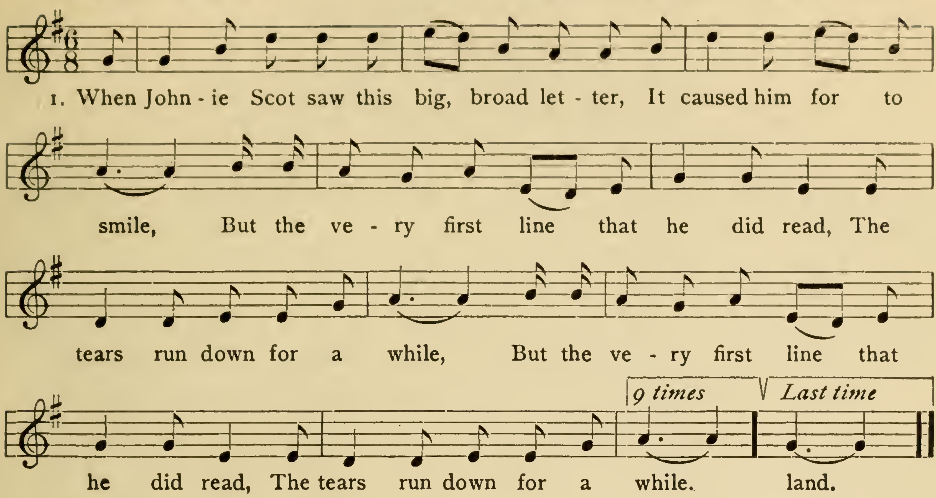
Sweetheart, sweetheart, I have gold,
Gold to set you free,
And I have not come to see you hung
Beneath the gallows tree.

No. 25

Johnie Scot

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 25, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 Away to old England I must go,
King Edwards has sent for me.
Up spoke young Jimmy Scot himself
As he sat by his knees :
Five hundred of my best brave men
Shall bear you company.

3 The very first town that they rode through,
The drums, the fifes, they played;
The very next town that they rode through,
The drums they beat all around.

4 They rode, they rode to King Edwards's gate,
They dingled at the ring;
But who did he spy but his own sweetheart
And her footspade (footpage) a-peeping down.

5 I can't come down, dear Johnny, she says,
For Poppy has scolded me.
I'm forced to wear a ball and chain
Instead of the ivory.

6 Is this young Jimmy Scot himself,
Or Jimmy Scotland's king?
Or is the father of that bastard child
From Scotland just come in?

7 I'm not young Jimmy Scot,
Nor Jimmy Scotland's king;
But I am young Johnie Scot himself
From Scotland just come in.

8 There is a taveren in our town
That's killed more lords than one,
And before the sun rises tomorrow morning
A dead man you shall be.

9 The taveren flew over young Johnie's head
As swift as any bird;
He pierced the taveren to the heart
With the point of his broad sword.

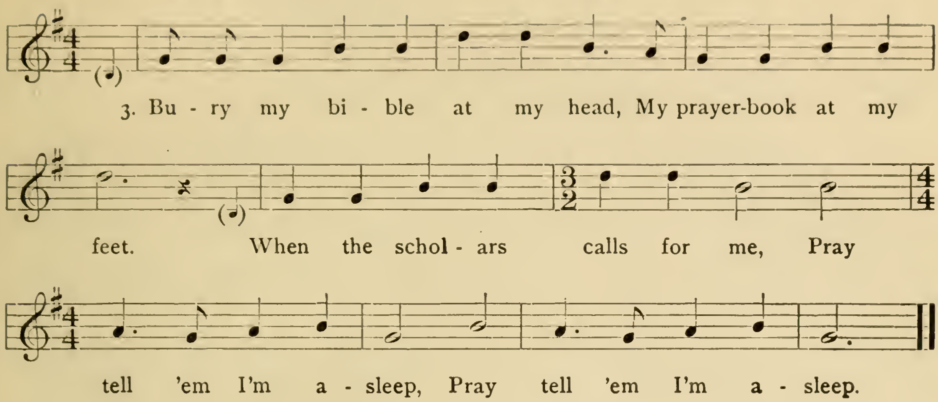
10 He whipped King Edwards and all his men,
And the king he liked to have swung.
I'll make your girl my gay lady
And her child the heir of my land.

No. 26

Sir Hugh

Sung by Mrs. Swan Sawyer
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3 (no 6th).



1 All the scholars in the school
As they are a-playing ball,
They knocked it high, they knocked it through,
Through the Jew's garden it flew.

2 She took him by his lily-white hand
And she drug him from wall to wall,
She drug him to a great, deep well,
Where none could hear his call.
She placed a penknife to his heart,
The red blood it did fall.

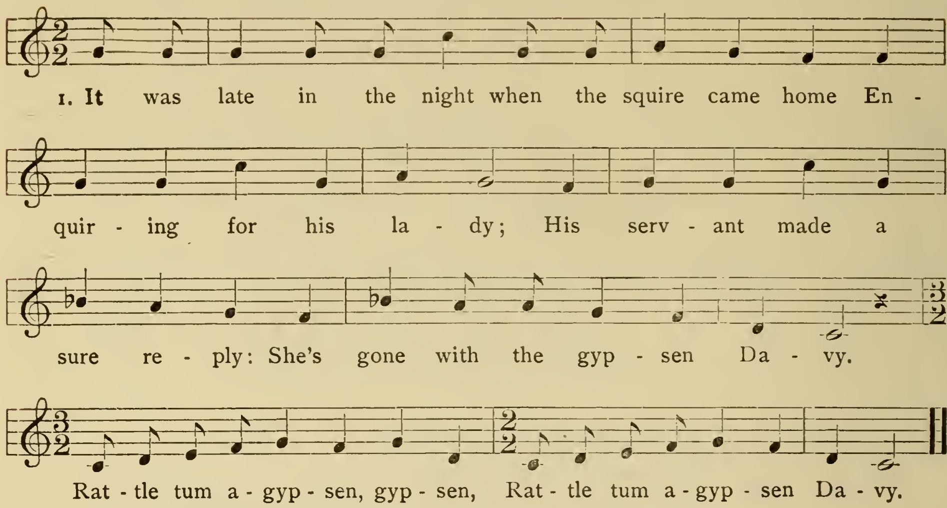
No. 27

The Gypsy Laddie

A

Sung by Mrs. J. Gabriel Coates
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1916

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).



2 O go catch up my milk-white steed,
He's black and then he's speedy.
I'll ride all night till broad daylight,
Or overtake my lady.

3 He rode and he rode till he came to the town,
And he rode till he came to Barley.
The tears came rolling down his cheeks
And there he spied his lady.

4 O come, go back, my own true love,
O come, go back, my honey.
I'll look you up in the chamber so high
Where the gypsens can't come round you.

5 I won't come back, your own true love,
Nor I won't come back, your honey.
I wouldn't give a kiss from gypsen's lips
For all your land and money.

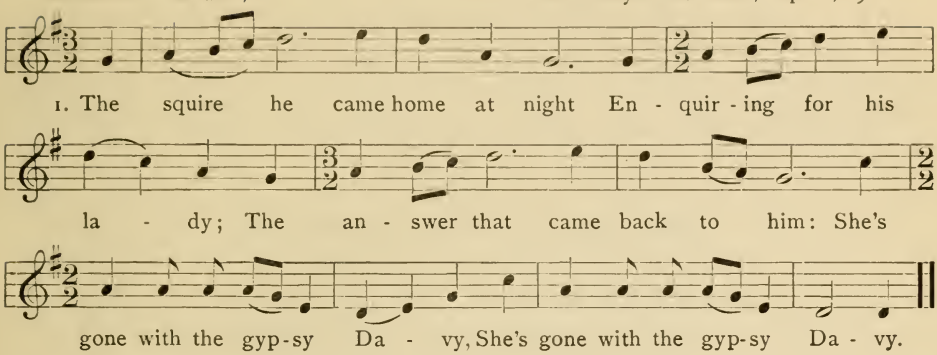
6 She soon run through her gay clothing,
Her velvet shoes and stockings;
Her gold ring off her finger was gone
And the gold plate off her bosom.

7 O once I had a house and land,
Feather-bed and money,
But now I've come to an old straw pad
With the gypsens all around me.

B

Sung by Mrs. MARY NORTON
at Rocky Fork, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.



2 Go saddle up my milk-white horse,
And go saddle up my pony,
And I will ride both night and day
Till I overtake my lady.

3 How can you leave your house and land
And how can you leave your baby?
And how can you leave your kind husband
To go with the gypsy Davy?

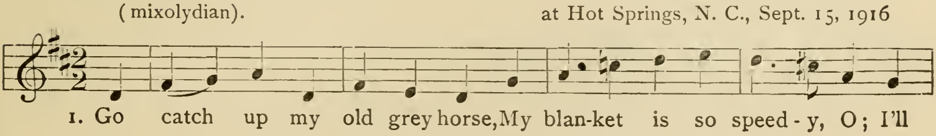
4 It's I can leave my house and land
And I can leave my baby;
And I can leave my kind husband
To go with the gypsy Davy.

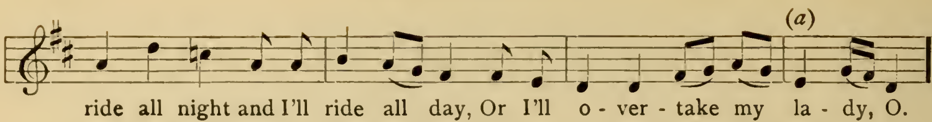
5 Go pull off them high-heeled pumps
That's made of Spanish leather,
And give me your lily-white hand.
We'll bid farewell for ever.

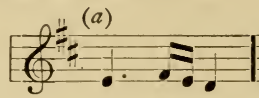
C

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b
(mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. HESTER HOUSE
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916







2 It's he caught up his old grey horse,
His blanket being so speedy, O.
He rode all night and he rode all day
And he overtaken of his lady, O.

3 It's come go back, my dearest dear,
Come go back, my honey, O;
Come go back, my dearest dear,
And you shall never lack for money, O.

4 I won't go back, my dearest dear,
Nor I won't go back, my honey, O.
For I wouldn't give a kiss from the gypsy's lips
For the sake of you and your money, O.

5 It's go pull off those snow-white gloves
That's made of Spanish leather, O.
And give me your lily-white hand,
And bid me farewell for ever, O.

6 It's she pulled off them snow-white gloves
That's made of Spanish leather, O,
And give to him her lily-white hand,
And bid him farewell for ever, O.

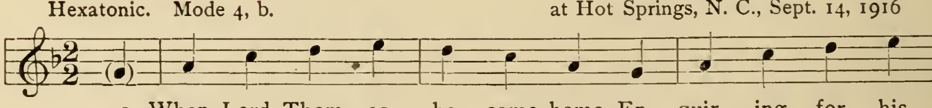
7 I once could have had as many fine things,
Fine feather-beds and money, O.
But now my bed is made of hay
And the gypsies a-dancing around me, O.

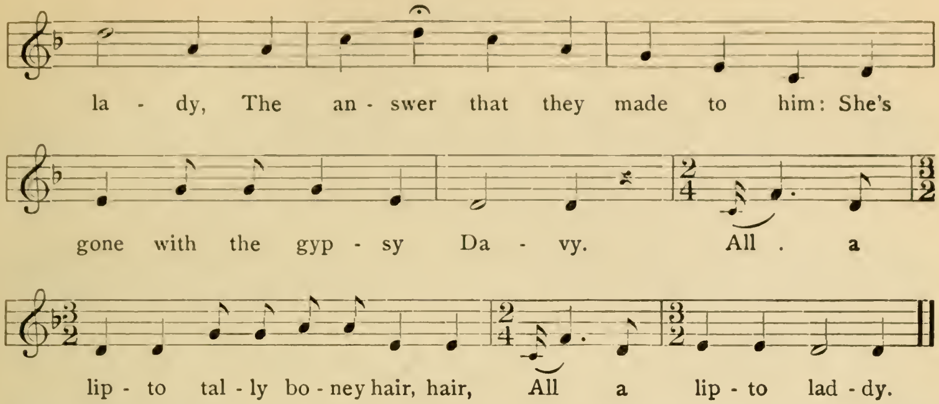
8 She soon went through with many fine things,
Fine rockum (morocco) shoes and stockings, O.
She soon went through with her finger rings
And the breast pin off her bosom, O.

D

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.





2 It's will you forsake your house and land?
And will you forsake your baby?
And will you forsake your own wedded lord
And go with the gypsy Davy?

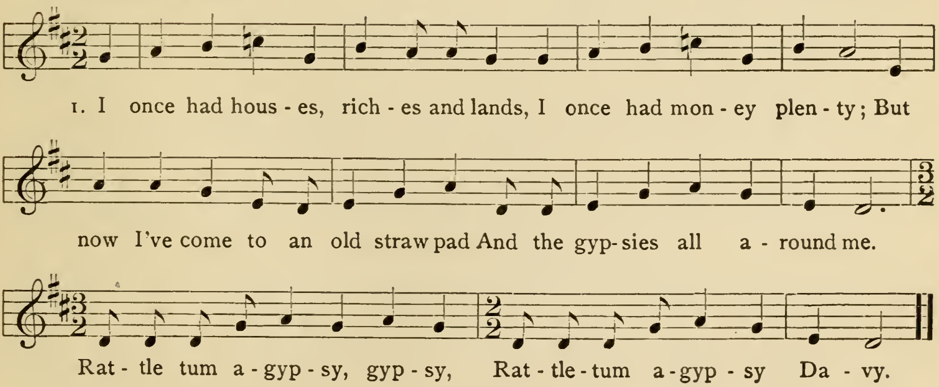
3 I'll forsake my house and land,
And I'll forsake my baby;
And I'll forsake my own wedded lord
And go with the gypsy Davy.

4 The night before last I lay on a feather bed,
Lord Thomas he lay with me.
Last night I lay on a cold straw bed
And with the calves a-bawling all around me.

E

Sung by Mrs. Kitty Gwynne
at Rocky Fork, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1916
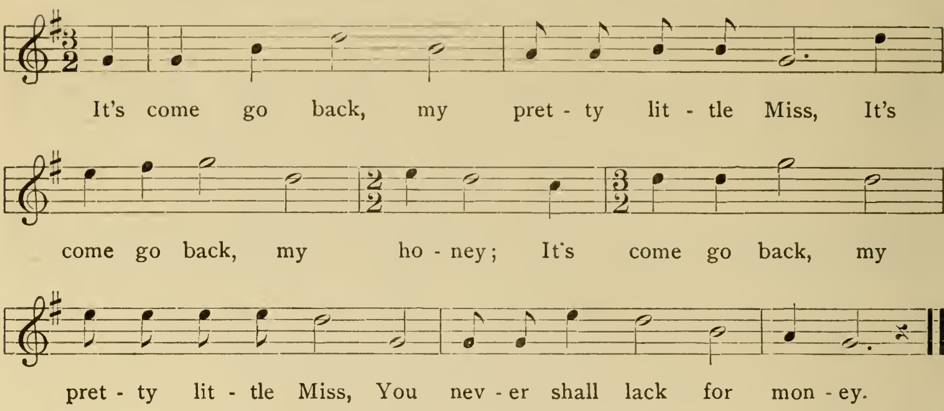
Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.



F

Heptatonic. Mode 3,
a + b (ionian).

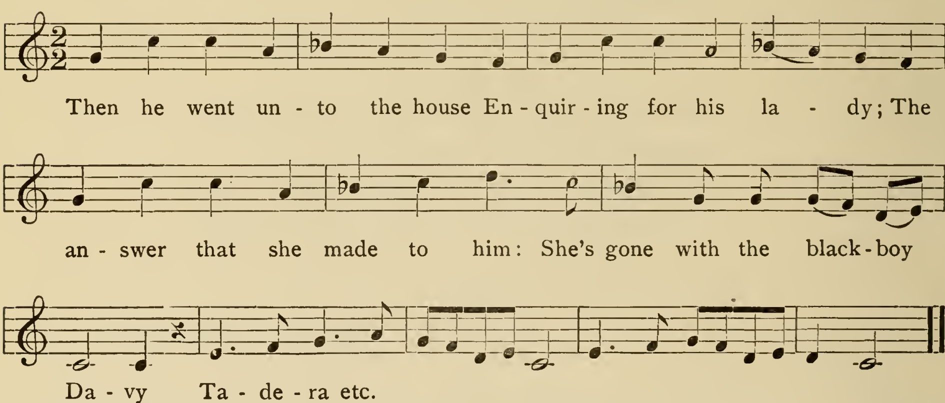
Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916



G

Heptatonic. Mode 1,
a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 27, 1916



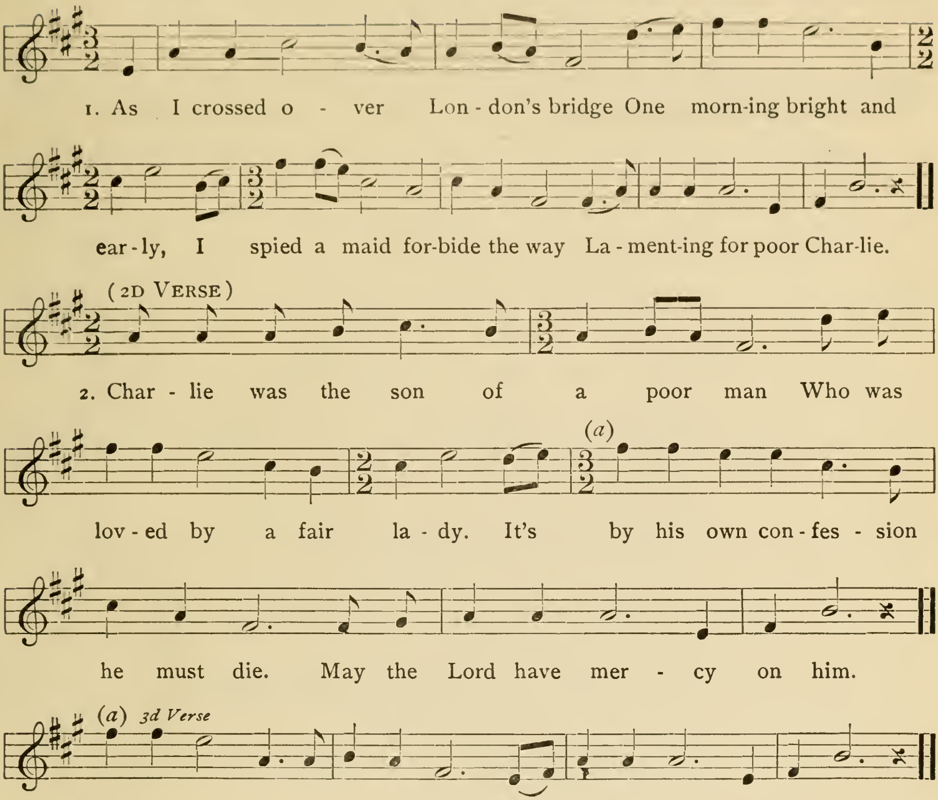
No. 28

Geordie

A

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b (Tonic A).

Sung by Mr. WILLIAM F. WELLS at Swannanoah, N. C., Sept. 9, 1916



3 Charlie never murdered any one.
He stole sixteen of the king's white staff
And sold them in Virginee.

4 The king looked over his right shoulder
And thus he says to Charlie:
It's by your own confession you must die.
May the Lord have mercy on you.

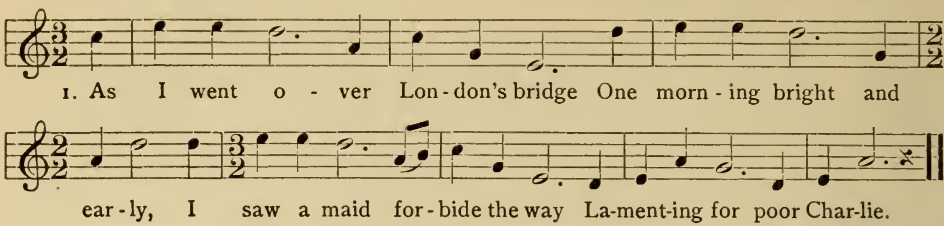
5 The king looked over his left shoulder
And thus he says to Charlie:
It's by your own confession you must die.
Jinny have mercy on you.

Geordie

B

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



2 It's Charlie's never robbed the king's high court,
Nor he's never murdered any,
But he stole sixteen of his milk-white steeds
And sold them in old Virginia.

3 Go saddle me my milk-white steed,
The brown one ain't so speedy,
And I'll ride away to the king's high court
Enquiring for poor Charlie.

4 She rode, she rode to the king's high court
Enquiring for poor Charlie.
Fair lady you have come too late,
For he's condemned already.

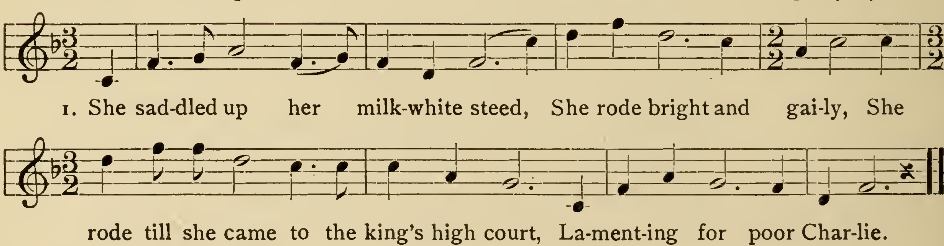
5 It's Charlie's never robbed the king's high court,
Nor he's never murdered any,
But he stole sixteen of his milk-white steeds
And sold them in old Virginia.

6 It's will you promise me ? she said,
O promise me, I beg thee,
To hang him by a white silk cord
That never has hung any.

C

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.
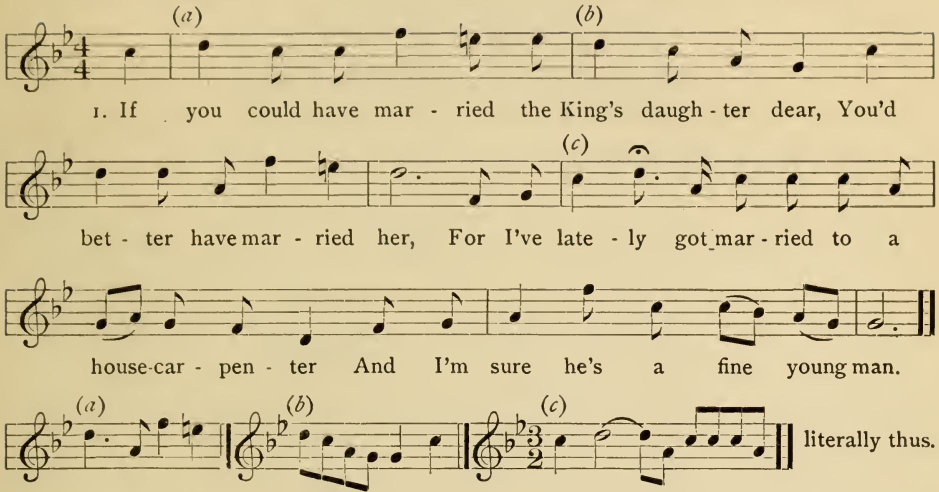


No. 29

The Daemon Lover

A

Heptatonic. Mode 4,
a + b (dorian).*

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 1, 1916



2 If you will forsaken your house-carpenter
And go along with me,
I will take you away where the grass grows green
On the banks of sweet Da Lee.

3 She picked up her tender little babe
And give it kisses three.
Stay here, stay here, my tender little babe,
And keep your papa company.

4 She dressed herself as in a yellow rose,
Most glorious to behold,
And she walked the streets all round and about,
And shined like glittering gold.

5 They had not been on the sea more than two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
Till she begin to weep and mourn
And wept most bitterly.

6 Are you weeping for your gold?
Or are you for your store?
Or are you weeping for your house-carpenter
That you never shall see no more?

* If F be tonic: — Mode 3, a + b (ionian).

7 I'm neither weeping for my gold,
Nor neither for my store;
I'm weeping about my tender little babe
I left a-sitting on the floor.

8 And if I had it's all the gold
That ever crossed the sea,
So free would I give it to see land again
And my tender little babe with me.

9 If you had all the gold
You should give it all to me,
For you shall never see land any more,
But stay here for ever with me.

10 Don't you see yon light cloud arising
As light as any snow?
That's the place called heaven, she says,
Where all righteous people go.

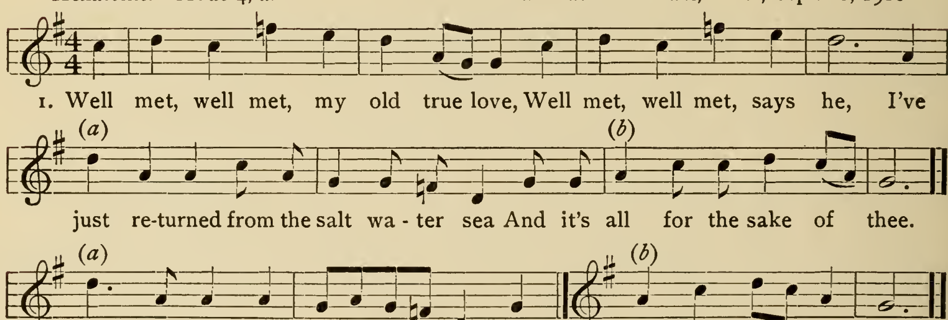
11 Don't you see yon dark cloud arising
As dark as any crow?
That's the place called hell, she says,
Where I and you must go.

12 They had not been on the sea more than three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
Till the ship sprung a leak, to the bottom it went,
And it went to rise no more.

B

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 18, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



2 We've met, we've met, my old true love,
We've met, we've met, says she,
I have just married a house-carpenter,
A nice young man is he.

3 If you'll forsake your house-carpenter
And go along with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of sweet Tennessee.

4 She picked up her tender little babe
And kisses give it three.
Stay here, stay here, my tender little babe,
And keep your pa company.

5 They hadn't been a-sailing but about two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
Till this fair damsel began for to weep,
She wept most bitterly.

6 O what are you weeping for, my love?
Is it for my gold or store?
Or is it for your house-carpenter,
Whose face you'll see no more?

7 I'm neither weeping for your gold,
Nor neither for your store,
But I'm weeping for my tender little babe
Whose face I'll see no more.

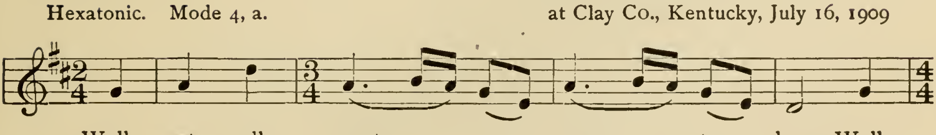
8 What banks, what banks before us now
As white as any snow?
It's the banks of Heaven, my love, she replied,
Where all good people go.

9 What banks, what banks before us now
As black as any crow?
It's the banks of hell, my love, he replied,
Where I and you must go.

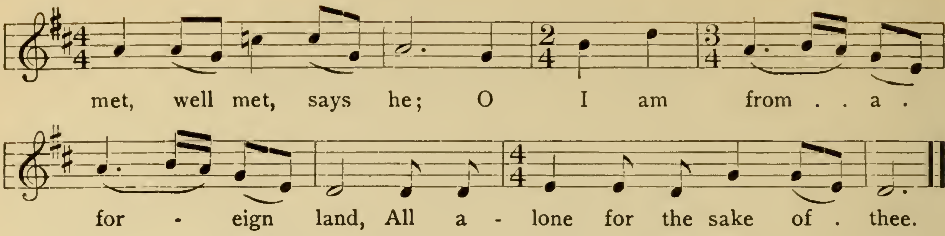
10 They hadn't been sailing but about three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
Till that fair ship begin for to sink,
She sank and riz' no more.

C

Sung by Mrs. Bishop
Hexatonic. Mode 4, a. at Clay Co., Kentucky, July 16, 1909



The Daemon Lover



2 I could have been married to the Queen's daughter
And she would a-married me,
But I've forsaken her and her gold
All alone for the sake of thee.

3 If you could have married the Queen's daughter,
And she would a-married you,
I'm sure you must be for to blame,
For I am married to a little house-carpenter,
And I think him a neat young man.

4 O will you forsake that house-carpenter
And go, O go along with me?
And I will take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of old Willie.

5 What have you got to maintain me?
And what have you got? says she;
O what have you got to maintain me on
While sailing on the sea?

6 Seven vessels all on shore,
Seven more on sea;
And I have got one hundred and ten neat young men
All alone for to wait on thee.

7 She dressed herself in finest silk,
Her baby she kissed, 'twas one, two, three.
O stay, O stay, O stay at home
And bear your father company.

8 She hadn't sailed but a day or two,
I'm sure it was not three,
Till she began to weep
And wept most bitterly.

9 Are you a-weeping for my gold and my silver?
Or are you a-weeping for my store?
Or are you a-weeping for that house-carpenter
That you will never see no more?

10 I'm neither weeping for your gold nor your silver,
I'm neither weeping for your store ;
I'm a-weeping for my poor little baby
That I will never see no more.

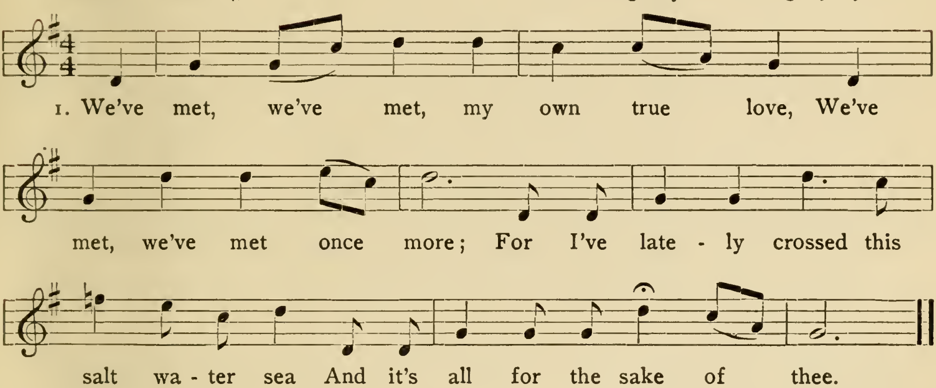
11 Cheer up, cheer up, my pretty, fair maid,
Cheer up, cheer up, cried he,
For I will take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of the sweet Willie.

12 They did not sail but a day or two,
I'm sure it was not four
Till the vessel sprung a leak and began to sink,
And sank for to rise no more.

D

Sung by Mr. Wm. Riley Shelton
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 29, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



2 It's I could have married the king's daughter dear,
I'm sure she'd have married me ;
But I forsaken them crowns of gold,
And it's all for the sake of thee.

3 If you could have married the king's daughter dear,
I'm sure you ought to have married then ;
For I am married to the house-carpenter,
I'm sure he's a fine young man.

4 If you'll forsake your house-carpenter
And go along with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green
All on the banks of sweet Lillee.

5 If I forsake my house-carpenter
And goes along with thee,
Pray tell me the wealth you have on board
To keep me from slavery?

6 I have three ships all sailing on the sea,
All making for dry land,
And besides three hundred jolly sailor boys,
You can have them at your command.

7 She catched her tender little babes in her arms,
Kisses give them, one, two, three,
Saying: Stay at home with your papee,
I'm sure he'll be good to thee.

8 They hadn't been sailing but a day or two,
Not more than two or three,
Till she began to weep and mourn
And she weep most bitterly.

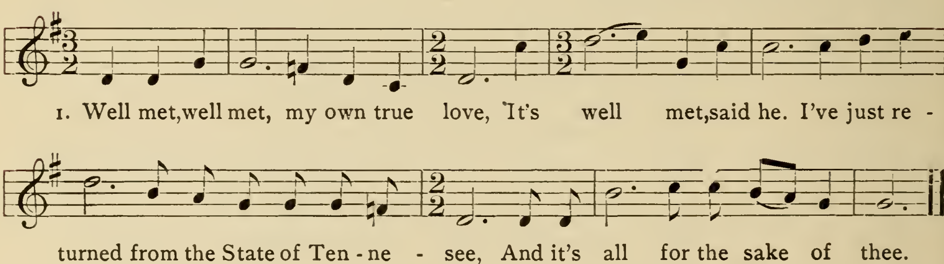
9 Are you weeping about my gold, said he?
Are you weeping about my stores?
Or are you weeping about your house-carpenter
That you shall never see no more?

10 I'm neither weeping for your gold,
Nor neither for your store;
But I am weeping about my tender little babe
That I never shall see any more.

E

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. Sylvaney Ramsey at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1916



2 O who will clothe my little babe,
And who will shoe its feet,
And who will sleep in its lily-white arms
While we're sailing for dry land?

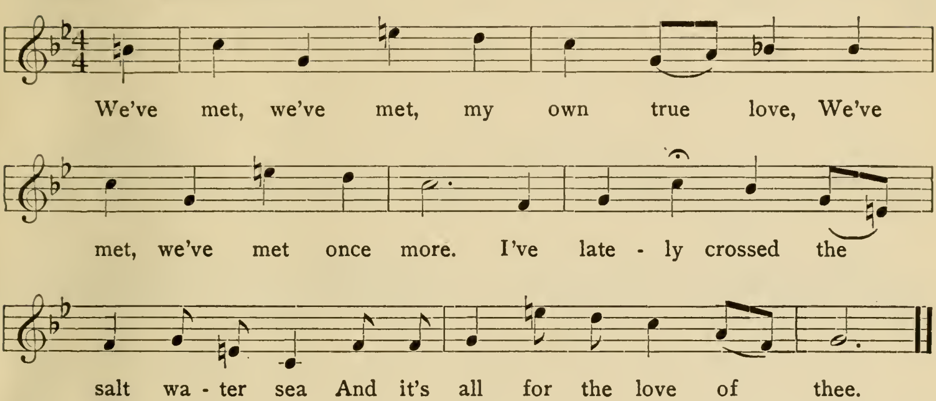
3 Its papa will kiss its little cheek,
And also shoe its feet,
And also sleep in its lily-white arms
While we're sailing for dry land.

5 She picked up her little babe,
And kissed it on the cheek,
She laid it down on a soft bed of down
And bid it go to sleep.

F

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b
(Tonic C. Mixolydian influence).

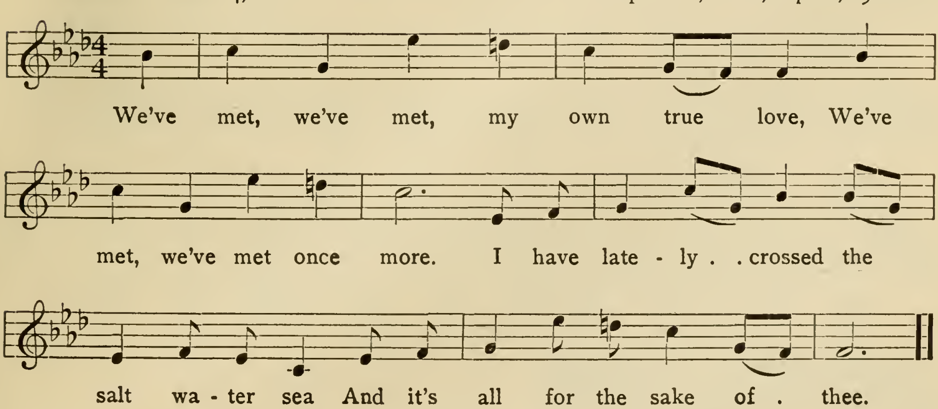
Sung by Mr. Frankland B. Shelton
at Allanstand, N. C., July 31, 1916



G

Sung by Mrs. Tempa Shelton
at Spillcorn, N. C., Sept. 6, 1916

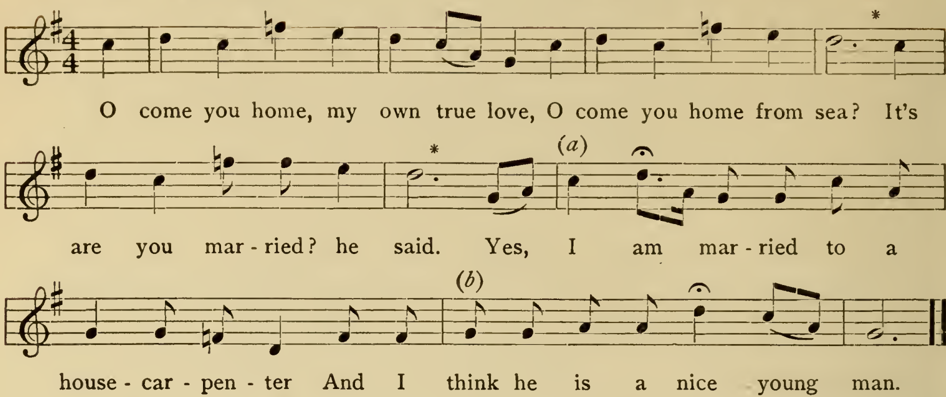
Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



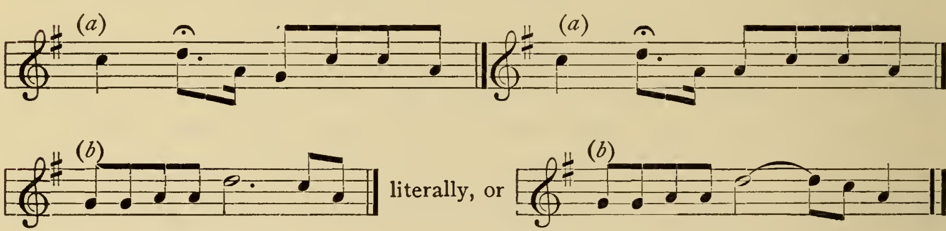
H

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.
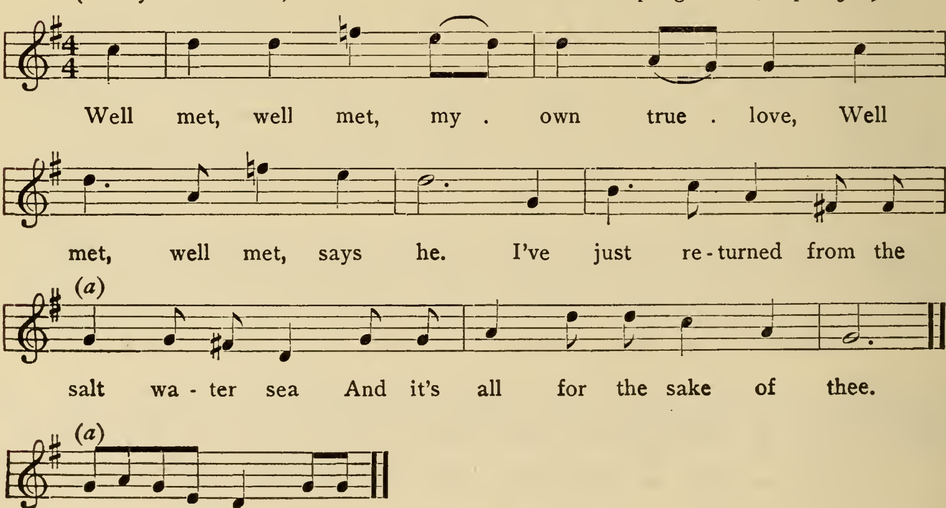


* The passage between asterisks not repeated in subsequent verses.



I

Sung by Mrs. HESTER HOUSE
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916

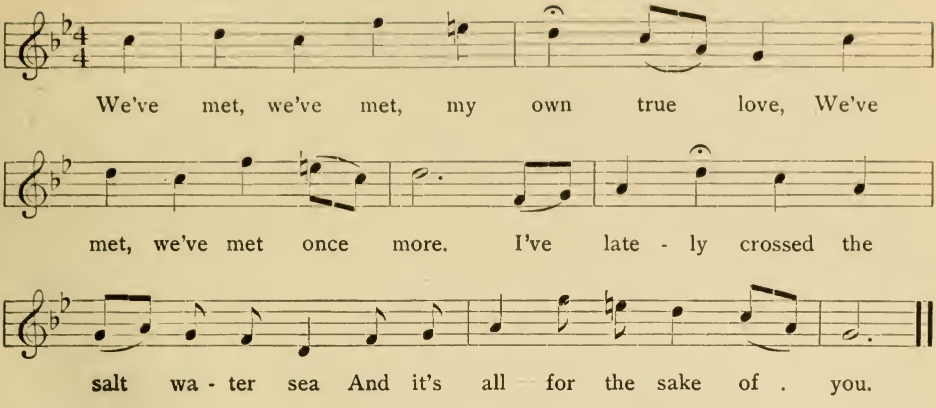
Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b
(mixolydian influence).



J

Sung by Mrs. ANELIZE CHANDLER
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 28, 1916

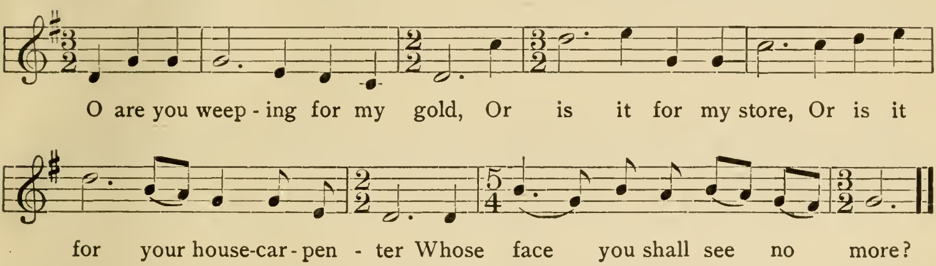
Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



K

Sung by Mrs. ADDY CRANE
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1916

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (ionian).

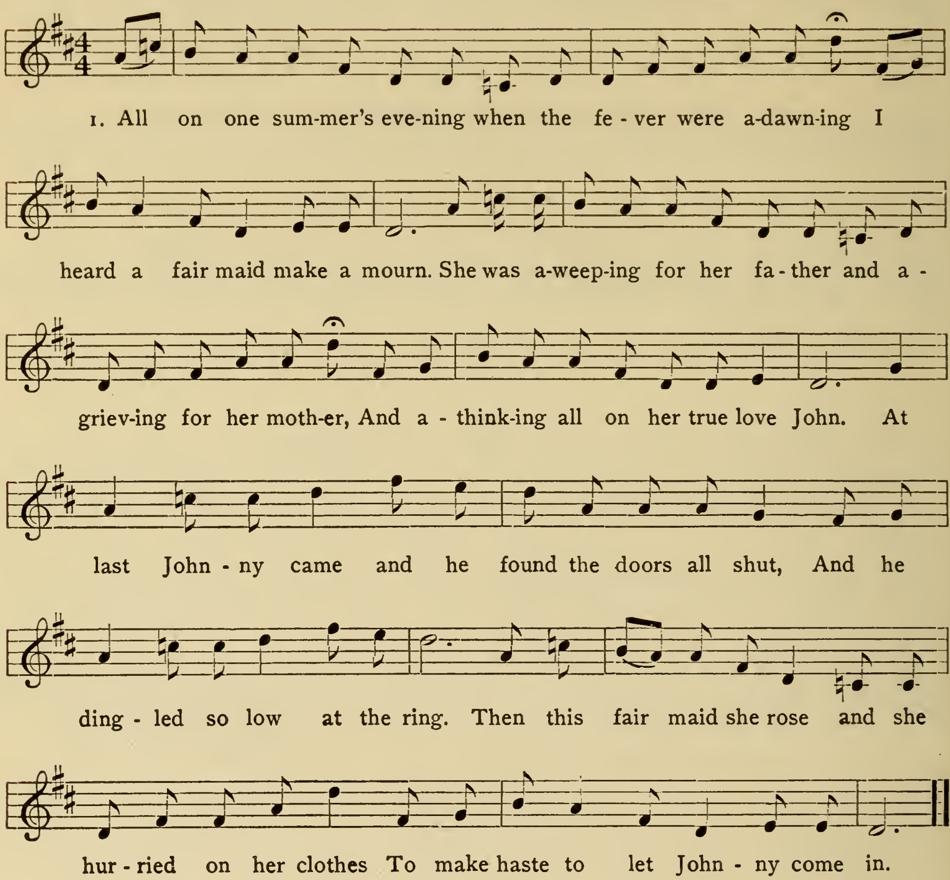


No. 30

The Grey Cock

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b
(mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916



2 All around the waist he caught her and unto the bed he brought her,
And they lay there a-talking awhile.
She says: O you feathered fowls, you pretty feathered fowls,
Don't you crow till 'tis almost day,
And your comb it shall be of the pure ivory
And your wings of the bright silveree (*or* silver grey).
But him a-being young, he crowed very soon,
He crowed two long hours before day;
And she sent her love away, for she thought 'twas almost day,
And 'twas all by the light of the moon.

3 It's when will you be back, dear Johnny,
When will you be back to see me?
When the seventh moon is done and passed and shines on yonder lea,
And you know that will never be.
What a foolish girl was I when I thought he was as true
As the rocks that grow to the ground;
But since I do find he has altered in his mind,
It's better to live single than bound.

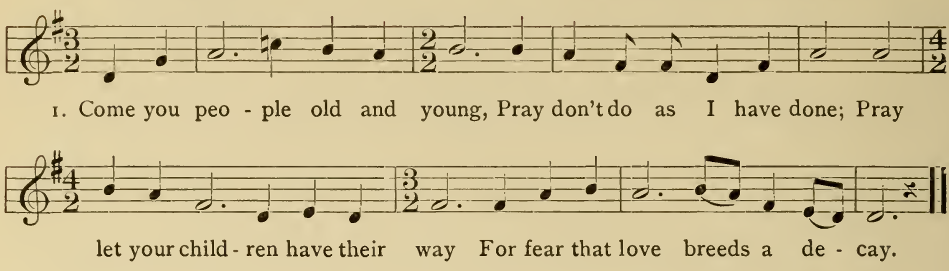
No. 31

The Suffolk Miracle

A

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. MARY SANDS at Allanstand, N. C., July 31, 1916



2 When her old father came this to know
That she did love young Villian so,
He sent her off three hundred miles or more,
And swore that back home she should come no more.

3 This young man wept, this young man cried,
In about six months for love he died;
Although he had not been twelve months dead
Until he rode a milk-white steed.

4 He rode up to his uncle's home
And for his true love he did call.

5 Here's your mother's coat and your father's steed;
I've come for you in great speed.
And her old uncle, as he understood,
He hoped it might be for her good.

6 He jumped up, and her behind,
And they rode faster than the wind;
And when he got near her father's gate
He did complain that his head did ache.

7 A handkerchief she pulled out
And around his head she tied it about,
And kissed his lips and thus did say:
My dear, you're colder than the clay.

8 Get down, get down, get down, says he,
Till I go put this steed away.
While she was knocking at the door
The sight of him she saw no more.

9 Get up, get up, get up, says he,
You're welcome home, dear child, says he,
You're welcome home, dear child, says he,
What trusty friend did come with thee?

10 Dear old father, do you know,
The one that I once loved before.
The old man knowing he had been twelve months dead
It made the hair rise on his head.

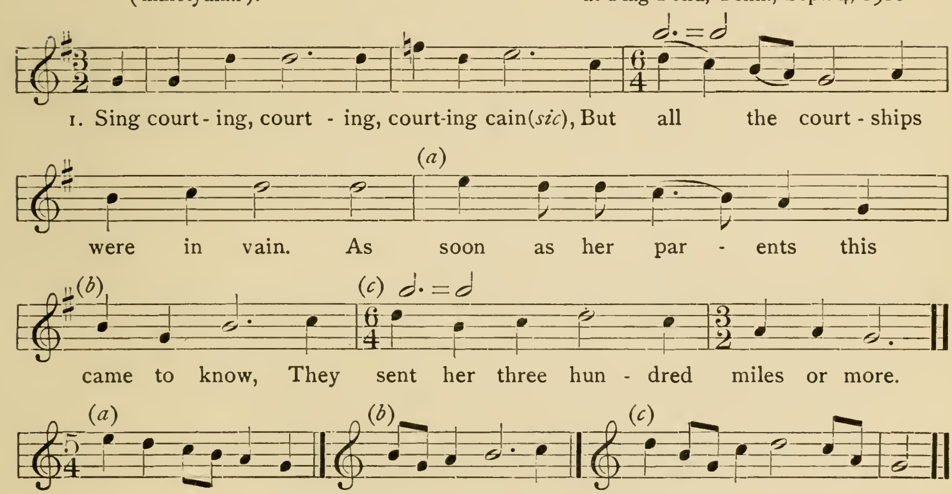
11 He summoned clerks and clergies too,
The grave was to open and him to view.
Although he had been twelve months dead
The handkerchief was around his head.

12 Come all of ye, both young and old,
Who love your children better than gold,
And always let them have their way
For fear that love might prey (?) decay.

B

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916



2 It's first they vowed and then they swore
Back home she should not come no more.
This young man was taken sad,
No kind of news could make him glad.
His day had come, his hour had passed,
Unto his grave he must go at last.

3 Although he has twelve months been dead
He arose and rode this milk-white steed.
Your mother's cloak, your father's steed,
My love, I've come for you with great speed.

4 They rode more swifter than the wind.
At last, at last, three hours or more,
At last, at last, three hours or more,
He sot her at her father's door.

5 Just as they got within the gate,
He did complain his head did ache.
She drew her handkerchief from around her neck
And bound it round her lover's head.

6 She reached around to kiss his lips.
She says: My love, you're colder than the clay.
When we get home some fire we'll have;
But little did she know he'd come from the grave.

7 Go in, go in, my love, go in,
Till I go put this steed away.
Her knocking at her father's door —
The sight of her love she saw no more.

8 This old man arose, come putting on his clothes,
Saying: You're welcome home, dear child, to me;
You're welcome home, dear child, to me.
What trusty friend did come with thee?

9 Did you not send one I did adore,
I loved so dear, could love no more?
Him a-knowing he had twelve months been dead,
It made the hair rise on the old man's head.

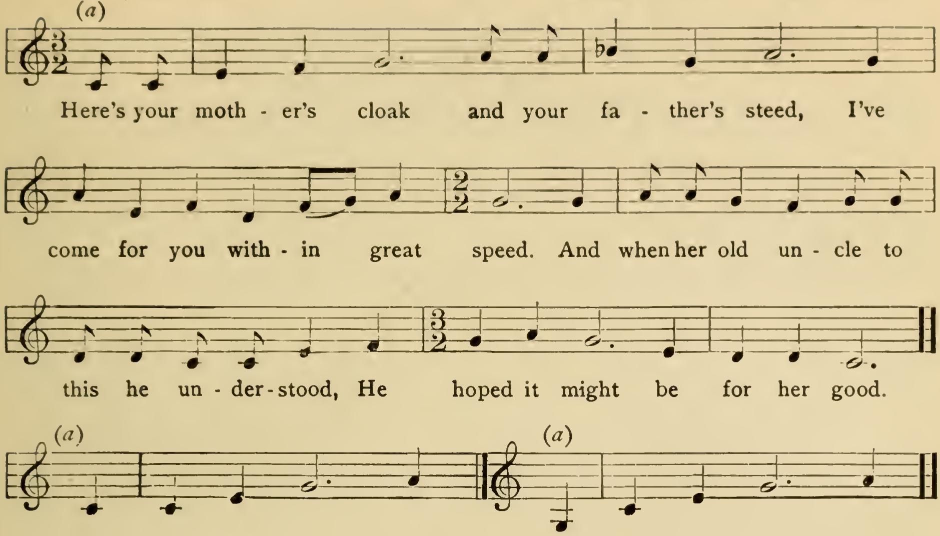
10 The very next morning this was to do,
This young man raise and him to view.
Although he had twelve months been dead,
The handkerchief was around his head.

11 Come parents all, both old and young,
Your children love more precious than gold.
For in love let them have their way,
For love brings many to their grave.

C

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 16, 1916
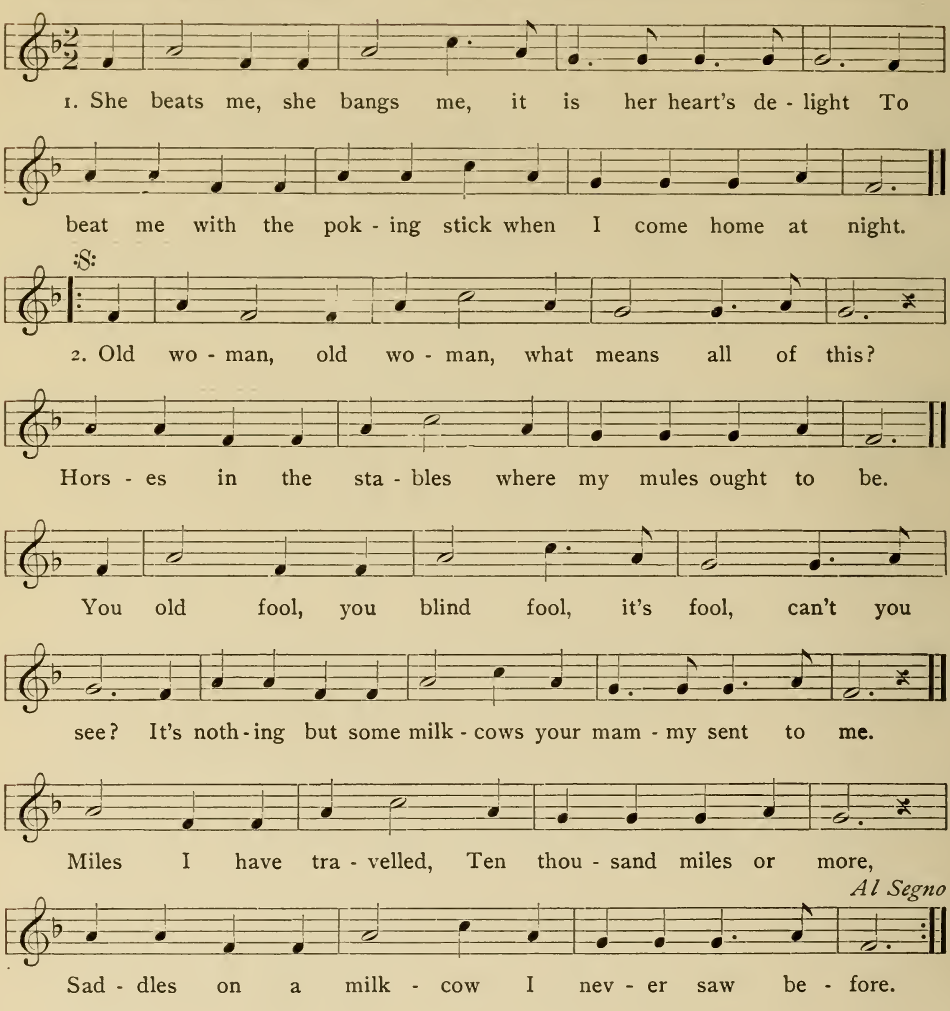


No. 32

Our Goodman

A

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 16, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3 (no 6th).



3 Old woman, etc.
Boots on the floor where my boots ought to be.
You old fool, etc.
It's nothing but a churn, sir, your mammy sent to me.
Miles I have travelled, etc.
Heels on a churn, sir, I never saw before.

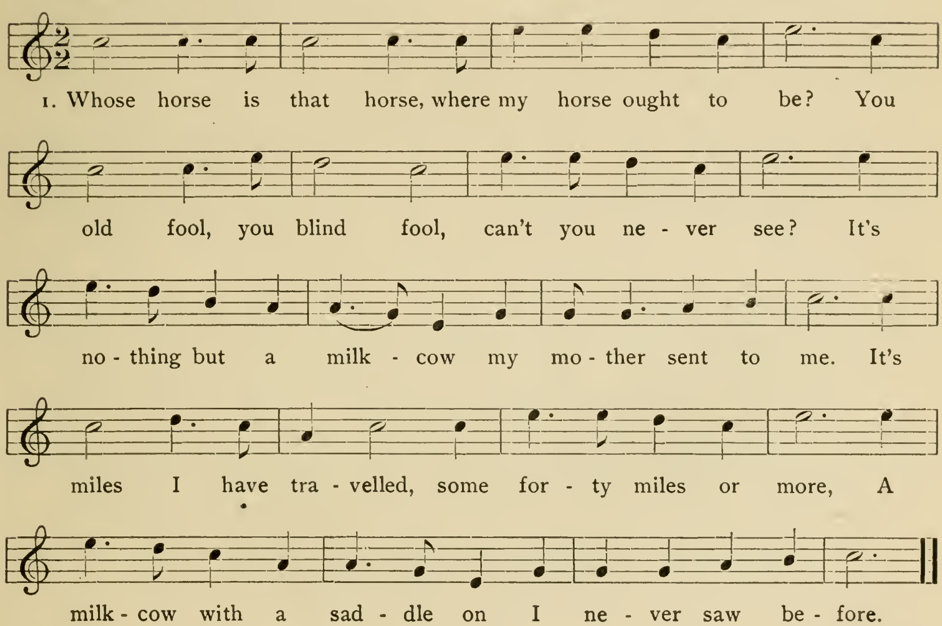
4 Old woman, etc.
A hat on a table where my hat ought to be.
You old fool, etc.
It's nothing but a nightcap your mammy sent to me.
Miles I have travelled, etc.
Fur round a nightcap I never saw before.

5 Old woman, etc.
A man in the bed where I ought to be.
You old fool, etc.
It's nothing but a baby your mammy sent to me.
Miles I have travelled, etc.
Hair on a baby's face I never saw before.

B

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 18, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



2 Whose coat is that coat where my coat ought to be?
You old fool, etc.
It's nothing but a bed-quilt my mother sent to me.
It's miles, etc.
A bed-quilt with buttons on I never saw before.

3 Whose boots is those boots where my boots ought to be?
It's nothing but a cabbage head my mother sent to me.
A cabbage head with boot heels on I never saw before.

4 Whose hat is that hat where my hat ought to be?
It's nothing but a dish rag my mother sent to me.
A dish rag with a hat band on I never saw before.

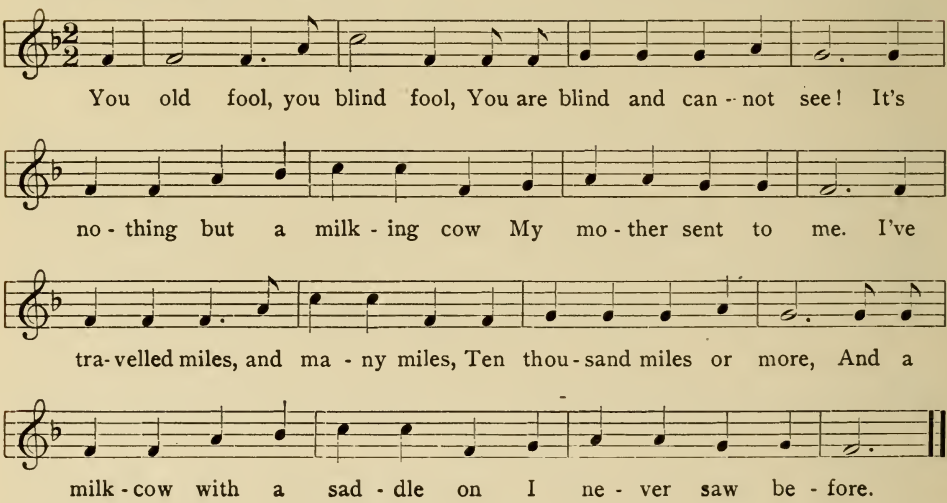
5 Whose pants are those pants where my pants ought to be?
It's nothing but a petticoat my mother sent to me.
A petticoat with a gallices (suspenders) on I never saw before.

6 Who's that in the bed where I ought to be?
It's nothing but a baby child my mother sent to me.
A baby child with mushtash (moustachios) on I never saw before.

C

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 17, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3, b (no 6th).



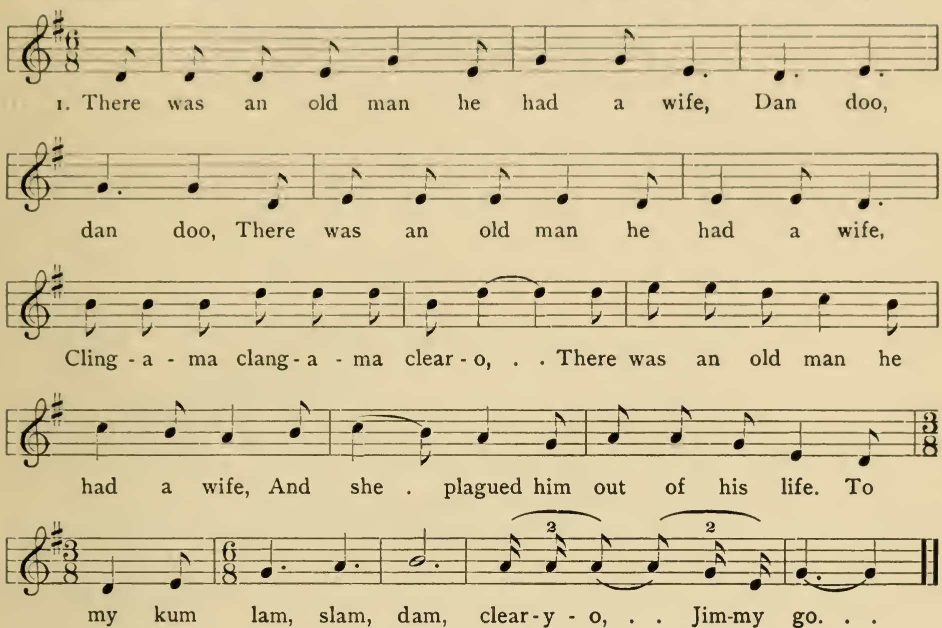
No. 33

The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin

A

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 21, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 When this old man came in from plough,
Says: Have you got my breakfast now?

3 She says: There's a piece of bread upon the shelf;
If that don't do, go bake it yourself.

4 This old man went out to his sheep-pen,
And soon had off an old wether's skin.

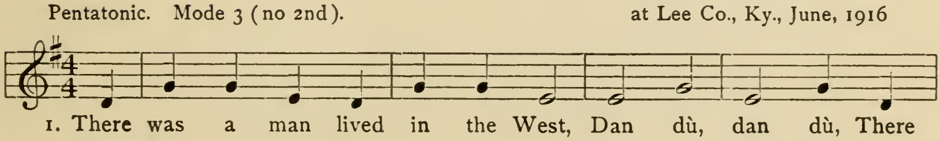
5 He placed it on his old wife's back,
And with two sticks went wickety whack.

6 I'll tell your daddy and mammy and all your kin,
How you tanned your wether's skin.

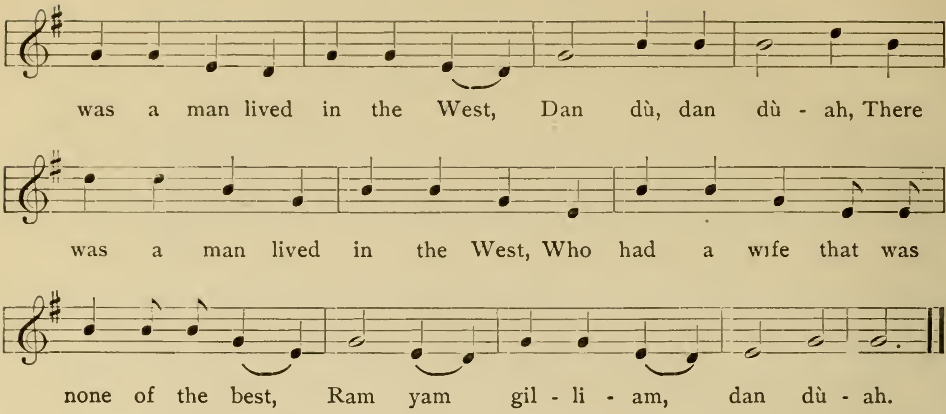
B

Sung by Miss Mary Large
at Lee Co., Ky., June, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3 (no 2nd).



The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin



2 She put a cold slice on the shelf:
If you want any more you can get it yourself.

3 The man went out to his sheep-fold,
And caught the wether tough and old.

4 He threw the skin round his wife's back,
And that old sheep's hide he did whack.

5 The wife cried out unto her kin:
He's beating me on my bare skin.

6 The man he grinned and he replied:
I'm only tanning my old sheep's hide.
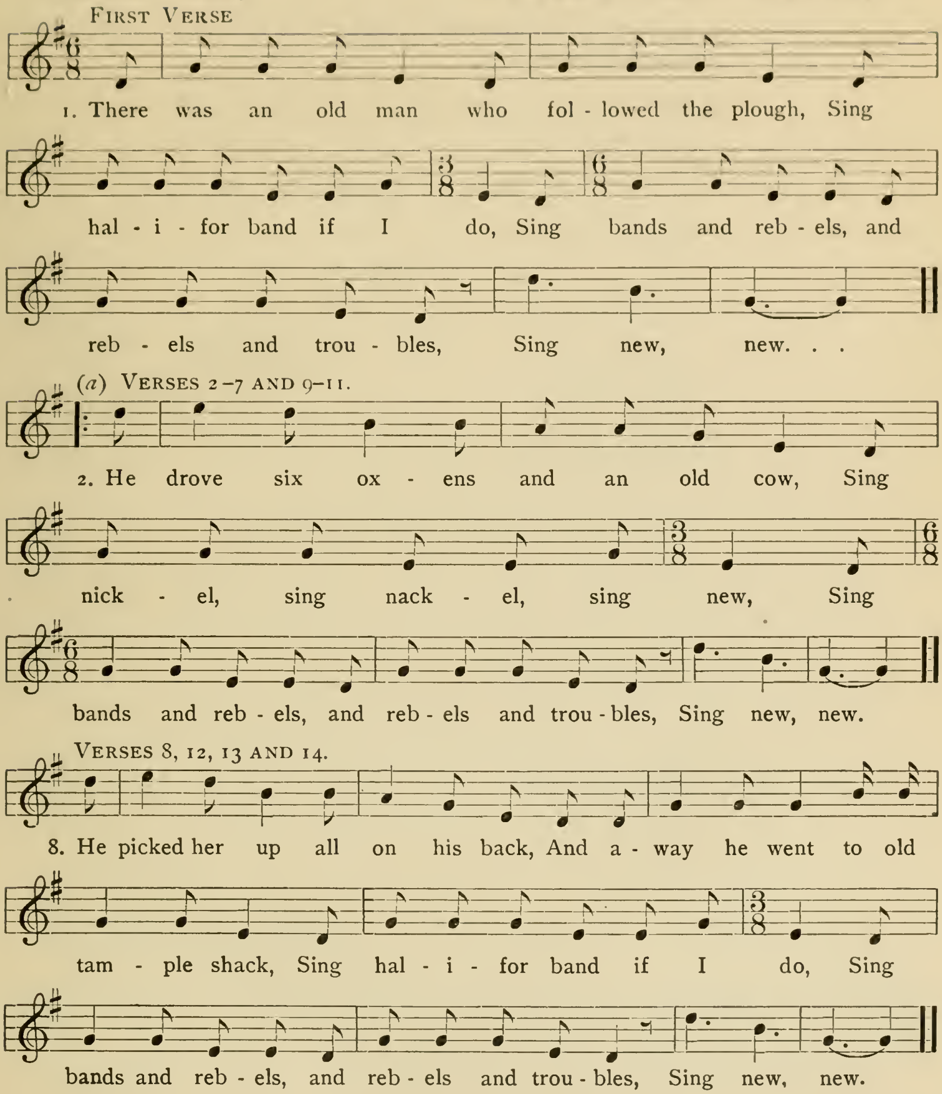
No. 34

The Farmer's Curst Wife

A

Sung by Mrs. SARAH BUCKNER
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



3 His wife she had ten hens in the lot,
Sing halifor band if I do,
Sing bands and rebels, and rebels and troubles,
Sing new, new.

4 And every day had one in the pot,
Sing halifor, etc.

5 He prayed for the devil to come get them all,
Sing halifor, etc.

6 One day the old devil he come,
Sing halifor, etc.

7 Says: Now, old man, I've come after your wife,
Sing halifor, etc.

8 He picked her up all on his back,
And away he went to old tample (*or* temple) shack,
Sing halifor, etc.

9 He took her down unto his den,
Sing halifor, etc.

10 Where he had bells, blubs, blinds and chains,
Sing halifor, etc.

11 She picked up the axe and mauled out his brains,
Sing halifor, etc.

12 He picked her up all on his back,
And away he went to old tample shack,
Sing halifor, etc.

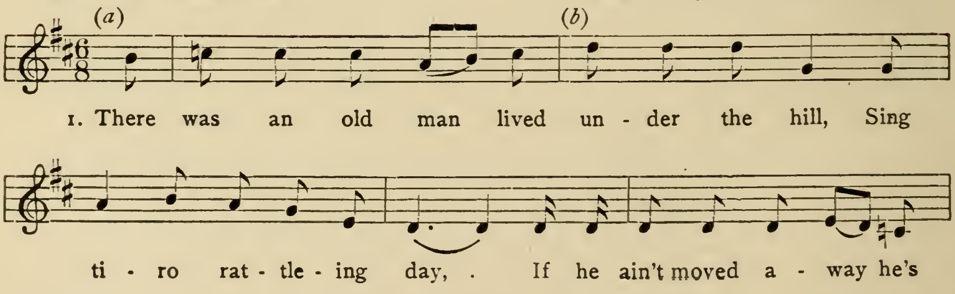
13 Says: Here, old man, you may have your wife,
She's almost plagued me out of my life,
Sing halifor, etc.

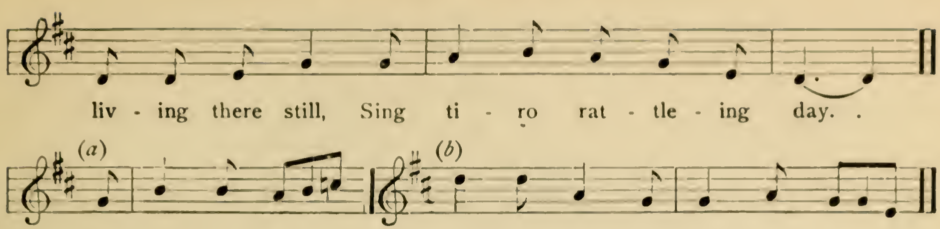
14 And now you see what women can do,
They can conquer men and the devil too,
Sing halifor, etc.

B

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 21, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.





2 This old man went out to his plough,
To see the old devil fly over his mow.

3 The old man cries out: I am undone,
For the devil has come for my oldest son.

4 It's not your oldest son I want,
But your damned old scolding wife I'll have.

5 He took the old woman upon his back,
And off he went with her packed in a sack.

6 He packed her back in one corner of hell,
Saying: I hope the old devil will use you well.

7 Twelve little devils came walking by,
Then she up with her foot and kicked eleven in the fire.

8 The odd little devil peeped over the wall,
Saying: Take her back, daddy, or she will kill us all.

9 She was six months going and eight coming back,
And she called for the mush she left in the pot,

10 The old man lay sick in the bed.
With an old pewter pipe she battered his head.

11 The old man cries out: I am to be cursed,
She has been to hell and come back worse.

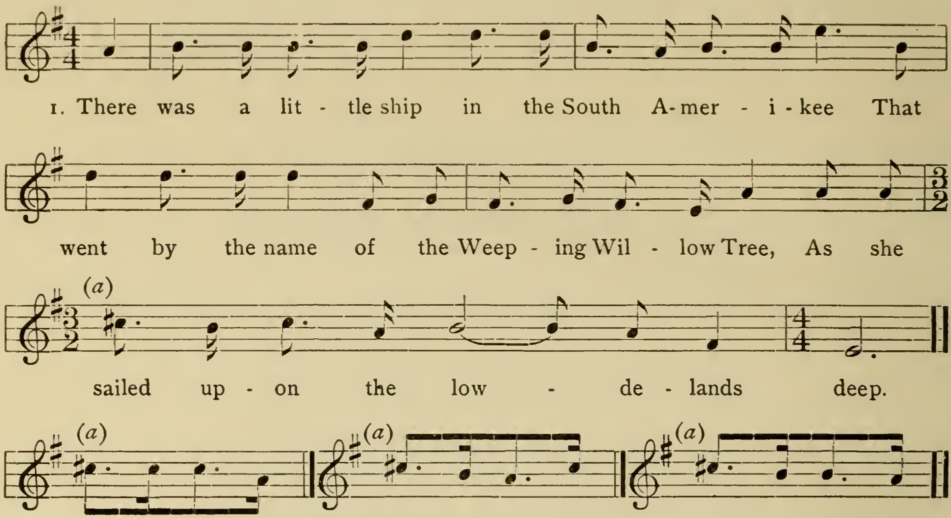
No. 35

The Golden Vanity

A

Heptatonic. Mode, 4,
a + b (dorian).*

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916



2 There was another ship in the North Amerikee,
She went by the name of the Golden Silveree,
As she sailed upon the low-de-lands deep.

3 O captain, O captain, what'll you give to me,
If I'll go and sink the ship of the Weeping Willow Tree,
As she sailed upon the low-de-lands deep?

4 I will give you gold and I'll give to you a fee,
Give to you my daughter and married you shall be,
As we sailed upon the low-de-lands deep.

5 He bent to his breast and away swum he,
He swum and he sunk the ship of the Weeping Willow Tree,
As they sailed upon the low-de-lands deep.

6 He bent to his breast and back swum he,
Back to the ship of the Golden Silveree,
As they sailed upon the low-de-lands deep.

7 O captain, O captain, pray take me on my board,
For I have been just as good as my word,
I sunk her in the low-de-lands deep.

* If A be tonic — Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).

8 I know that you've been just as good as your word,
But never more will I take you on board,
As we sailed upon the low-de-lands deep.

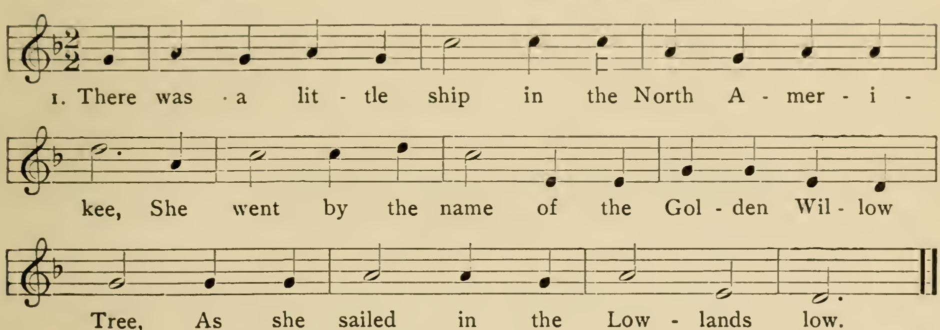
9 If it wasn't for the love that I have for your girl,
I'd do unto you as I did unto them,
I'd sink you in the low-de-lands deep.

10 But he turned upon his back and down went he,
Down, down, down to the bottom of the sea,
As they sailed upon the low-de-lands deep.
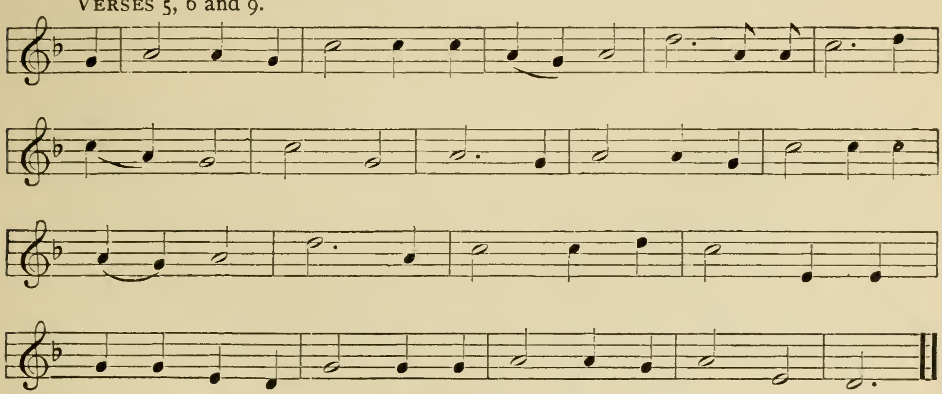
B

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 18, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 4.



Verses 5, 6 and 9.



2 There was another ship in the South Amerikee,
She went by the name of the Turkey Silveree,
As she sailed in the Lowlands low.

3 O captain, O captain, what will you give to me
To sink the ship of the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sails in the Lowlands low?

4 I will give you gold, I will give you fee,
I'll give you my daughter and a-married you shall be,
If you sink her in the Lowlands low.

5 He turned on his back and away swam he,
Crying: O this lowland lies so low.
He turned on his breast and away swam he,
He swam till he came to the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed on the Lowlands low.

6 He turned on his back and away swam he,
Crying: O this Lowland lies so low.
He turned on his breast and away swam he,
He swam till he came to the Turkey Silveree,
As she sailed on the Lowlands low.

7 O captain, O captain, pray take me on board,
For I have been just as good as my word,
I have sunk her in the Lowlands low.

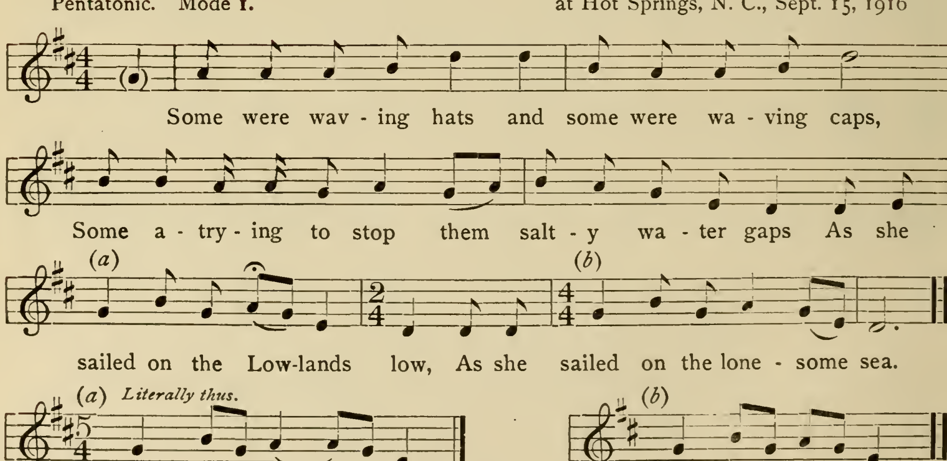
8 I know you have been just as good as your word,
But never no more will I take you on board,
While I sail on the Lowlands low.

9 He turned on his back and down swum he,
Crying: O this Lowland lies so low.
He turned on his breast and down swam he,
He sank before he came to the Turkey Silveree,
Till she sailed on the Lowlands low.

C

Sung by Mrs. HESTER HOUSE
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1.



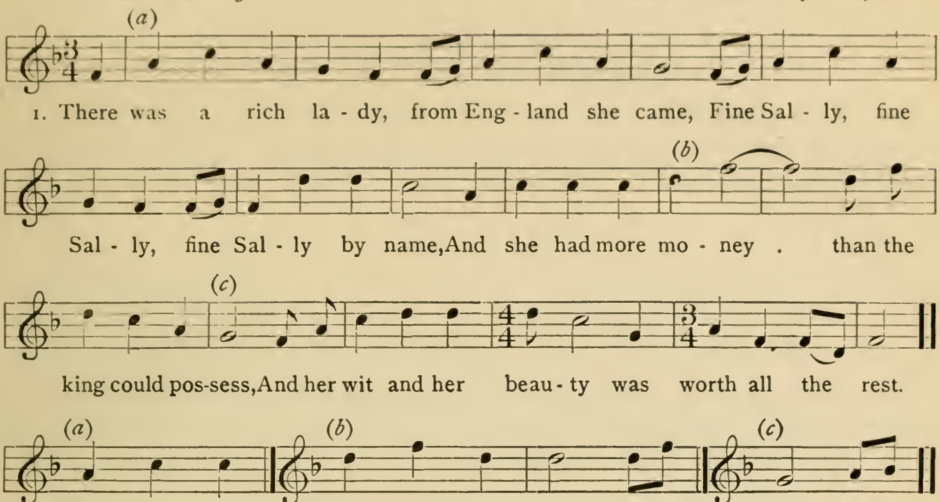
No. 36

The Brown Girl

A

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., July 31, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 There was a poor doctor who lived hard by,
And on this fair damsel he cast his eye.
Fine Sally, fine Sally, fine Sally, says he,
Can you tell me the reason our love can't agree?
I don't hate you, Billy, nor no other man,
But to tell you I love you I never can.

3 Fine Sally took sick and she knew not for why,
And she sent for this young man that she was to deny.
He says: Am I the doctor that you have sent for,
Or am I the young man that you once did deny?
Yes, you are the doctor can kill or can cure
And without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure.

4 Fine Sally, fine Sally, fine Sally, says he,
Don't you remember when you slighted me?
You slighted me highly, you used me with scorn,
And now I reward you for what's passed and gone.

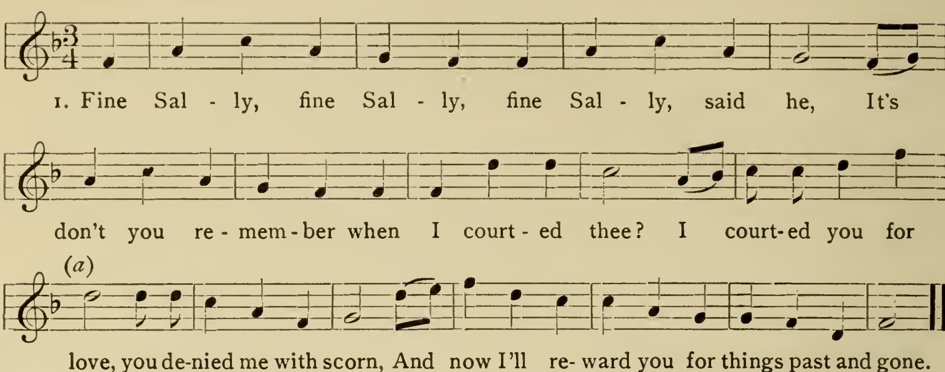
5 What's passed and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And spare me a while longer in this wide world to live.
I don't want you, Sally, in the durance of my breath,
But I'll dance on your grave when you're laid in the earth.
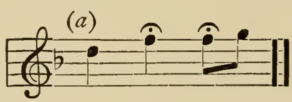
6 Off from her fingers pulled diamond rings three.
Here, take these rings and wear them when you're dancing on me,
Then fly from your colour and be no more seen
When you have done dancing on Sally your queen.

B

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 17, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.





2 For things past and gone, love, forget and forgive,
And grant me a little longer on this earth to live.
I never will forgive you in the durance of my breath,
And I'll dance on your grave when you're lying in the earth.
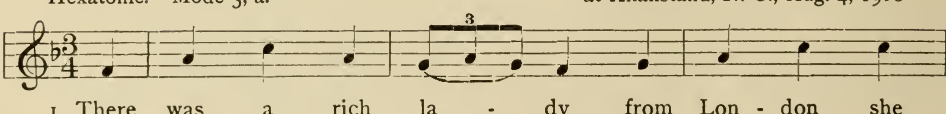
3 Then off her fingers pulled diamond rings three,
Says: O wear these for my sake when you're dancing on me,
And fly from your colours and be no more seen
When you're done dancing on Sally your queen.

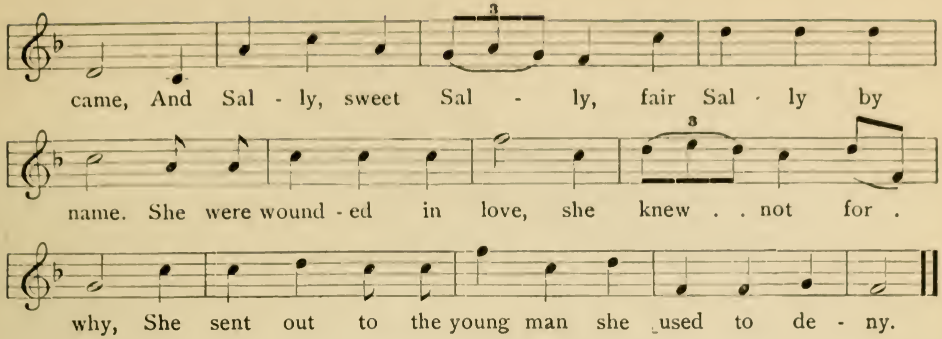
4 Farewell to old father and old father's friends,
Farewell to this young man. God make him amends
Farewell to this whole world and all . . . . . .

C

Sung by Mr. Mitchell Wallin
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 4, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.

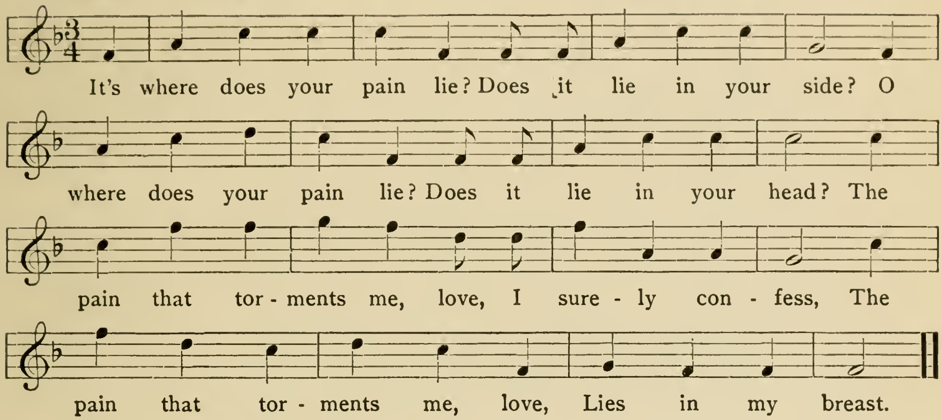




D

Sung by Mr. Wm. Riley Shelton
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 29, 1916

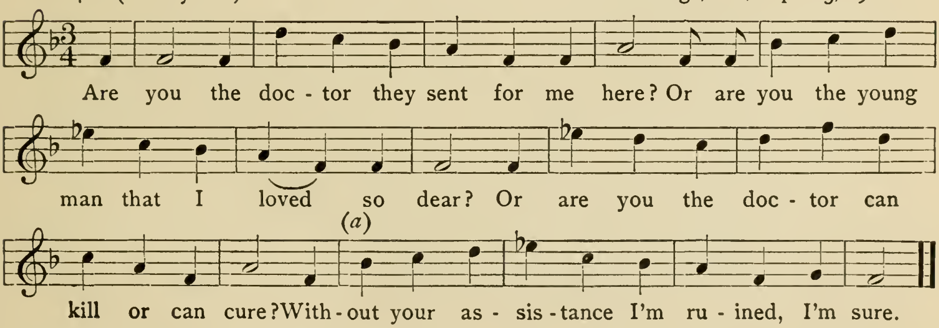
Pentatonic. Mode 3.
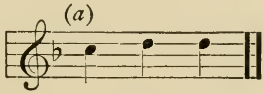


E

Heptatonic. Mode 1,
a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 23, 1916



(a)



F

Sung by Mrs. MOORE, Rabun Co., Ga., May 2, 1909. (Tune not noted.)

1 There was a young doctor, from London he came,
He courted a damsel called Sarah by name.
Her wealth it was more than the king could possess;
Her beauty it was more than her wealth at the best.

2 O Sarah, O Sarah, O Sarah, said he,
I am truly sorry that we can't agree,
But if your heart don't turn unto love,
I fear that your beauty my ruin will prove.

3 O no, I don't hate you, and no other man,
But to say that I like you is more than I can.
So now you may stop with all your discourse,
For I never 'low to have you unless I am forced.

4 After twenty-eight weeks had done gone and passed,
The beautiful damsel she fell sick at last.
She sent for the young man she once did deny,
For to come and see her before she did die.

5 Am I the young man that you sent for here?
Or am I the young man that you loved so dear?
You're the only young doctor can kill or can cure,
And without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure.

6 O Sarah, O Sarah, O Sarah, said he,
Don't you remember you once slighted me?
You slighted, deviled me, you slighted me with scorn,
And now I'll reward you for things past and gone.

7 Forget and forgive, O lover, said she,
And grant me some longer a time for to live.
O no, I won't, Sarah, enduring your breath,
But I'll dance on your grave when you lay in cold death.

8 Gold rings off her finger ends she pulled three,
Saying: Take these and wear them when you dance on me.
Ten thousand times over my folly I see.

9 Now pretty Sarah is dead, as we all may suppose.
To some other rich lady willed all her fine clothes.
At last she made her bed in the wet and cold clay;
Her red, rosy cheeks is moulderin' away.

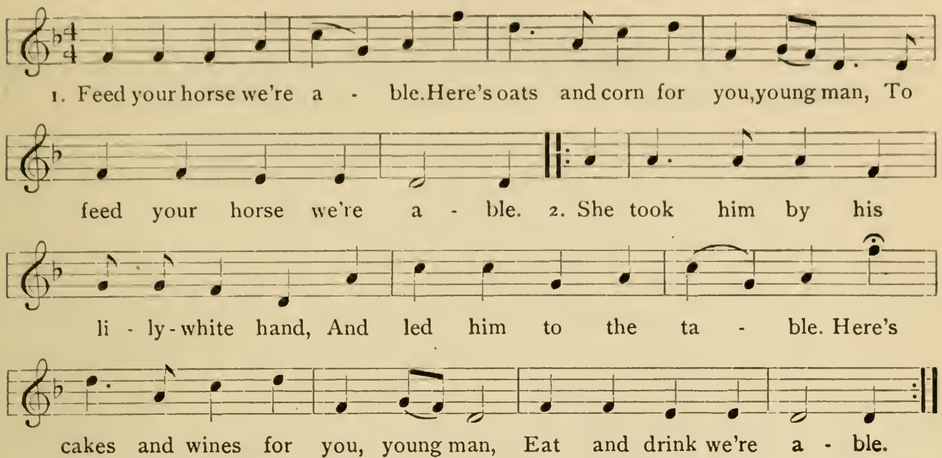
No. 37

The Trooper and the Maid

A

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 18, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



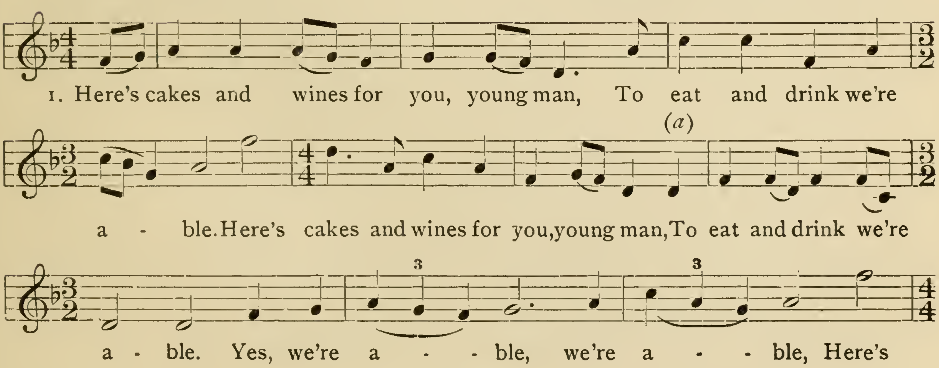
3 She pulled off her lily-white gown
And laid it on the table.
The soldier off with his uniform
And into the bed with the lady.

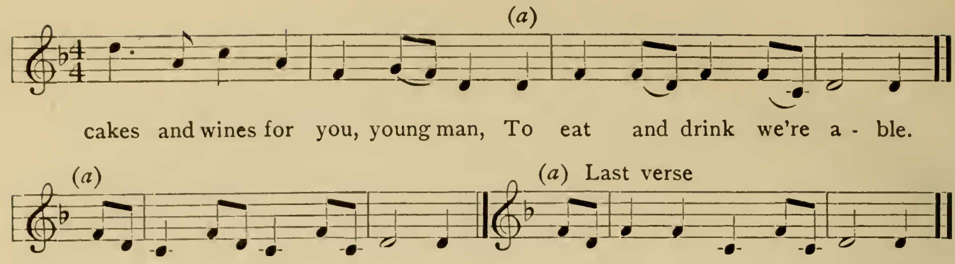
4 They hadn't been laying in bed but one hour
When he heard the trumpet sound.
She cried out with a thrilling cry:
O Lord, O Lord, I'm ruined.

B

Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, b.





2 He pulled off his shoe-boot clothes
As he rose from the table,
He pulled off his shoe-boot clothes
And into the arms of the lady.
Yes, the lady, the lady,
He pulled off his shoe-boot clothes
And into the arms of the lady.

3 The trumpet now is sounding,
And I must go and leave you.
O soldier, my dear, don't you leave me here,
For if you do I'm ruined for ever.
Yes, for ever, for ever,
O soldier, my dear, don't you leave me here,
For if you do I'm ruined for ever.

4 O when will you come back, my love,
Or when will we get married ?
When conk-shells turn to silver bells,
O then, my love, we'll marry.
Yes, we'll marry, we'll marry,
When conk-shells turn to silver bells,
O then, my love, we'll marry.

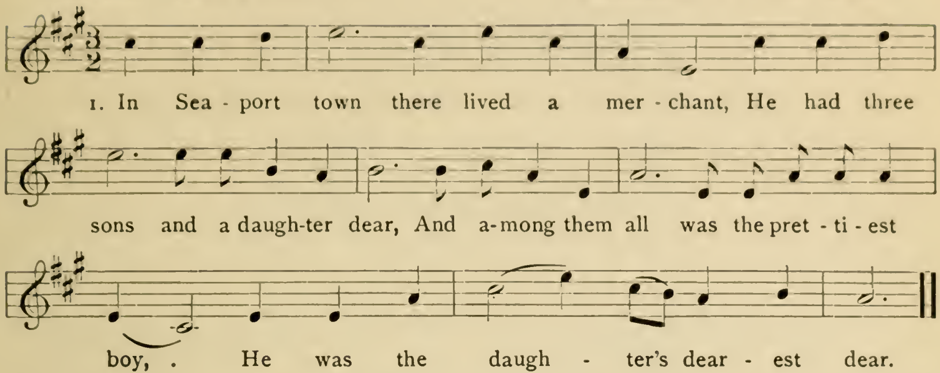
No. 38

In Seaport Town

A

Sung by Miss STELLA SHELTON
at Alleghany, N. C., July 29, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3, b (no 6th).



2 One evening late they were in the room courting.
Her oldest brother perchance did hear;
He went and told his other brothers:
Let's deprive her of her dearest dear.

3 They rose up early the next morning,
A game of hunting for to go;
And upon this young man they both insisted
For him to go along with them.

4 They wandered over the hills and mountains
And through a many of a place unknown,
Till at last they came to a lonesome valley
And there they killed him dead alone.

5 When they return back the next evening,
Their sister ask for the servant man.
Saying: We lost him on a game of hunting;
No more of him it's could we find.

6 While she lie on her bedside slumbering,
The servant man did appear to her,
Saying: Your brother killed me rough and cruel
All wallowed in a score of blood.

7 She rose up early the next morning;
She dressed herself in a rich array,
Saying: I'll go and find my best beloved
All wallowed in a score of blood.

8 She wandered over the hills and mountains
And through a many of a place unknown,
Till at last she came to the lonesome valley,
And there she found him dead alone.

9 Saying: Your eyes look like some bloody butcher,
Your eyes look like some salt or brine.
She kissed his cold, cold lips and, crying,
Said: You are the darling bosom friend of mine.

10 Since my brothers been so cruel
As to force your sweet love away,
One grave shall preserve us both together,
As long as I have breath I will stay with you.

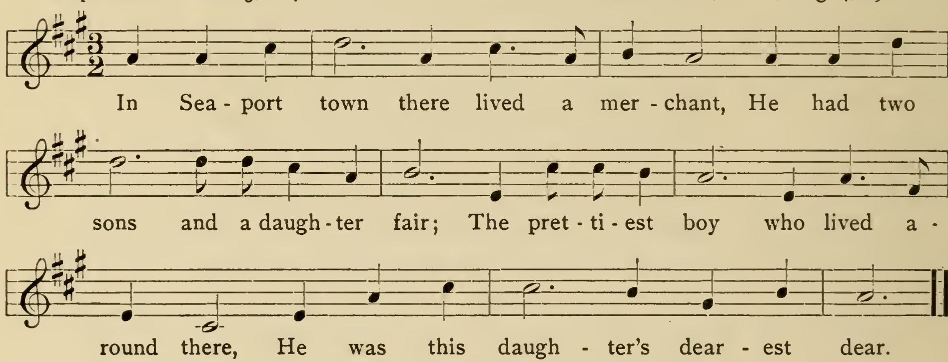
11 When she return back the next evening,
Her brothers ask her where she'd been.
O hold your tongue, you deceitful villains,
For one alone you both shall hang.

12 Her brothers then they came convicted
To jump in a boat and a-finally leave.
The wind did blow and the waves came o'er them;
They made their graves in the deep blue sea

B

Sung by Mrs. Gosnell
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 4, 1916

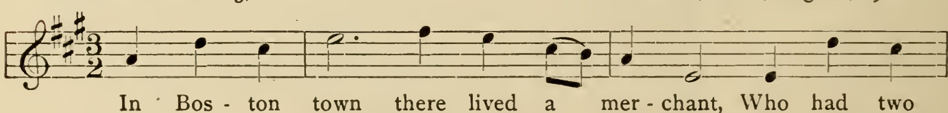
Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b.

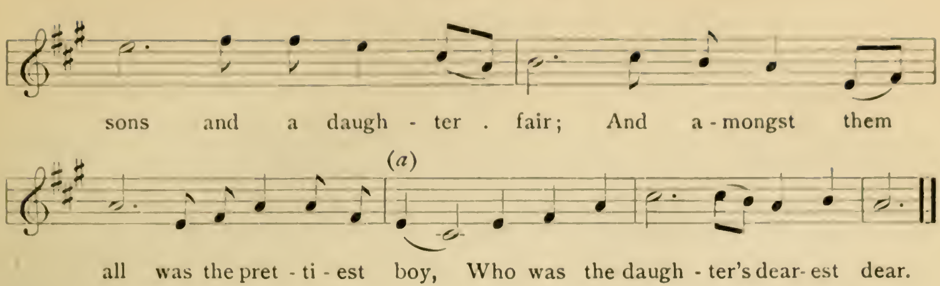


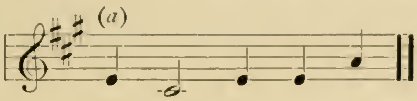
C

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 11, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



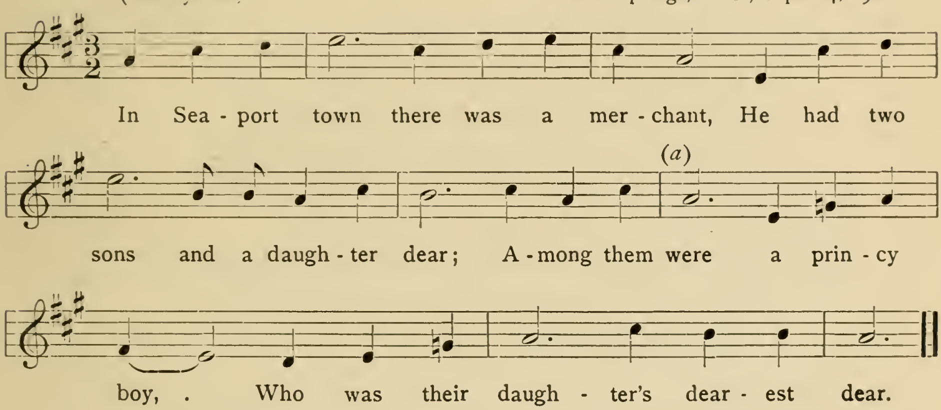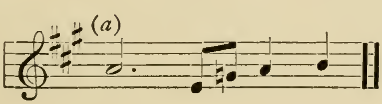




D

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916





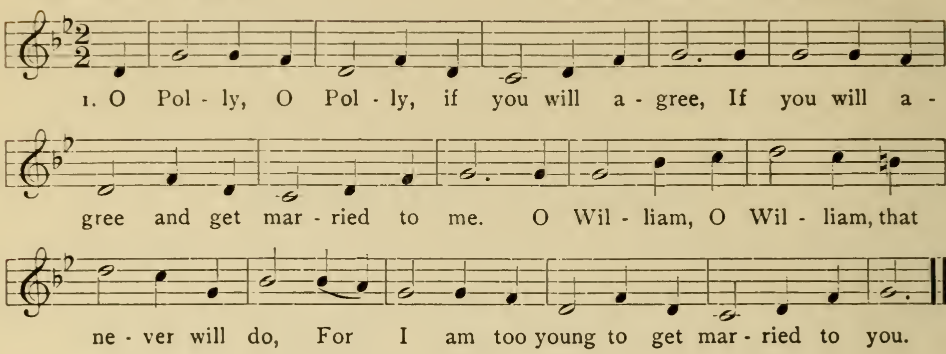
No. 39

The Cruel Ship's Carpenter

A

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 16, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b



2 O Polly, O Polly, if you will agree,
It's I have a friend that we will go and see.
He led her over mountains and valleys so deep,
Till at length pretty Polly began for to weep.

3 O William, O William, you're leading me astray
On purpose my innocent heart to betray.
O Polly, O Polly, I guess you spoke right,
I were digging your grave the best part of last night.

4 She fold her arms around him without any fear.
How can you bear to kill the girl that loves you so dear?
Polly, O Polly, we've no time to stand,
And instantly drew a short knife in his hand.

5 He opened her bosom all whiter than snow,
He pierced her heart and the blood it did flow,
And into the grave her fair body did throw.
He covered her up and away did go,
He left nothing but small birds to make their sad mourn.

6 He entered his ship all upon the salt sea so wide,
And swore by his Maker he'd sail to the other side.
Whilst he was sailing on in his full heart's content,
The ship sprung a leak and to the bottom she went.
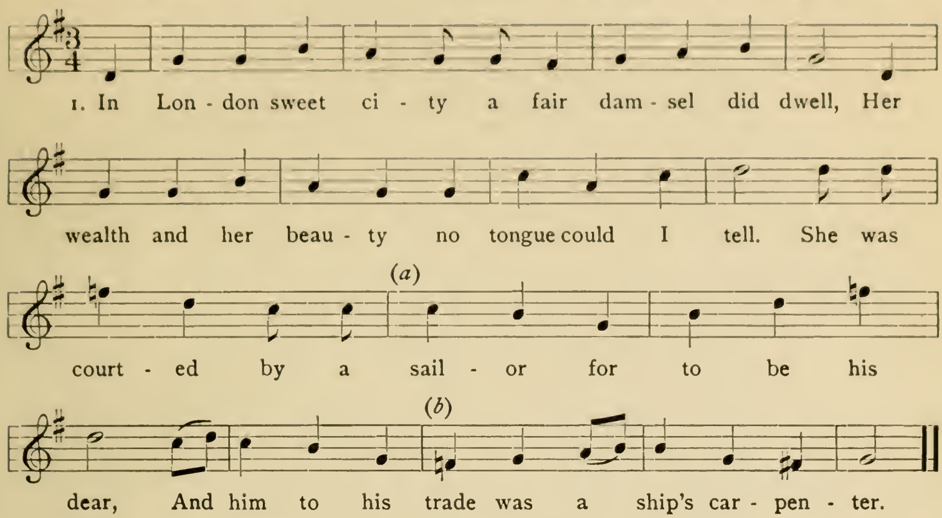
7 Whilst he was lying there all in his sad surprise,
He saw pretty Polly all in a gore of blood.
O William, O William, you've no time to stay,
There's a debt to the devil that you're bound to pay.
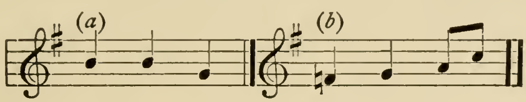
The Cruel Ship's Carpenter

B

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b
(with sharpened 7th).

Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916





2 He says: My Miss Mary, if you will agree,
If you will consent and go along with me,
I will ease you from trouble or sorrow and fear,
If you will but marry a ship's carpenter.

3 Through 'braces and kisses they parted that night.
She started next morning for to meet him by light.
He led her through ditches and valleys so deep,
Till at length this fair damsel begin for to weep.

4 She says: My sweet William, you've led me astray
On purpose my innocent life to betray.
He says: My Miss Mary, you have guessed right,
For I was digging your grave all last night.
She turned her head and her grave she there spied,
Saying: Is this the bright bed for which me you've provide?

5 O pardon, sweet William, and spare me my life.
Let me go distressed if I can't be your wife.
For pardon sweet William is the worst of all men,
For the Heavens will reward you when I am dead and gone.

6 No time for to weep nor no time for to stand
He instantly taken his knife in his hand
Into her bright body his knife he there stole,
And the blood from her body like a fountain did flow.

7 He covered her all up, straight home he returned,
Left no one to mourn but the small birds alone,
And pled forth the paymount for to plough the whole sea.

8 The captain then summoned his whole-y ship crew.
He said : My brave boys, I'm afraid some of you
Have murdered some damsel before we came away,
That will cause us to be hate upon the whole sea.

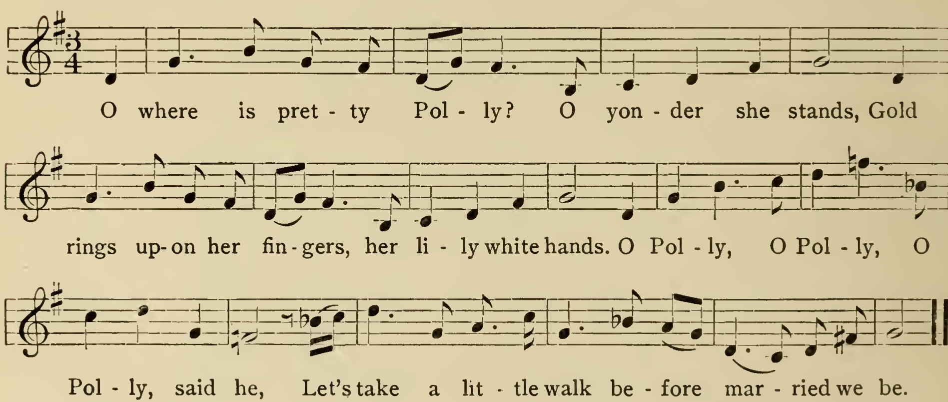
9 And he that did do it the truth he'll deny.
We'll hang with God in yon gallows so high ;
But he that confess it his life we'll not take,
But we'll leave him on the very next island we'll meet.

10 Poor William, poor William then fell to his knees,
The blood in his veins with horror did freeze.
And no one did see it but this wicked wretch,
And he went distracted and died that same night.

C

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b (with sharpened 7th).

Sung by Mr. Hilliard Smith at Hindman, Ky., Aug. 10, 1910



2 O William, O William, I don't want to go.
Your people are all against it and that you well know.
He led he over high hills and hollows so steep,
At length pretty Polly began for to weep.

3 O William, sweet William, O William, said she,
I fear your intention is for to murder me
O Polly, O Polly, you have guessed about right,
I was digging your grave the best part of last night.

4 They went on a little farther and she began to shy.
She saw her grave dug and the spade a-sitting by.
She threw her arms around him, saying: I am in no fear,
How can you kill a poor girl that loves you so dear?

5 O Polly, O Polly, we have no time for to stand.
He drew his revolver all out in his hand.
He shot her through the heart which caused the blood to flow,
And into her grave her fair body he did throw.
He threw her in the grave, straightway he did run,
Left no one to weep but some small birds to mourn.

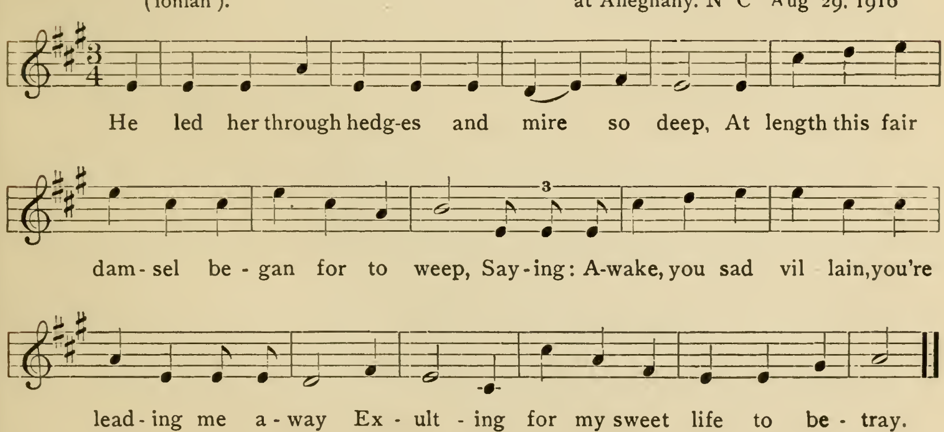
6 The ship setting ready all on the sea-side,
He swore by his Maker he'd sail the other side.
All on whilst he was sailing the ship she sprang a leak,
And away to the bottom sweet William he sank.

7 There he met with prerty Polly all in the gores of blood,
In her lily-white arms an infant of mine.
Such screaming and hollering, it all passed away.
A debt to the devil he surely had to pay.

D

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b (ionian).

Sung by Mr. W. Riley Shelton at Alleghany. N C Aug 29. 1916
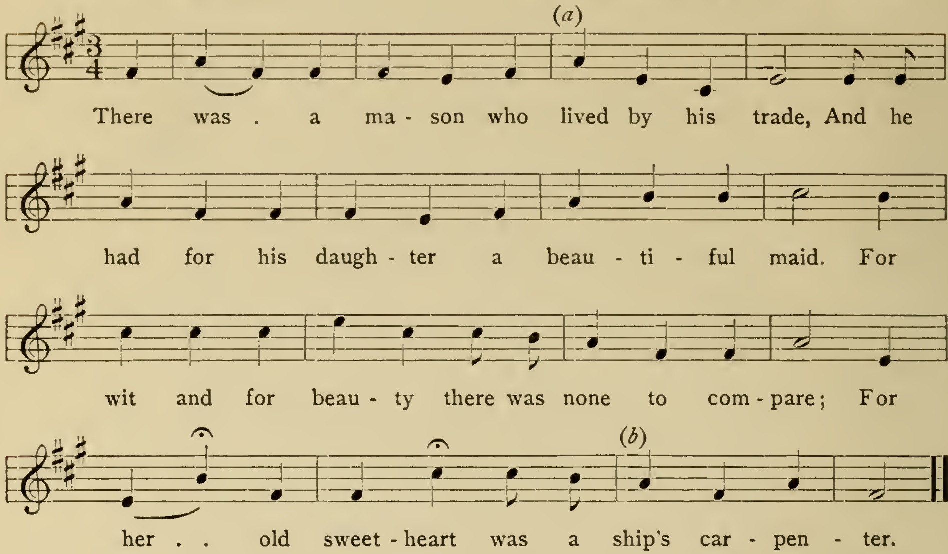


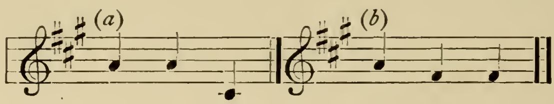
The Cruel Ship's Carpenter

E

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 18, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2.





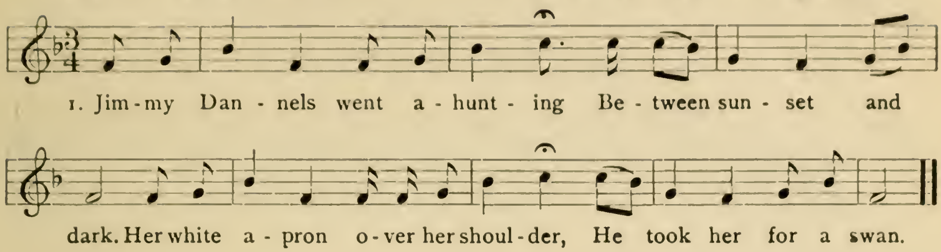
No. 40

Shooting of His Dear

A

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 25, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1 (no 6th).



2 He throwed down his gun
And to her he run.
He hugged her, he kissed her
Till he found she was dead.

3 Then dropping her down
To his uncle he run.
Good woe and good lasses,
I've killed poor Polly Bam.

4 O uncle, O uncle, what shall I do?
For woe and good lasses,
I've killed poor Polly Bam.
Her white apron over her shoulder,
But woe and good lasses,
It was poor Polly Bam.

5 Stay in your own country
And don't run away.
. . . .
. . . .

6 The day before trial
The ladies all appeared in a row.
Polly Bam 'peared among them
Like a fountain of snow.

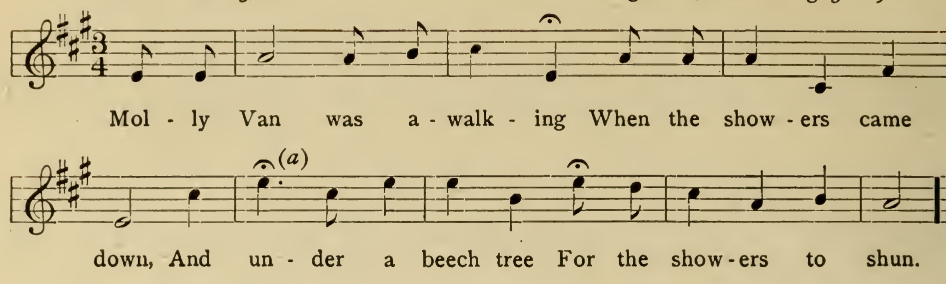
7 Don't hang Jimmy Dannels,
For he's not to blame.
My white apron over my shoulder
He took me for a swan;
But woe and good lasses,
It was me, poor Polly Bam.
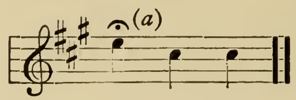
Shooting of His Dear

B

Sung by Mrs. Addy Crane
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.





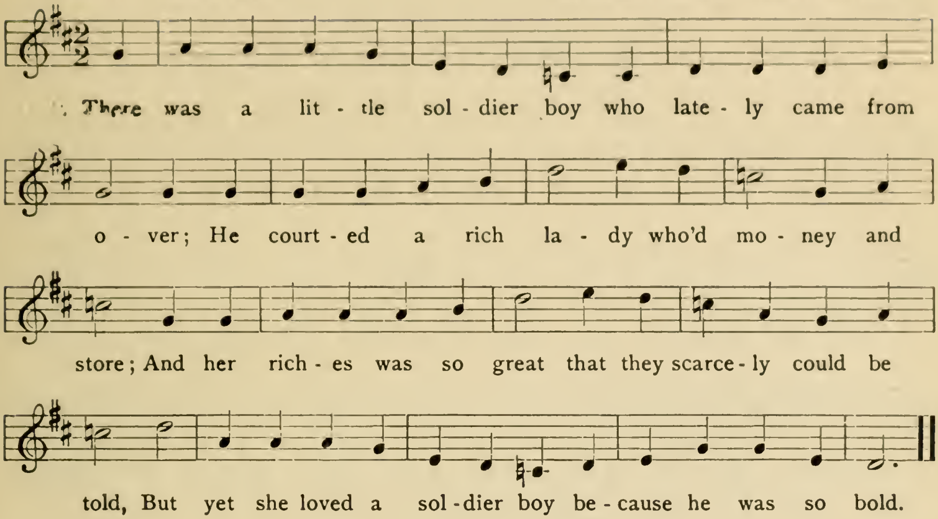
No. 41

The Lady and the Dragoon

A

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 1, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



2 She says: My little soldier, I would freely be your wife,
If I knowed my cruel old father would surely spare your life.
He drew his pistol and sword and hung them by his side,
And swore he would get married, let what would be tried.

3 As they had been to church and returning home again,
Out slipped her cruel old father and seven armed men.
Saying: Since you are determined to be the soldier's wife,
Way down in the valley I will surely take his life.

4 O, says the little soldier, I have no time to tattle;
I am here in this world in no fix for battle.
But he drew his pistol and sword and caused them to rattle,
And the lady held the horse while the soldier fought the battle.

5 The first one he come to he run him through the main,
And the next one he come to he served him the same.
Let's run, says the rest, I'll see we'll all be slain,
To fight the valiant soldier I see it all in vain.

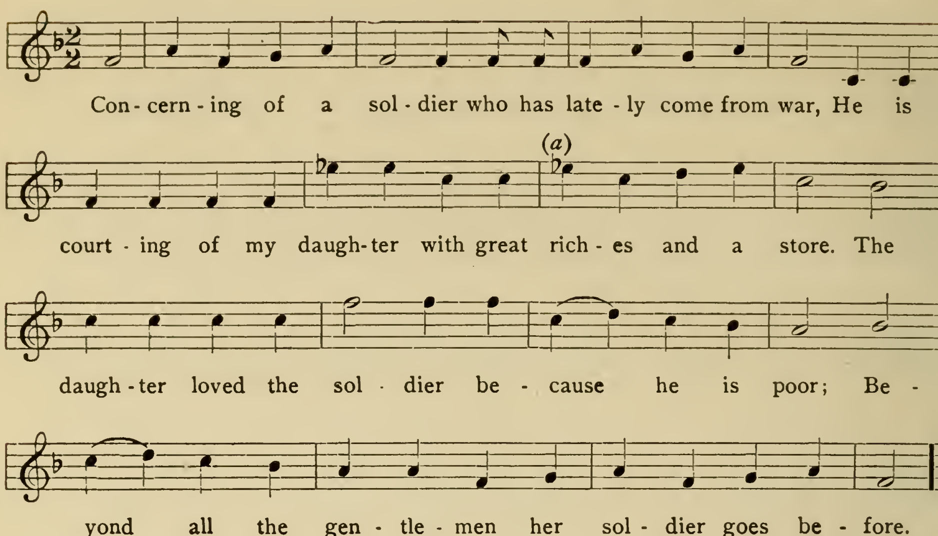
6 Up step this old man, speaking mighty bold;
You shall have my daughter and a thousand pound of gold.
Fight on, says the lady, the pile is too small.
O stop, says the old man, and you shall have it all.
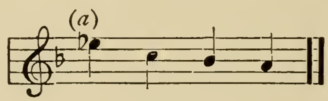
The Lady and the Dragoon

B

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b
(mixolydian)

Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 1916



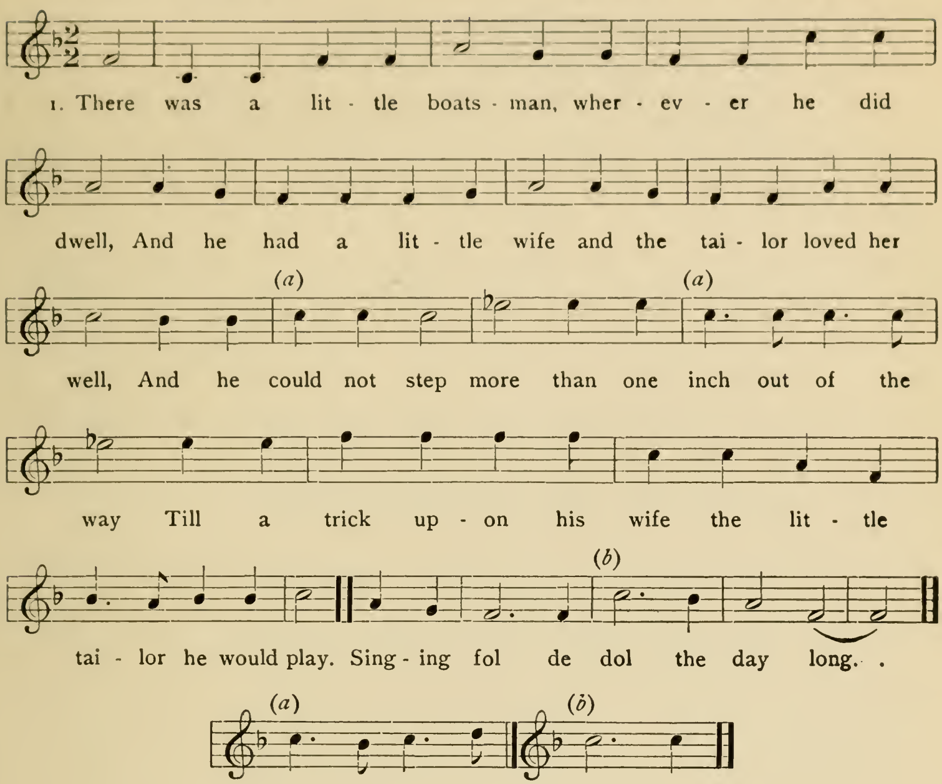


No. 42

The Boatsman and the Chest

Sung by Mrs Mary Sands
at Allanstand. N C., Aug 4 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



2 The boatsman came home when he come at night,
And he knocked on the door and he knocked just right.
This stirred the little tailor from his sleep:
O kind Miss, where can I creep?

3 She put him in the chest and bid him lie still:
You're just as safe there as a mouse in a mill.
She trippled downstairs and she opened the door,
And in come her husband and three or four more.

4 She 'luted to him and give to him a kiss,
Saying: O kind Sir, what's the meaning of this?
I haven't come here for to disturb you of your rest,
But to come to bid you good-bye and to take away my chest.

5 The boatsman being young and very stout and strong,
He picked up the chest and he carried it along.
But he had not got more'n half through the town,
Till the weight of the little tailor boy made him lie it down.

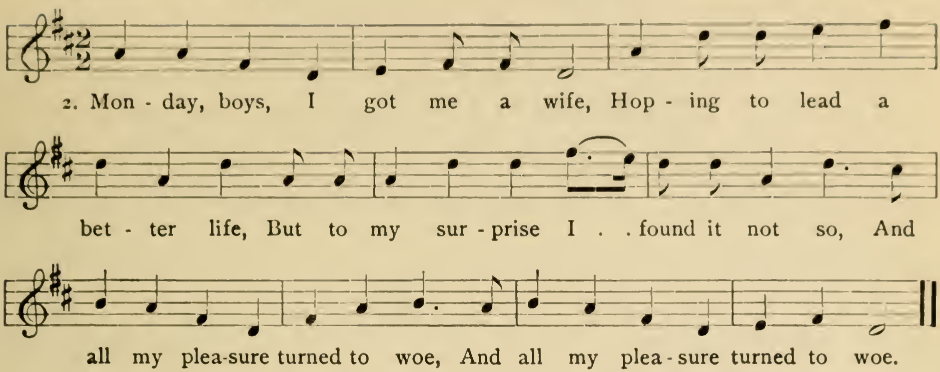
6 He opened the lid and says to them all:
Here lies a little tailor like a pig in a stall.
I'll take him to the king and make you serve your time with him;
See if that will put an end to this night's cuckolding.

No. 43

The Holly Twig

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 23, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



1 When I was a bachelor bold and brave,
I wanted for nothing my heart could crave;
But kisses and guineas I made them fly,
I slipped on my beaver hat and who was like I?

or

When I was a bachelor bold and young,
I courted a girl with a flattering tongue;
The kisses I give her was a hundred and ten,
Promised to marry, but didn't tell her when.

2 Monday, boys, I got me a wife,
Hoping to lead a better life;
But to my surprise I found it not so,
And all my pleasure turned to woe.

3 Tuesday, boys, to my surprise,
Just before the sun did rise,
She riz in a fit and scolded me more
Than ever I was scolded before.

4 Wednesday, boys, I went to the woods
To get me some hickories to make her good.
As I passed by the willow so green,
I cut me the toughest that ever was seen.

5 Thursday, boys, I laid them by,
Resolving Friday for to try.
If she's no better the better may be,
The devil may take her and keep her for me.

6 Saturday, boys, I lammed her well,
I kicked her and cuffed her to the lowest pits of hell.
The ruby and the booby and two little devils came,
They carried her off in a fire of flame.

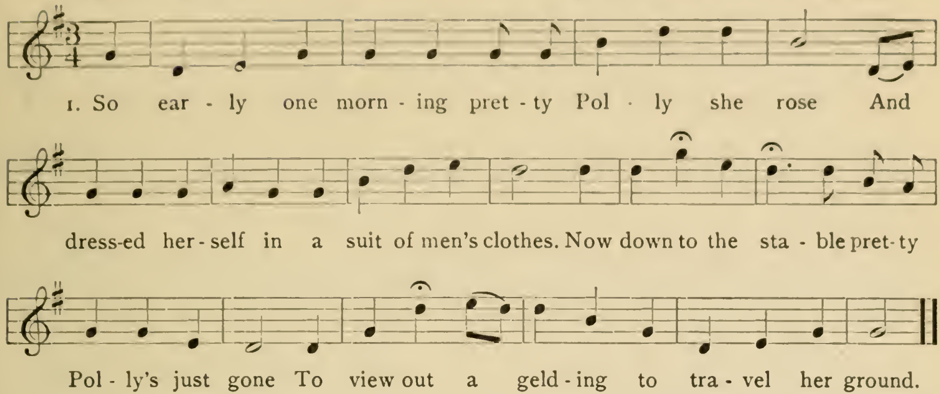
7 . . . .
. . . .
My biggest bottle is my best friend,
My week's work is all at an end.

No. 44

Polly Oliver

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 4, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3



2 In riding all day and riding in speed
The first thing she come to was her captain indeed.
She stepped up to him. What news do you bear?
Here's a kind, loving letter from Polly your dear.

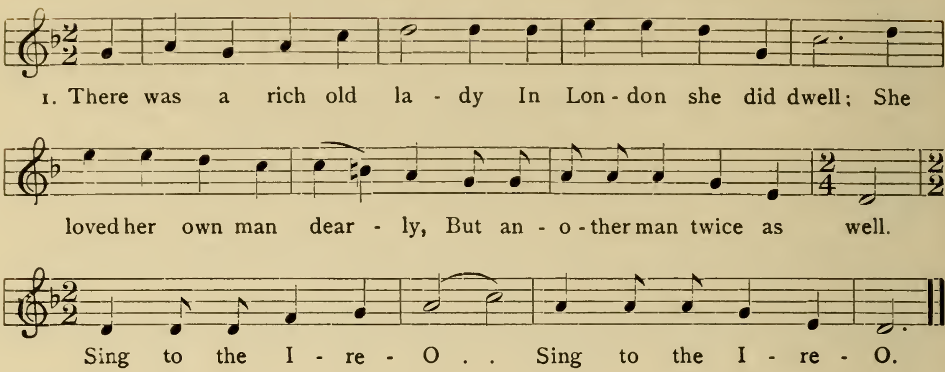
3 In breaking this letter ten guineas he found.
He drunk his own health with the soldiers all round;
And reading the letter, he sit and did cry,
Not a-thinking Polly was nigh.

No. 45

The Rich Old Lady

Heptatonic. Mode 4,
a + b (dorian).

Sung by Mrs. Gosnell
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 4, 1916



2 She went to the doctor's shop,
As hard as she could go,
To see if there was anything she could find
To turn her old man blind.

3 She got two walloping mar' bones
And made him eat them all.
He says: O my dear beloved wife,
I can't see you at all.

4 If I could see my way to go,
I'd go to the river and drown.
She says: I'll go along with you
For fear you gô astray.

5 She got up behind him
Just ready for to plunge him in;
He stepped a little to one side,
Headlong she went in.

6 She begin to kick and scream
As loud as she could bawl.
He says: O my dear beloved wife,
I can't see you at all.

7 Him being tender-hearted
And thinking she could swim,
He got him a great, long pole
And pushed her away out in.

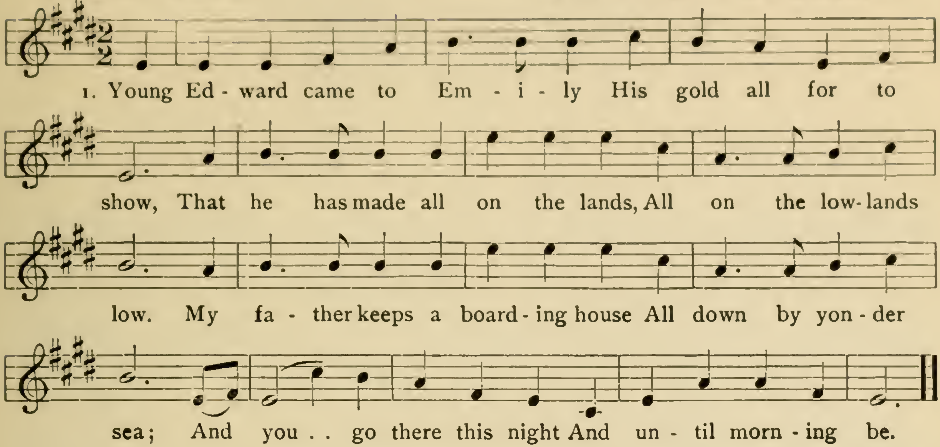
No. 46

Edwin in the Lowlands Low

A

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 25, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1.



2 Young Emily in her chamber,
She dreamed an awful dream;
She dreamed she saw young Edward's blood
Go flowing like the stream.
She rose so early in the morning
And dressed herself although
To go and see young Edward,
Who ploughed the lowlands low.

3 O father, where's that stranger
Came here last night to dwell?
His body's in the ocean
And you no tales must tell.
O father, O father, you'll die a public show
For the murdering of young Edward
Who ploughed the lowlands low.

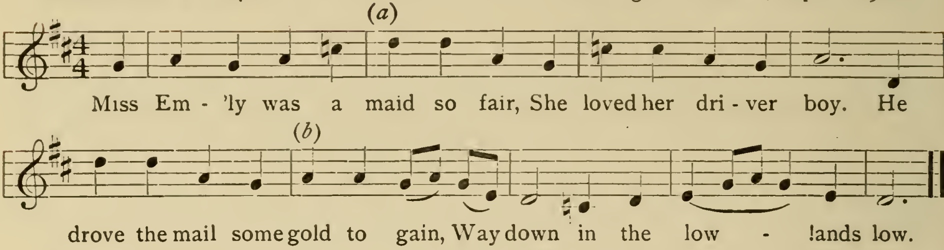
4 Away then to some councillor
To let the deeds be known.
The jury found him guilty
His trial to come on.
On trial they found him guilty
And hanged was to be
For the murdering of young Edward,
Who ploughed the lowlands low.

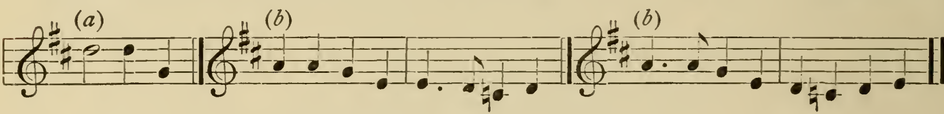
5 The fish that's in the ocean
Swims over young Edward's breast,
While his body's in the ocean
I hope his soul's at rest,
For his name it was young Edward,
Who ploughed the lowlands low.

B

Sung by Mr. T JEFF STOCKTON
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 6, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 4.





2 My father keeps a public house
On yonders river side.
Go ye, go there and enter in
And there this night abide.

3 Be sure that you tell nothing,
Nor let my parents know
That your name it is young Edmund,
Who drove in the lowlands low.

4 Young Edmund fell a-drinking
When time for to go to bed.
He did not know that his sword that night
Would part his neck and head.

5 Miss Emily up next morning,
The sun was shining bright,
Saying: I am going to marry the driver boy,
Who come here to stay last night.

6 O daughter, dear daughter Emily,
His gold we will make sure.
I've here sent his body a-drowning
Way down in the ocean low.

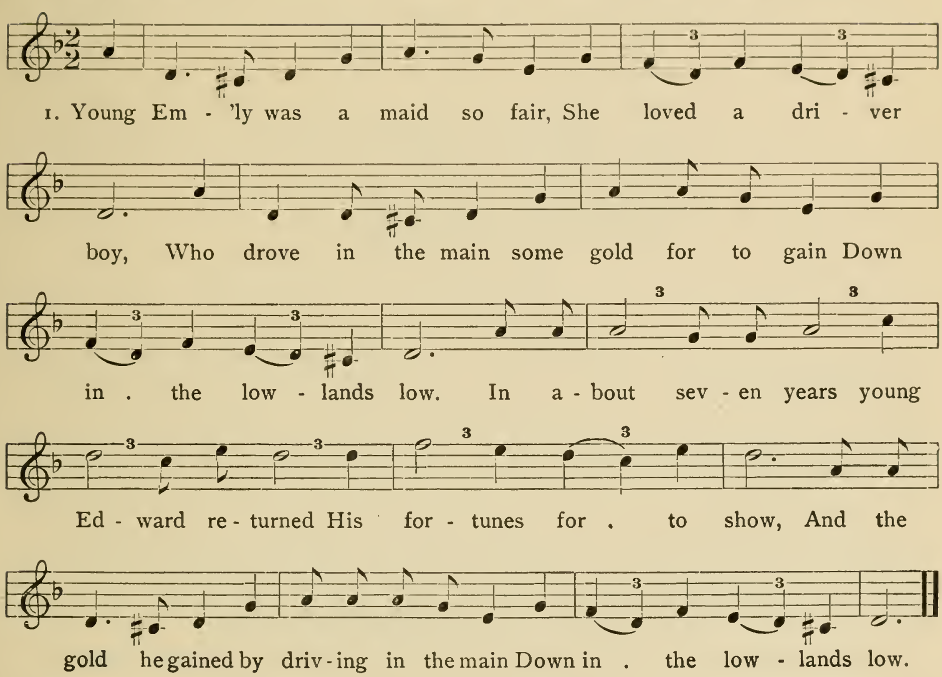
7 O dear, dear, cruel father,
You shall die a public show
For murdering of my old true love,
Who drove in the lowlands low.

8 There's a coach on yonders mountain,
It tosses to and fro.
It 'minds me of my driver boy
Who drove in the lowlands low.

C

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b
(with sharpened 7th).

Sung by Miss McKinney
at Habersham Co., Ga., May 28, 1910



2 Young Edward fell a-drinking,
It was time for to go to bed,
Although he wasn't a-thinking
The custom came around his head.
Youny Emily fell asleep that night;
She dreamed a frightful dream;
She dreamed that her love was bleeding,
The blood ran down in streams.

3 Next morn she rose, put on her clothes,
And to her parents did go,
Enquiring for her driver boy,
Who drove in the lowlands low.
O mother, where is my driver boy
Who came last night for to stay?
He's gone for to dwell no tongue can tell
How cruel your father did say.

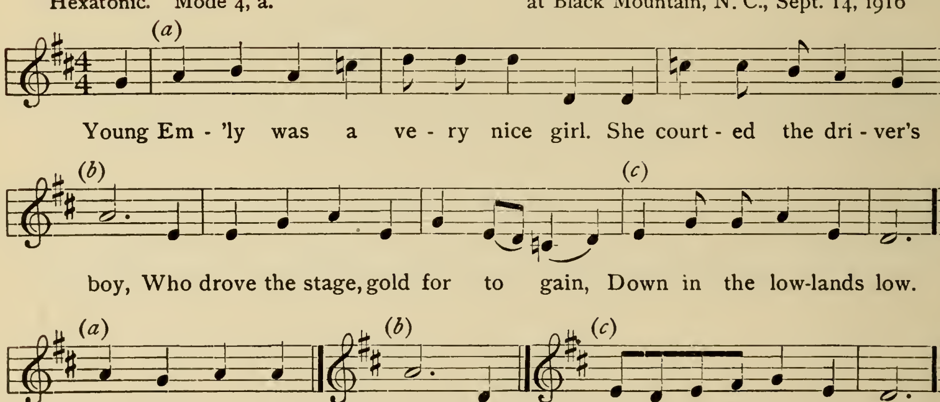
4 O father, cruel father,
You'll die a public show,
For killing of my driver boy,
Who drove in the lowlands low.

5 My love is in the ocean
While fish play o'er his breast.
His body's in a constant motion;
I hope his soul's at rest.
His coaches are in the mountain,
The rivers are all aflow.
It reminds me of my driver boy,
Who drove in the lowlands low.

D

Sung by Mrs. SARAH BUCKNER
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



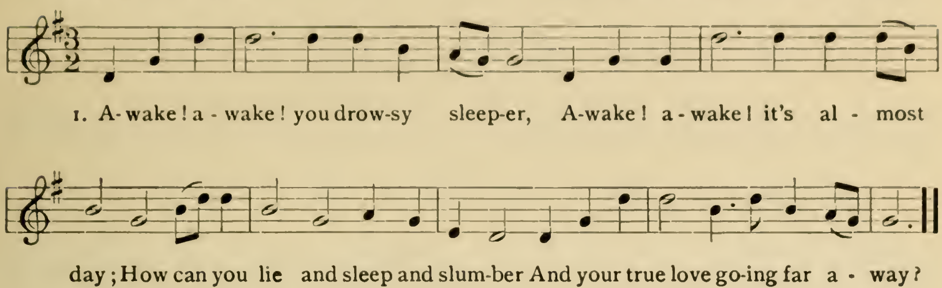
No. 47

Awake! Awake!

A

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 1, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 Say, my love, go ask your mother
If you my bride, my bride shall be;
And if she says No, love, come and tell me;
It will be the last time I'll bother thee.

3 I'll not go and ask my mother,
For she lies on her bed at rest,
And in her hands she holds a paper
That speaks the most of my distress.

4 Say, my love, go ask your father
If you my bride, my bride shall be;
And if he says No, love, come and tell me;
It will be the last time I'll bother thee.

5 I will not go and ask my father,
For he lies on his bed at rest,
And in his hands he holds a weapon
To kill the man that I love best.

6 I'll go down in some lone valley
And spend my weeks, my months, my years,
And I'll eat nothing but green willow,
And I'll drink nothing but my tears.

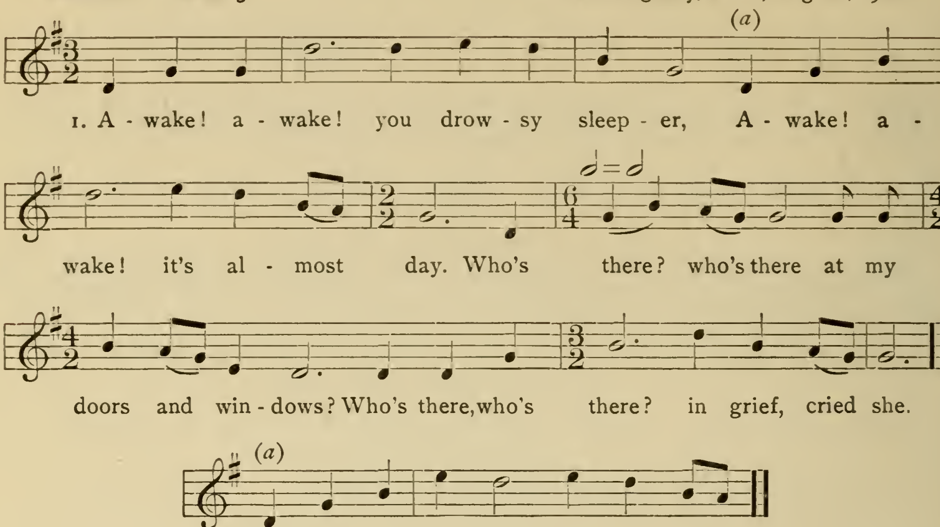
7 Then come back, come back, my own true lover,
Come back, come back, in grief cried she,
And I'll forsake both father and mother
And I'll cry, love, and pity thee.

Awake! Awake!

B

Sung by Mrs. ANELIZE CHANDLER
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 28, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 It's me alone, your own true love,
He's just now here going away.
Go away, go away from my doors and windows,
Go away, go away, in grief, cried she.

3 It's you go, love, and ask your father
If you my bride, my bride shall be;
And if he says No, love, come and tell me;
And this'll be the last time I'll bother thee.

4 It's I will not go and ask my father,
For he's on his bed at rest a-sleeping,
And in his hands he holds a weapon
That will be a grief to thee.

5 It's you go, love, and ask your mother
If you my bride, my bride shall be;
And if she says No, love, come and tell me;
And this'll be the last time I'll bother thee.

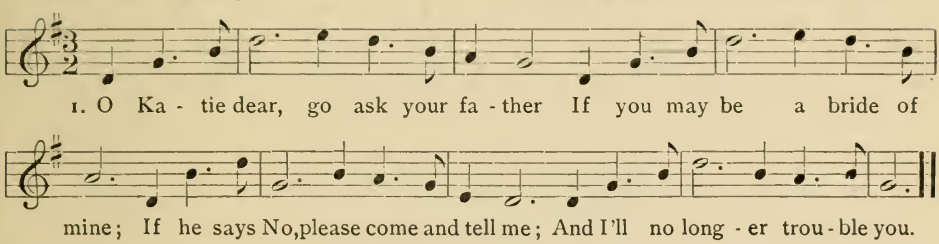
6 I'll not go in and ask my mother,
For she's on her bed at rest a-sleeping,
For in her hand she holds a card, love,
That'll be bad news to thee.

7 It's rise you up, love, come and pity me,
For I'm going away to some sandy river bottom,
And while I spend my days, my weeks, my months and years,
I'll eat nothing but green willow and drink nothing but my tears.

8 Come back, come back, my love, and let me tell you.
If you will go with me,
I will forsake both father and mother
And go along with you and spend my life for ever.

C

Sung by Mrs. Carrie Ford
Pentatonic. Mode 3. at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916



2 O Willie dear, it's no use to ask him.
He's in his room and taking his rest.
By his side a golden dagger
To kill the one that I love best.

3 O Katie dear, go ask your mother
If you may be a bride of mine;
If she says No, please come and tell me;
And I'll no longer trouble you.

4 O Willie dear, it's no use to ask.
She's in her room and taking her rest.
By her side a silver dagger
To kill the one that I love best.

5 O he picked up a silver dagger,
He pierced it through his wounded breast.
Farewell, Kitty, farewell, darling,
I'll die for the one that I love best.

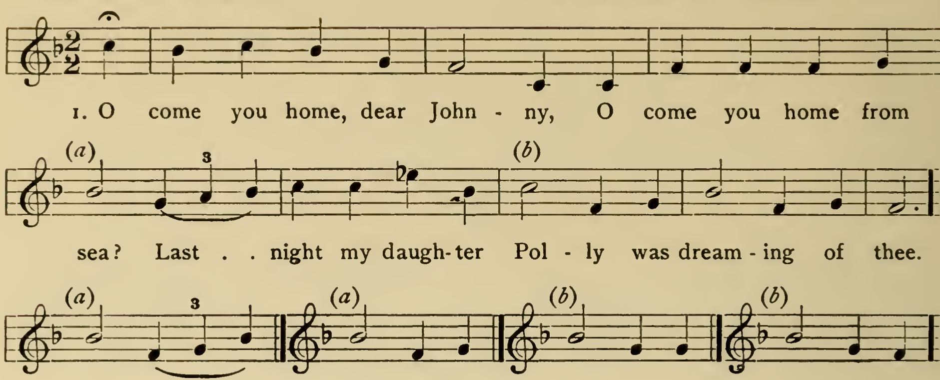
6 She picked up the bloody weapon,
She pierced it through her snow-white breast.
Farewell, mamma, farewell papa,
I'll go with the one that I love best.

No. 48

The Green Bed

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.



2 O what for luck, dear Johnny?
No for luck, says he;
I lost my ship and cargo
All on the raging sea.

3 Go bring your daughter Polly
And set her down by me.
We'll drink a melancholy
And married we will be.

4 My daughter's busy
And can't come in to thee;
Except you wait an hour,
It's one, two and three.

5 O Johnny, being drowsy,
He dropped down his head.
He called for a candle
To light him to bed.

6 My beds they are full
And has been all the week,
And now for your lodging
Out of doors you may seek.

7. It's bring here your reckoning book,
Johnny he did say,
And let me pay my reckoning bill
Before I go away.

8 'Twas then forty guineas
Polly did behold,
And out of his pockets
Drawed handfuls of gold.

9 The old woman she vowed,
And she vowed in a tusk,
Saying what she had said
Had been through a joke.

10 My green beds they are empty
And have been all this week,
Awaiting for you and daughter Polly
To take a pleasant sleep.

11 It's you and your daughter Polly
Both deserves to be burned,
And before I lodge here
I would lodge in a barn.

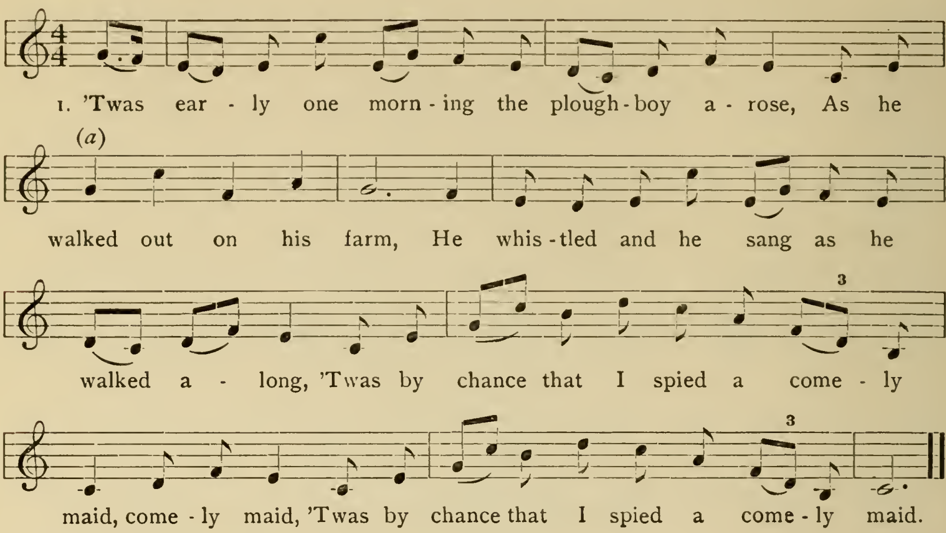
12 Be careful of your money, boys,
And lay it up in store,
And when you have no money, boys,
You're turned out of doors.

No. 49

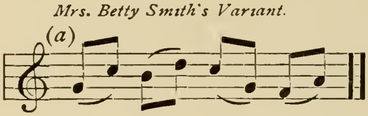
The Simple Ploughboy

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 27, 1916

Major mode.



Mrs. Betty Smith's Variant.



2 Saying: Supposing you fall in love and your parents won't approve,
Straightway they'll send you to sea.
They'll press force against you and hurry you away,
And send you to the wars to be slain.

3 She dressed herself in men's clothes, so costly and so fine,
Her pockets well filled with gold.
She walked up to London and she walked back again
Enquiring for her sailor boy.

4 He has 'listed on the deep and is rolling on the sleet
And has gone to the wars to be slain.
. . . .
. . . .

5 O she threw it on the deck and caught him round his neck,
And she kissed him till she brought him safe on shore,
Saying: The bells may loudly ring and the fair maids may sing;
I'll get married to the lady I adore.

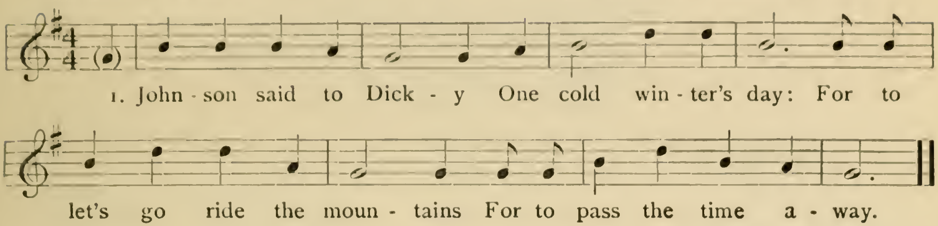
No. 50

The Three Butchers

A

Sung by Mr. Dana Norton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3 (no 6th).



2 They rode up on the mountain,
The mountain being high.
Dicky said to Johnson:
I heard a woman cry.

3 They looked off to the right
And then to the left;
Dicky seen a naked woman
All chained down by herself.

4 Dicky, being kind
To all the female kind,
He wropt a great coat round her
And took her on behind.

5 They rode on a little piece farther
To a certain point of the road.
She slapped three fingers over her eyes
And gave three screams and a cry.

6 Out stepped seven robbers
With weapons in their hands,
Took Dicky by the bridle,
Said: Young man, your life is mine.

7 Johnson said to Dicky:
Let's take wings and fly.
Dicky said to Johnson:
I'll die before I fly.

8 And from that morning
Till the sun set that night,
Dicky killed six of the robbers
And made the seventh take flight.

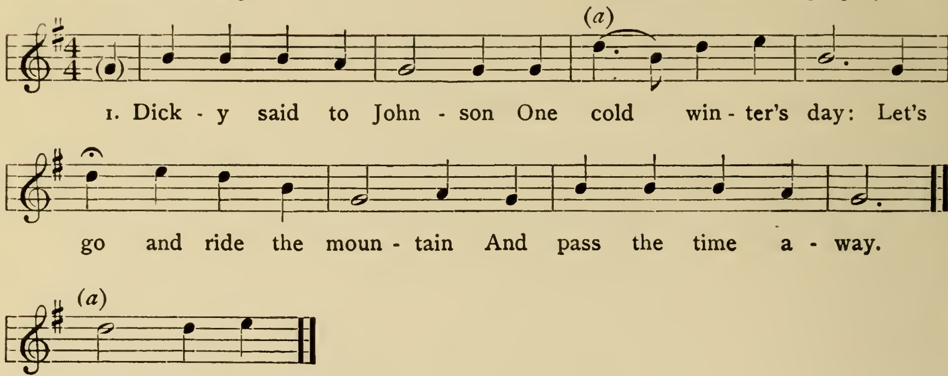
9 Dicky being tired,
He laid down to rest.
That woman stole his dagger
And stuck it in his breast.

10 Good woman, good woman,
Can you tell me the crime you have done?
You have killed the bravest soldier
That ever fought the gun.

B

Sung by Miss Linnie Landers
at Carmen, N. C., Sept. 5, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.

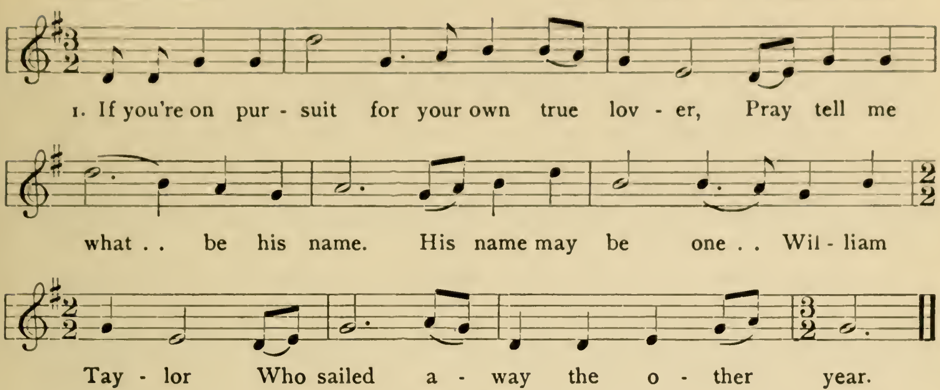


No. 51

William Taylor

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 28, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 If his name may be one William Taylor,
Very like, very like I know the man.
If you'll rise early in the morning,
You'll see him walking down the strand.

3 As she rose early the very next morning,
Just about the break of day,
And she saw her own dear William Taylor
A-walking with his lady gay.

4 If this here is my William Taylor,
Good lord, good lass, what shall I do?
She wrung her lily-white hands and crying,
And overboard her body threw.

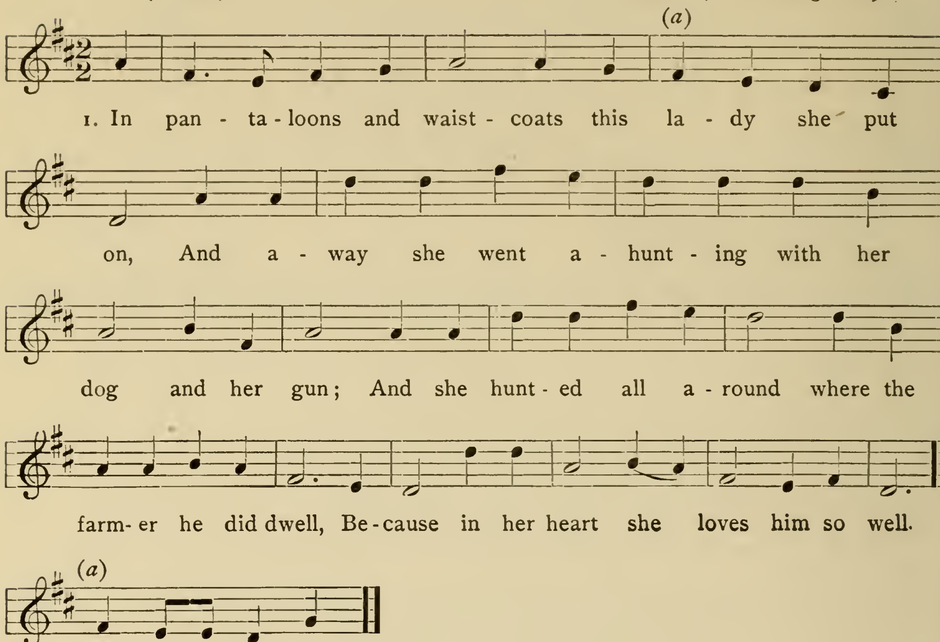
No. 52

The Golden Glove

A

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b (ionian).

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 2, 1916



2 In firing one time but nothing did kill,
Out came the farmer and whistled to his field.
She step-ped up to him, these words she did say:
Why wasn't you at the wedding, the wedding to-day?
Why wasn't you at the wedding to wait upon the Squire
And to give to him his bride?

3 Back to this lady the farmer replied:
I will not give her up for I love her too well.
This pleased this young lady in hearing him so bold.
She gave to him her glove that was covered in gold.

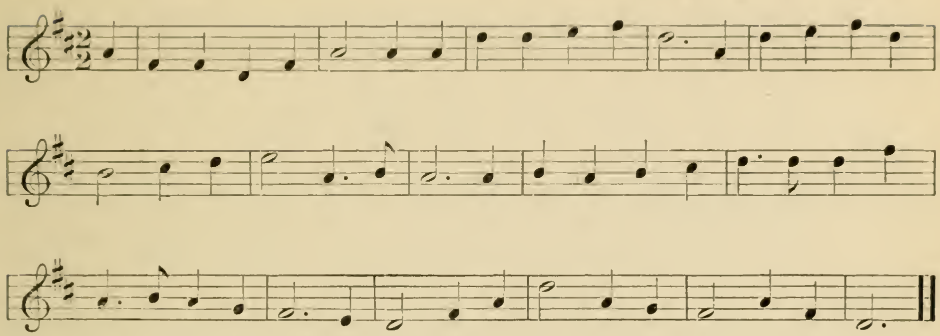
4 I picked it up as I came along,
As I came a-hunting with my dog and my gun;
Returning back home with her heart all filled with love,
Put out the new oration that she had lost her glove.
And if any man will find it and bring it to me,
Him I will marry and his lady I will be.

5 Now I am married I will tell to you my fun,
How I hunted up my farmer with my dog and my gun,
And now I have got him so closely in a share,
I will not give him up I vow and declare.

B

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b (ionian).

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 27, 1916

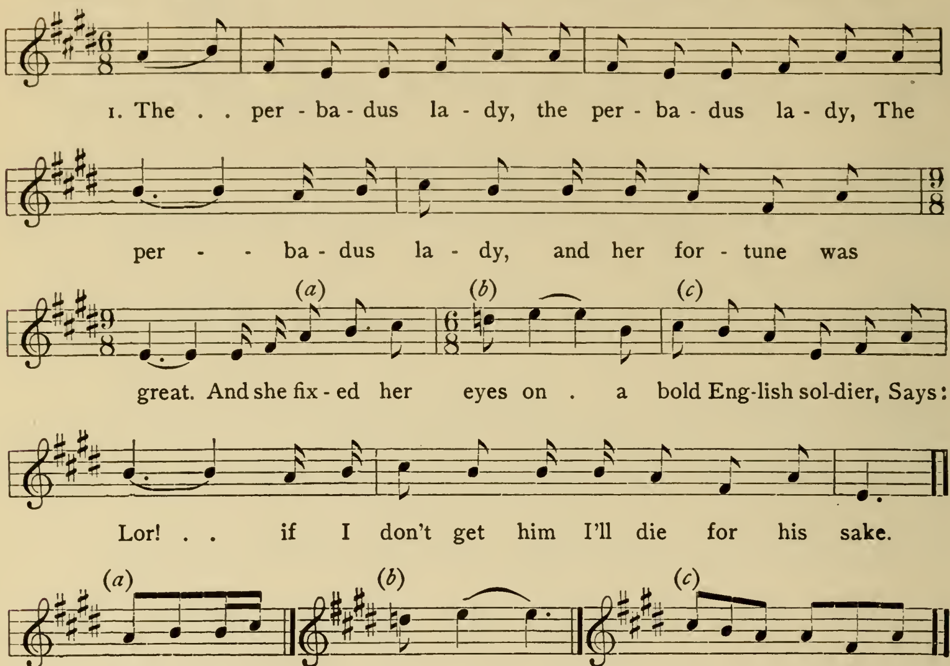


No. 53

Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., July 31, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.



2 A | perbadus lady, a | perbadus lady,
A | perbadus | lady was deep to de- | ny.
But in old English | land I | vowed to a lady,
And | at my re- | turn I must make her my | bride.

3 She | dressed herself in | many rich 'tires
And | in costly | diamonds she plaited her | hair;
A hundred of | slaves she | took to wait on her
And | with her two | maidens she went to him | there.

4 Saying: | Now if you fancy a | perbadus lady,
A | perbadus | lady and her fortune is | great.
Saying: Now if you can | fancy a | perbadus lady,
You shall have | music to | charm you to your silent | sleep.

5 A | perbadus lady, a | perbadus lady,
A | perbadus | lady was deep to | deny.
But in old English | land I | vowed to a lady,
And | at my re- | turn I must make her my | bride.

6 Whilst | he was a-sailing back | to his true lover,
She | wrote a | letter to the boatswain her | friend,
Saying : A handsome re- | ward I | surely will give you
If | you the | life of young Jemmy will | end.

7 For the | sake of the money and for the | wit of the beauty,
As | they were a- | lonely the same did com- | plete,
And as they were a- | lonely a-| sailing together,
He | suddenly | did plant him into the | deep.

8 In the | dead time of night when they | all lie a-sleeping,
A | trouble it | did to her window appear,
Saying: Rise you up | here, it's | here, pretty Nancy,
And | 'fer to the | vows that you made to your | dear.

9 She | raised her head off her | soft downy pillow
And | straight to her | gazement (casement) she did ap- | pear,
And the | moon being | bright and so | clearly shining :
That | surely | must be the voice of my | dear.

10 O | yes, dearest Nancy, I | am your true lover,
| Dead or a- | live you know you're my | own,
And now for your | promises | I am pursuing
To | follow me | down to the watery | tomb.

11 O | yes, dearest Jemmy, I'll | soon be a-going,
I'll | soon plunge | into your arms a- | sleep.
And no sooner this | unfortuned | lady she spoken,
She | suddenly | did plunge herself into the | deep.

12 Then | at the sea-side he was | tried for the murder
And | at the ship's | arms he was hung for the | same ;
And the old man's heart was | broke and he | died for his daughter
Be | fore the | ship into the harbour it | came.

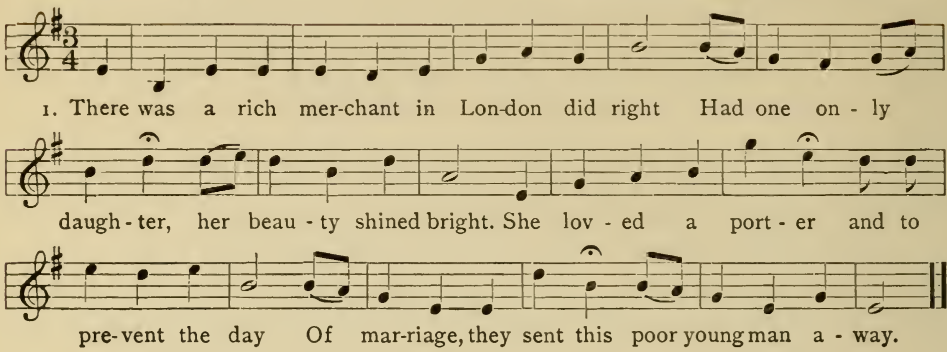
No. 54

The Silk Merchant's Daughter

A

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., July 31, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



2 O now he is gone for to serve his king,
It grieves this lady to think of the thing.
She dressed herself up in rich merchant's shape,
She wandered away her true love for to seek.

3 As she was a-travelling one day, almost night,
A couple of Indians appeared in her sight,
And as they drew nigh her, O this they did say:
Now we are resolved to take your life away.

4 She had nothing by her but a sword to defend,
These barbarous Indians murder intend.
But in the contest one of them she did kill
Which caused the other for to leave the hill.

5 As she was a-sailing over the tide,
She spied a city down by the sea-side.
She saw her dear porter a-walking the street,
She made it her business her true love to meet.

6 How do you do, sir, where do you belong?
I'm a-hunting a diamond and I must be gone.
He says: I'm no sailor, but if you want a man,
For my passage over I'll do all I can.

7 Then straightway they both went on board.
Says the captain to the young man: What did you do with
your sword?
On account of long travel on him she did gaze.
Once by my sword my sweet life did save.

8 Then straightway to London their ship it did steer,
Such utter destruction to us did appear
It was all out on main sea, to our discontent.
Our ship sprung a leak and to the bottom she went.

9 There was four and twenty of us contained in one boat,
Our provision gave out and our allowance grew short.
Our provisions gave out and death drawing nigh,
Says the captain: Let's cast lots for to see who shall die.

10 Then down on a paper each man's name was wrote,
Each man ran his venture, each man had his note.
Amongst the whole ship's crew this maid's was the least,
It was her lot to die for to feed all the rest.

11 Now, says the captain, let's cast lots and see
Amongst the ship's crew who the butcher will be.
It's the hardest of fortune you ever did hear,
This maid to be killed by the young man, her dear.

12 He called for a basin for to catch the blood
While this fair lady a-trembling stood,
Saying: Lord, have mercy on me, how my poor heart do bleed
To think I must die, hungry men for to feed.

13 Then he called for a knife his business to do.
She says: Hold your hand for one minute or two.
A silk merchant's daughter in London I be;
Pray see what I've come to by loving of thee.

14 Then she showed a ring betwixt them was broke.
Knowing the ring, with a sigh he spoke:
For the thoughts of your dying my poor heart will burst,
For the hopes of your long life, love, I will die first.

15 Says the captain: If you love her you'll make amend,
But the fewest of number will die for a friend,
So quicken the business and let it be done.
But while they were speaking they all heard a gun.

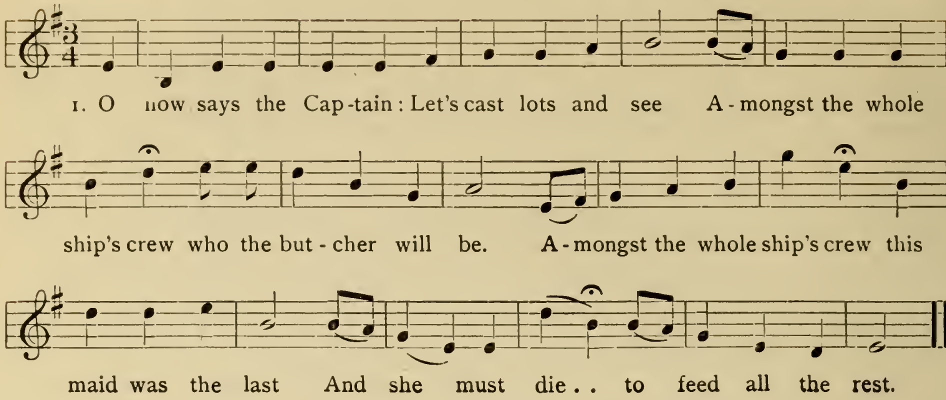
16 Says the captain: You may now all hold your hand,
We all hear a gun, we are near ship or land.
In about half an hour to us did appear
A ship bound for London which did our hearts cheer.
It carried us safe over and us safe conveyed,
And then they got married this young man and maid.

The Silk Merchant's Daughter

B

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 17, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



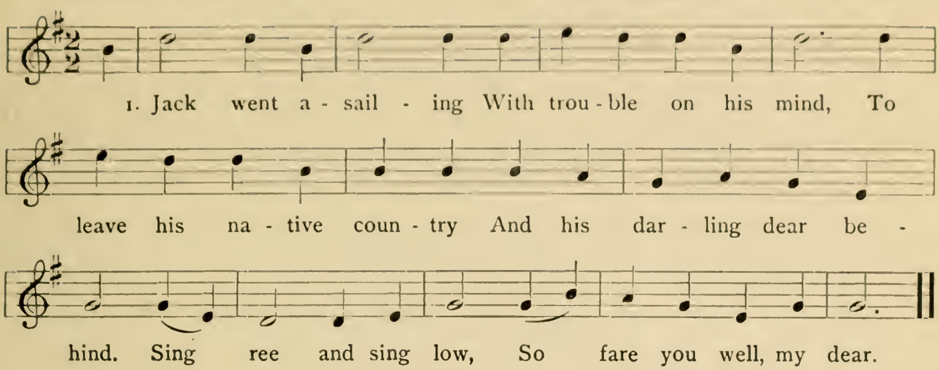
No. 55

Jack Went A-Sailing

A

Sung by Mrs. Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 26, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 She dressed herself in men's array,
And apparel she put on;
Unto the field of battle
She marched her men along.

3 Your cheeks too red and rosy,
Your fingers too neat and small,
And your waist too slim and slender
To face a cannon ball.

4 My cheeks are red and rosy,
My fingers neat and small,
But it never makes me tremble
To face a cannon ball.

5 The battle being ended,
She rode the circle round,
And through the dead and dying,
Her darling dear she found.

6 She picked him up all in her arms,
She carried him down to town,
And sent for a London doctor
To heal his bleeding wounds.
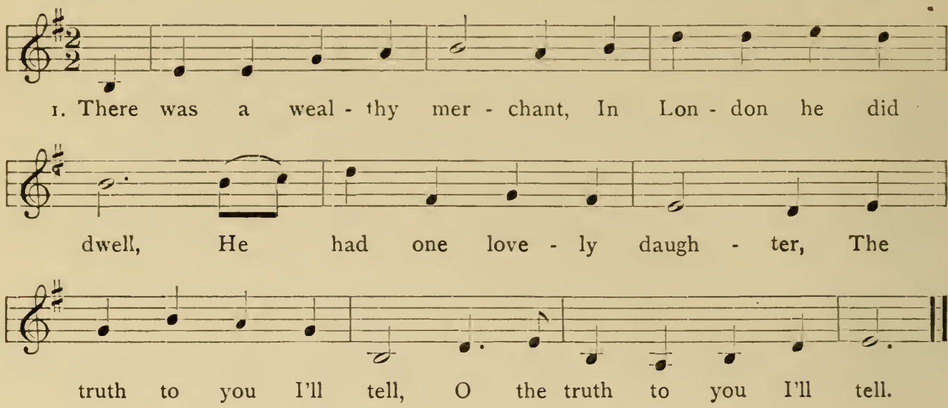
7 This couple they got married,
So well they did agree;
This couple they got married,
And why not you and me?

Jack Went A-Sailing

B

Heptatonic. Mode 2,
a + b (æolian).

Sung by Mrs. Combs
at Knott County, Ky., August, 1908



2 She had sweethearts a-plenty,
She courted both day and night,
Till all on the sailor boy
She placed her heart's delight.

3 Her father heard the callin',
So quickly he came in.
Good morning, Mrs. Frasier,
Is that your sweetheart's name?

4 I will lock you in my dungeon,
Your body I'll confine,
If there is none but Jacky Frasier
That will ever suit your mind.

5 You can lock me in your dungeon,
It is hard to be confined,
But there is none but Jacky Frasier
That will ever suit my mind.

6 O daughter, O daughter,
If you will quit that boy to-day,
I'll pay him forty shillings
To bear him far away.

7 She answered him quickly, quickly,
I'll quit that boy to-day;
But yet all in her heart
She loved her darling still.

8 When her father saw him coming,
He flew in an angry way.
She gave him forty shillings
To bear him far away.

9 He sailed East, and he sailed West
All across the deep blue sea,
So safely he got landed
In the wars of Germany.

10 This girl being a girl of honour
With money in her hand,
She set her resolution
To visit some foreign land.

11 She went down to a tailor's shop
And dressed all in men's gray,
And laboured for the captain
To bear her far away.

12 Your waist is too long and slender,
Your fingers too long and small,
Your cheeks too red and rosy
To face the cannon ball.

13 It's true my waist is long and slender,
My fingers they are small;
It would not change my countenance
To see ten thousand fall.

14 Kind sir, your name I would like to know
Before aboard you go.
She smiled all in her countenance:
They call me Jackaro.

15 She sailed all over the ocean,
All over the deep blue sea;
So safely she got landed
In the wars of Germany.

16 She went out to the battlefield,
She viewed it up and down;
Among the dead and wounded
Her darling boy she found.

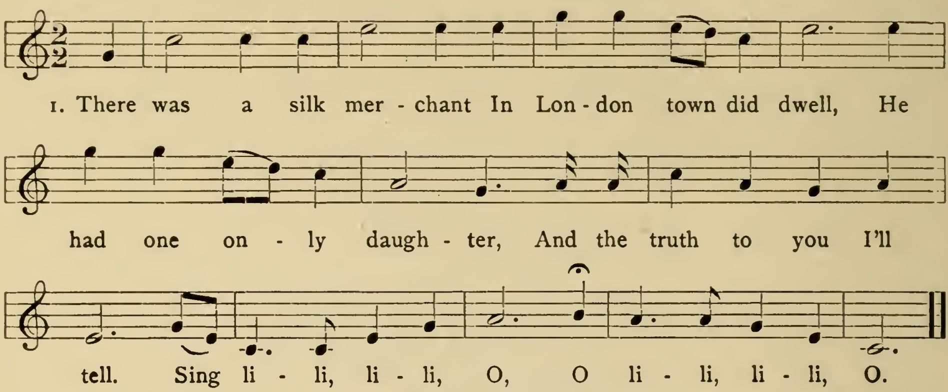
17 She picked him up all in her arms
And carried him to the town,
Enquiring for a doctor
To heal his bloody wound.

18 So here's a handsome couple
So quickly did agree.
How stylish they got married,
And why not you and me?

C

Sung by Miss MacKinney
at Habersham Co., Ga., May 28, 1910

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



2 This young lady she was courted
By men of high degree;
There was none but Jack the sailor
Would ever do for she.

3 As soon as her waiting-maid
Heard what she did say,
She went unto her father
With her heart content.

4 Dear daughter, if this be true
What I have heard of you,
It's Jackie shall be vanished
And you confined shall be.

5 This body you may have,
My heart you can't confine;
There's none but Jack the sailor
That can have this heart of mine.

6 Poor Jackie, he's gone sailing
With trouble on his mind,
A-leaving of his country
And darling girl behind.

7 Poor Jackie, he's gone sailing,
His face we shall see no more.
He's landed at San Flanders
On the dismal sandy shore.

8 She went into the tailor shop
And dressed in men's array,
And went into a vessel
To convey herself away.

9 Before you step on board, sir,
Your name I'd like to know.
She smiled all over her countenance:
They call me Jack Monroe.

10 Your waist is light and slender,
Your fingers neat and small,
Your cheeks too red and rosy
To face the cannon ball.

11 I know my waist is light and slender,
My fingers are neat and small,
But I never change my countenance
To face the cannon ball.

12 The wars being over,
She hunted all around
Among the dead and wounded,
And her darling boy she found.

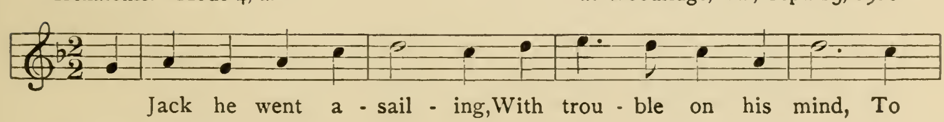
13 She picked him all up in her arms
And carried him to the town,
And sent for a physician
Who quickly healed his wounds.

14 This couple they got married,
So well did they agree.
This couple they got married,
And why not you and me?

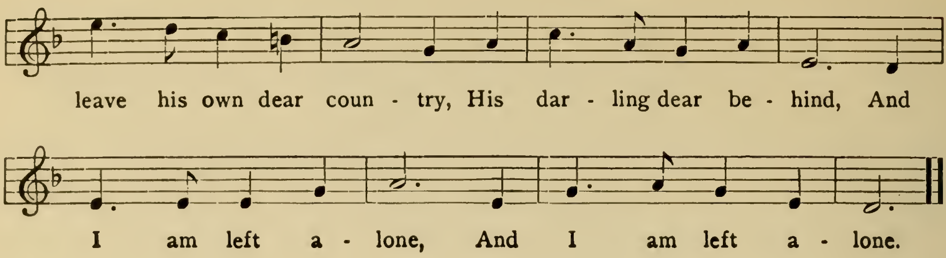
D

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 23, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.*



* If A be tonic: — Mode 2, a.


leave his own dear coun - try, His dar - ling dear be - hind, And
I am left a - lone, And I am left a - lone.

SONGS

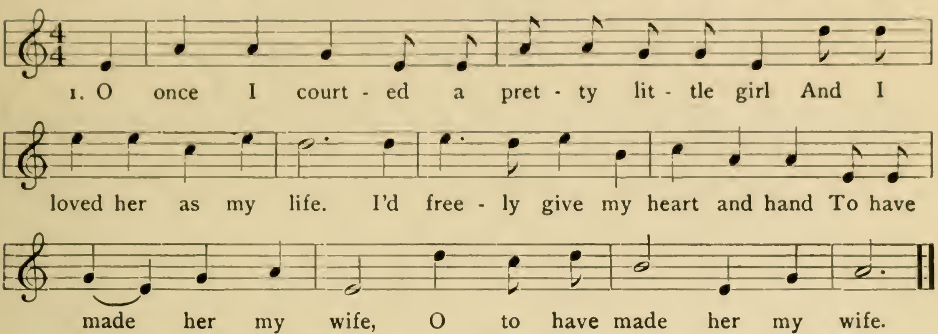
No. 56

The Rejected Lover

A

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 25, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



2 I took her by the hand
And I led her to the door.
I kindly asked this pretty girl
To kiss me once more,
O to kiss me once more.

3 O who will shoe your feet, my love,
And who will glove your hands,
And who will kiss your ruby lips
When I'm in the far-off land?

4 My father'll shoe my feet, my love,
My mother will glove my hand,
And you may kiss my ruby lips
When you come from far-off land.

5 My being gone six long months,
It gave her room to complain,
And she wrote me a letter, saying:
You can't come again.

6 One cold winter night when I was a-riding
And a-drinking of good wine,
And a-thinking of the pretty little girl
That stole that heart of mine.
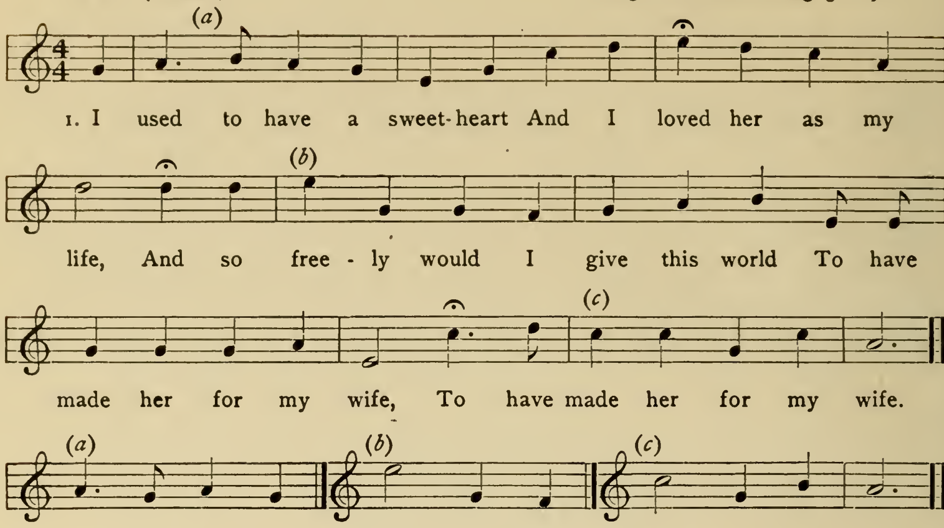
7 I wish I'd a-died when I was young,
Or never had a-been born,
For I never would have met her rosy cheeks,
Nor heard her flattering tongue.

The Rejected Lover

B

Heptatonic. Mode 2,
a + b (æolian).

Sung by Mrs. ADDY CRANE
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1916



2 She took me by the hand
As we stood all in the door,
And the words she said to me
Was to come back no more,
O to come back no more.

3 I stayed away six weeks
And it caused her to complain.
She wrote me a letter, saying:
Come back again,
O come back again.

4 I wrote her an answer
Just for to let her know
That no young man would venture
Where he once could not go,
O he once could not go.

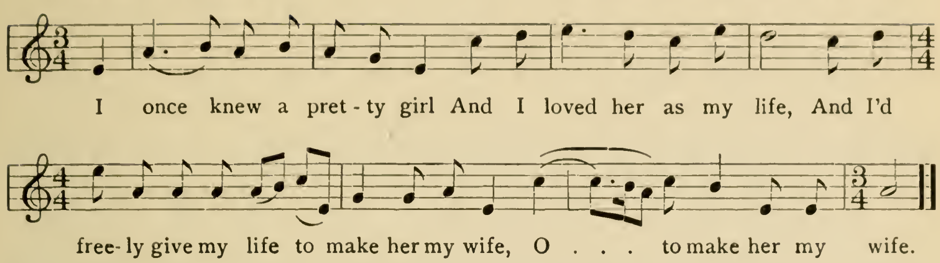
5 Come all you fair young men
And a warning take by me.
Never place your affections
On a green growing tree,
O a green growing tree.

6 The leaves they will wither,
And the roots they will decay;
And the beauty of a fair young girl
Will soon fade away,
O will soon fade away.

C

Sung by Mr. Wesley Batten
at Mount Fair, Va., Sept. 22, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



2 And she took me by the hand,
And she led me to the door,
And she put her arms around me,
Saying: You can't come any more,
O you can't come any more.

3 And I'd not been gone but six months
Before she did complain;
And she wrote me a letter
Saying: O do come again,
O do come again.

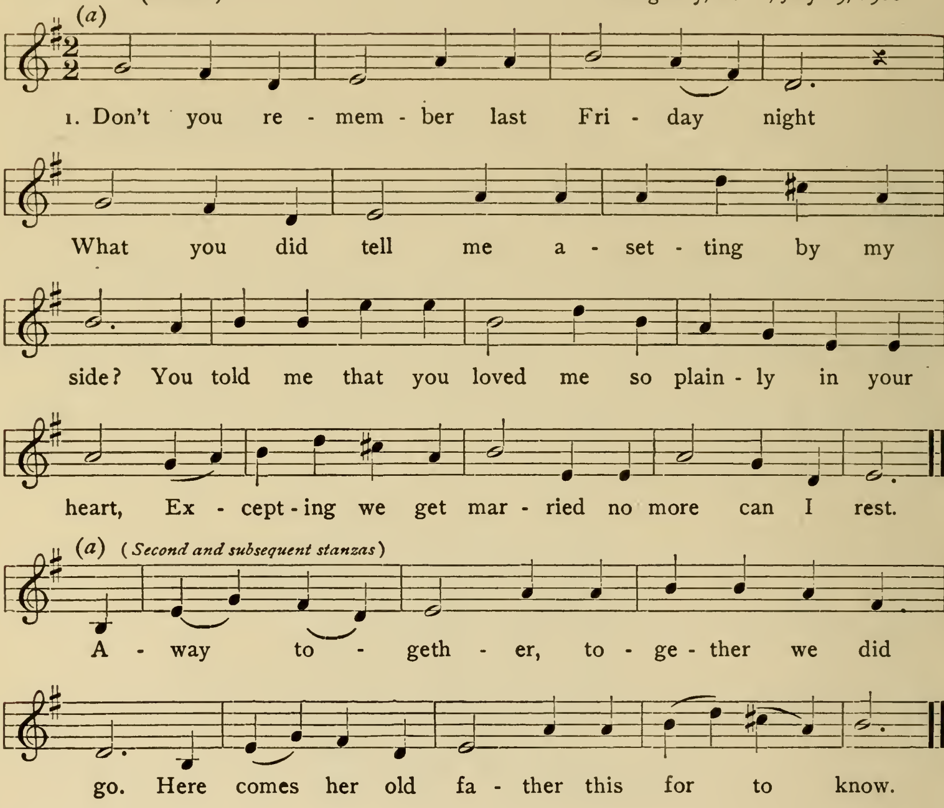
No. 57

The Lover's Lament

A

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b (dorian).

Sung by Mrs. Noah Shelton at Alleghany, N. C., July 29, 1916



2 Away together, together we did go.
Here comes her old father this for to know.
He put her in a room and he locked her up so severely,
That he never got to see you, my dear.

3 Away to the window, to the window she did go
To see whether he could see his love or no.
The answer that she made him with the tears all in her eyes,
She loved the man that loved her and she'd love him till she died.

4 Away to the wars, to the wars he did go,
To see whether he could forget his love or no.
He served one long year, he served his king,
And in one more long year he returned home again.

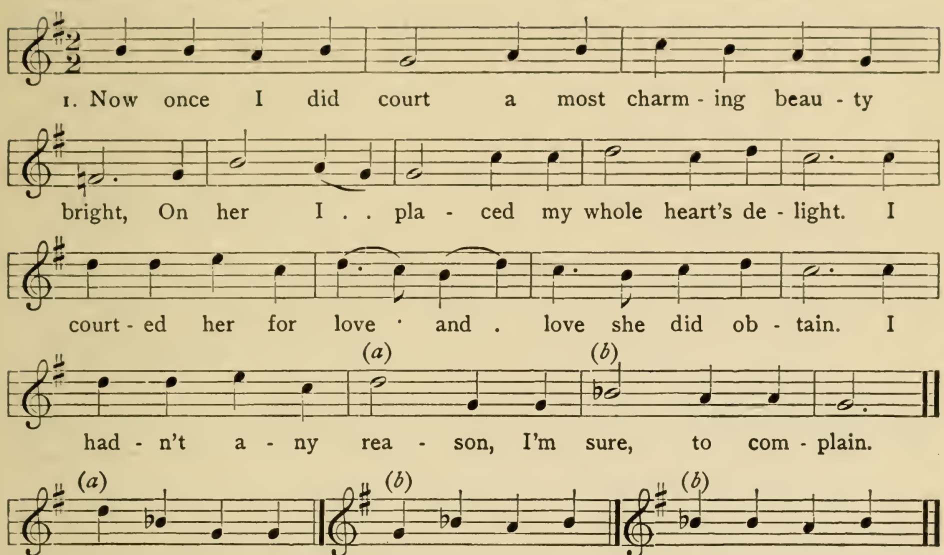
5 As he come along his arms were shining bright,
The most of his thoughts were his own heart's delight.
When her old mother saw him she wrung her hands and cried,
Said her daughter loved him dearly and for his sake she died.

6 Where does her grave lie, does this lie here?
If this does lie here, pray put me by her side.
Come all you young people and pity poor me,
Pity my misfortune and sad misery.

B

Sung by Mr. T. JEFF STOCKTON
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b



2 Then I enlisted, to the army I did go,
To see if I could forget my love or no.
But when I got there the army shined so bright,
On her I placed my whole heart's delight.

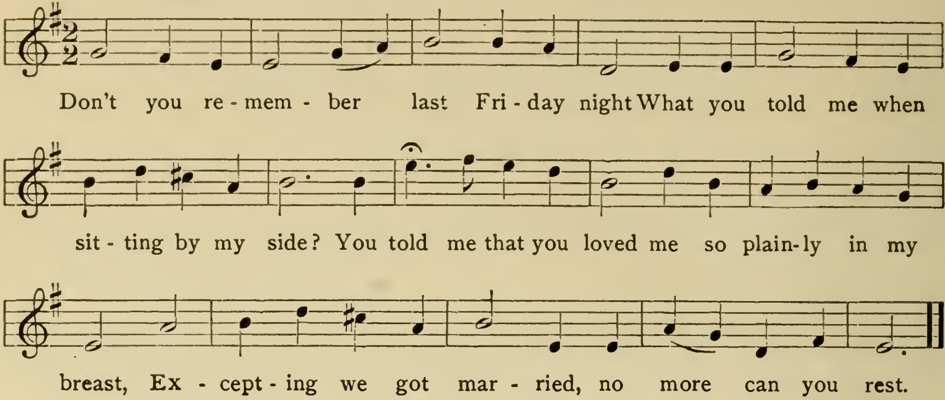
3 Seven long years I served under the king,
Seven long years I returned home again,
And when I got there her parents sighed and cried,
Saying: My daughter dearly loved you and for your sake she died

4 Then I was struck like a man that was slain,
The tears from my eyes fell like showers of rain,
Crying: O-o-o, what shall I do?
My true love's in her silent tomb and I wish I was there too.

C

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b (dorian).
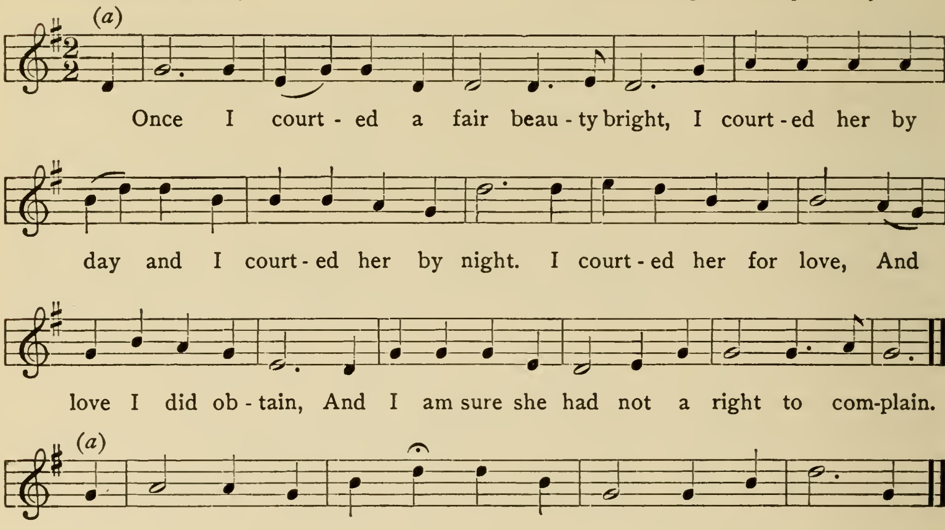
Sung by Mrs. Rosie and Miss Emma Hensley at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 10, 1916



D

Pentatonic. Mode 3.

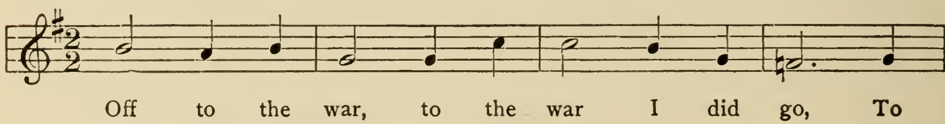
Sung by Mrs. Kate Campbell at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 21, 1916

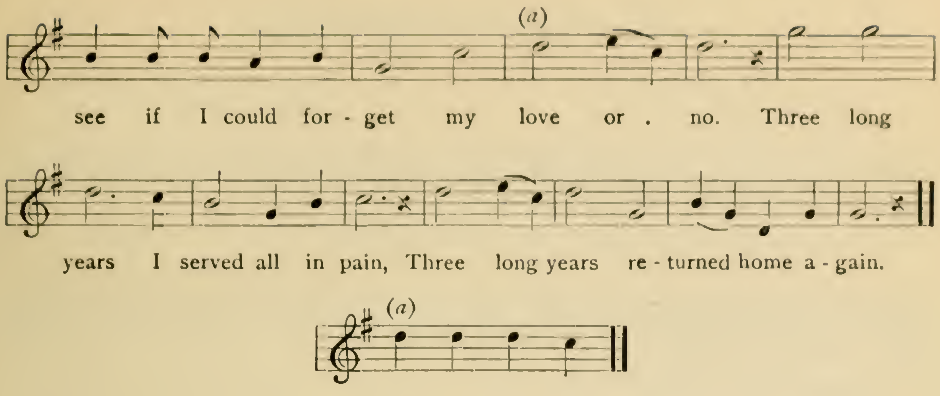


E

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. Lizzie Roberts at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916



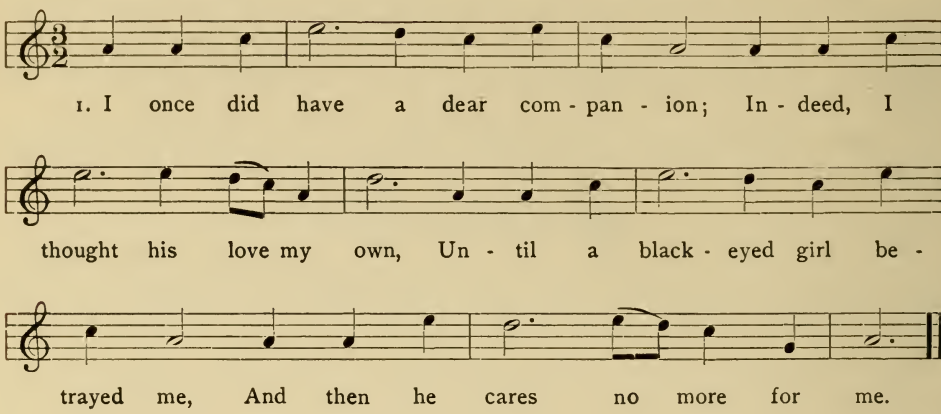

(a)
see if I could for - get my love or . no. Three long
years I served all in pain, Three long years re - turned home a - gain.
(a)

No. 58

The Dear Companion

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Ang. 8, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2.



2 Just go and leave me if you wish to,
It will never trouble me,
For in your heart you love another
And in my grave I'd rather die.

3 Last night while you were sweetly sleeping
Dreaming of some sweet repose,
While me a poor girl broken, broken hearted,
Listen to the wind that blows.
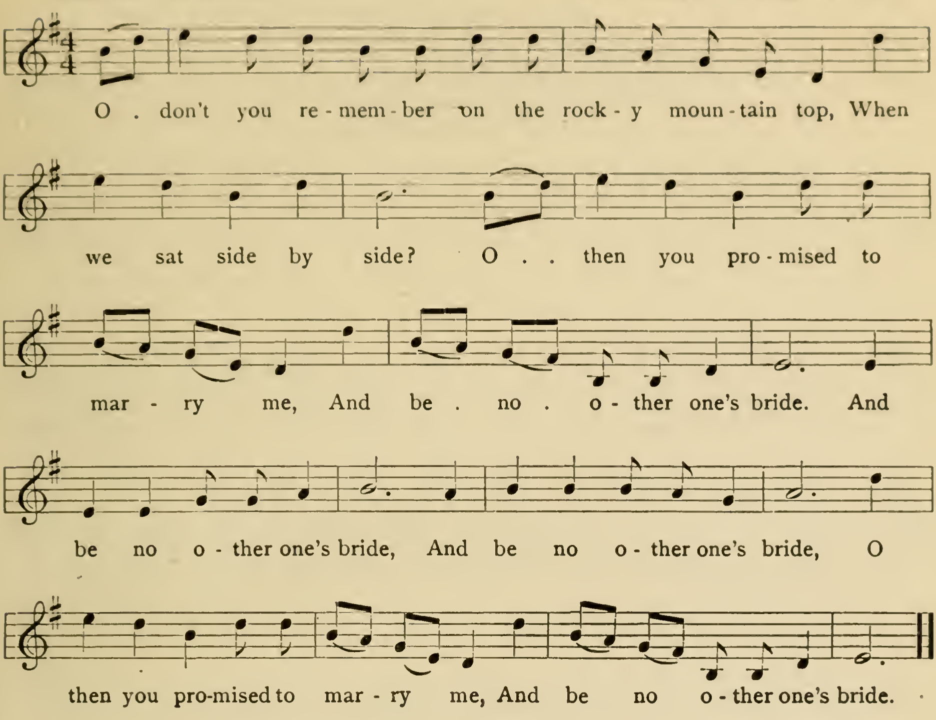
4 When I see your babe a-laughing
It makes me think of your sweet face,
But when I see your babe a-crying
It makes me think of my disgrace.

No. 59

The Rocky Mountain Top

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 10, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



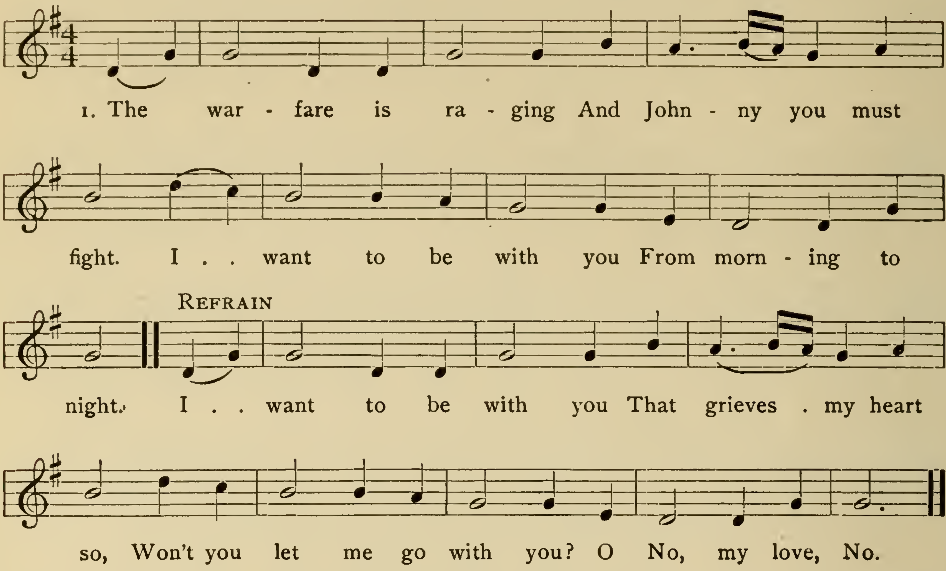
No. 60

The Warfare is Raging

A

Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 6, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 O Johnny, O Johnny,
I think it's you're unkind,
When I love you much better
Than all other mankind.

3 I'll roach back my hair,
And men's clothing I'll put on,
And I'll act as your servant
As they march along.

4 I'll go to your general,
Get down upon my knees,
Five hundred bright guineas
I'll give for your release.

5 She has rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes
And she carries music
Wherever she goes.

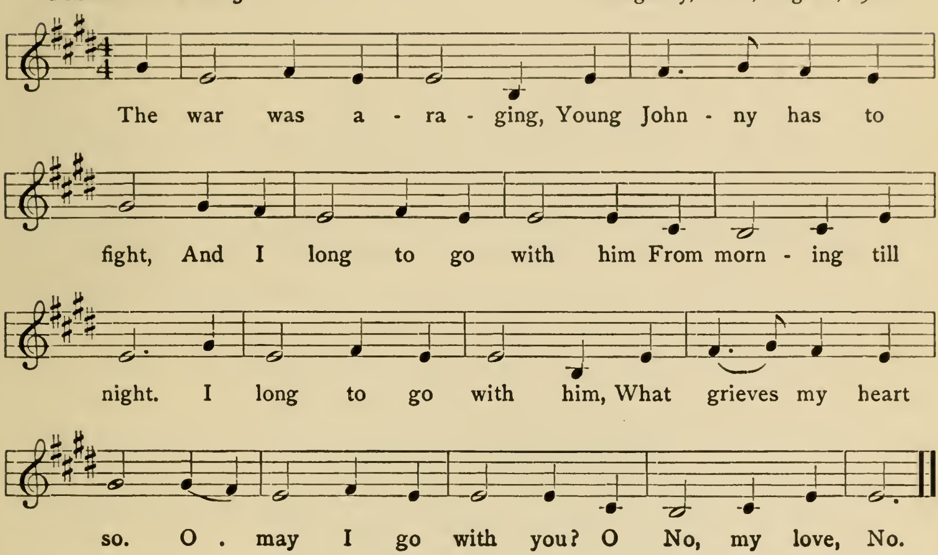
6 When you're standing on the picket
Some cold winter day,
Them red rosy cheeks
They will all fade away.
Them red rosy cheeks,
That grieves my heart so.
Won't you let me go with you?
O Yes, my love, Yes.

The refrain is repeated after each stanza, the third line of the stanza in each case forming the first line of the refrain.

B

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 12, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



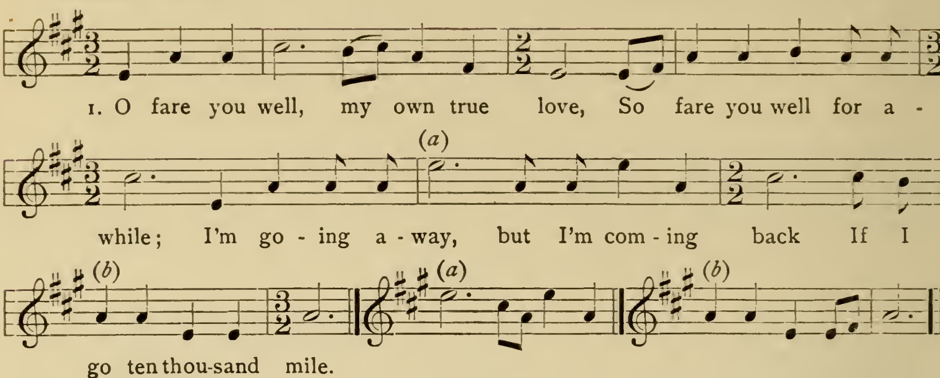
No. 61

The True Lover's Farewell

A

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 10, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 If I prove false to you, my love,
The earth may melt and burn,
The sea may freeze and the earth may burn,
If I no more return.

3 Ten thousand miles, my own true love,
Ten thousand miles or more;
The rocks may melt and the sea may burn,
If I never no more return.

4 And who will shoe your pretty little feet,
Or who will glove your hand,
Or who will kiss your red rosy cheek
When I'm in the foreign land?

5 My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mother will glove my hand,
And you can kiss my red rosy cheek
When you return again.

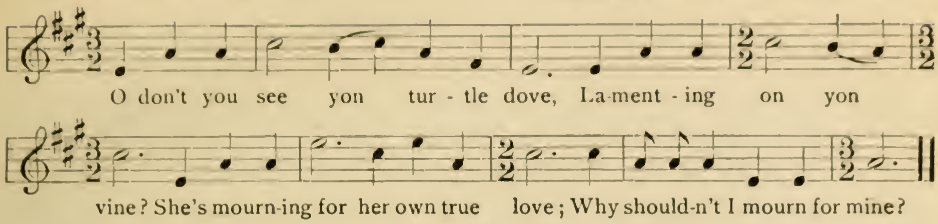
6 O don't you see yon little turtle dove,
A-skipping from vine to vine,
A-mourning the loss of its own true love
Just as I mourn for mine?

7 Don't you see yon pretty little girl
A-spinning on yonder wheel?
Ten thousand gay, gold guineas would I give
To feel just like she feels.

B

Sung by Mrs. Sulvaney Ramsey
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1916

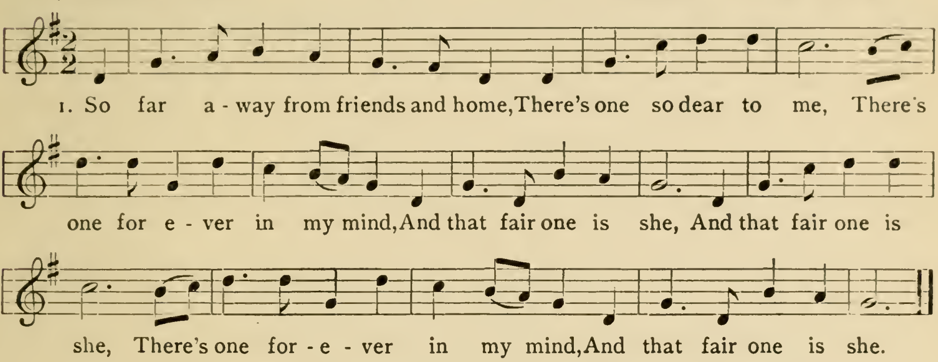
Pentatonic. Mode 3.



C

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b
(with sharpened 7th).

Sung by Mrs. Ellie Johnson
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916



2 Come back, come back, my own true love,
And stay awhile with me,
For if ever I had a friend on this earth,
You have been a friend to me.

3 Hush up, hush up, my own true love,
For I hate to hear you cry;
For the best of friends on earth must part,
And so must you and I.

4 Don't you see that lonesome dove
A-flitting from pine to pine?
She's mourning for her own true love
Just like I mourn for mine.

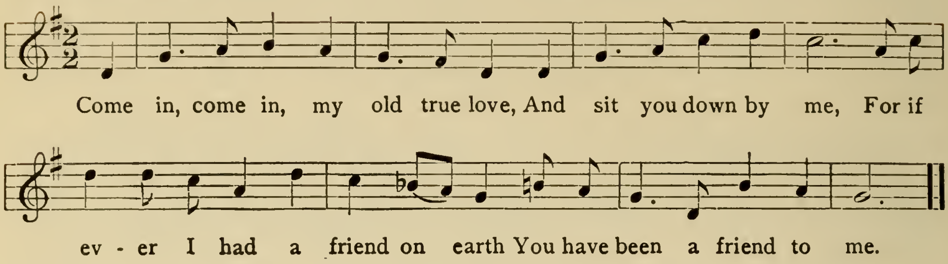
5 O don't you see the crow fly high?
She turns both black and white.
If ever I prove false to you,
Bright day shall turn to night.

6 O take this ring I will to thee
And wear it on your right hand
And think of my poor aching heart
When I'm in some foreign land.

D

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b
(with sharpened 7th).

Sung by Mrs. Carrie Ford
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 18, 1916



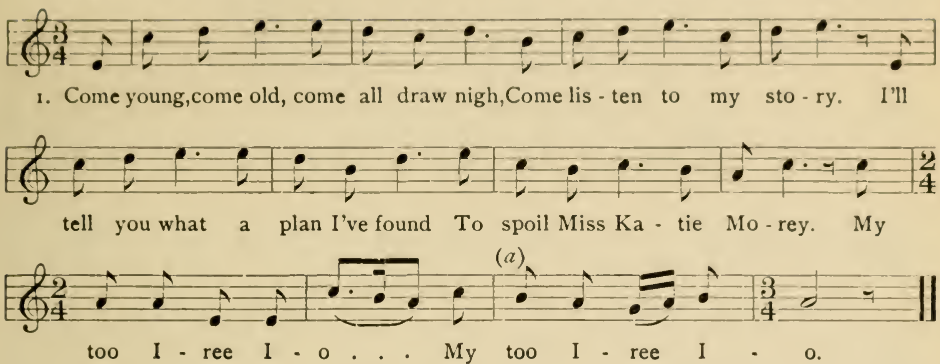
No. 62

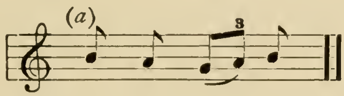
Katie Morey

A

Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.





2 I went unto her father's house
Just like a clever fellow,
I told her that the plums and grapes were ripe,
Yes, they were fine and mellow.

3 She says: My dear, my dearest dear,
There's something else to betray us,
My father dear is on his way,
And he'll be sure to see us.

4 But if the highest tree it's you could climb,
Till he gets out of sight, sir,
It's then we'll go to yonders grove
And spend one happy hour.

5 The tree was rough, he climbed so tough,
And on the top he stopped, sir,
And every jerk he tore his shirt,
And on the top he stopped, sir.

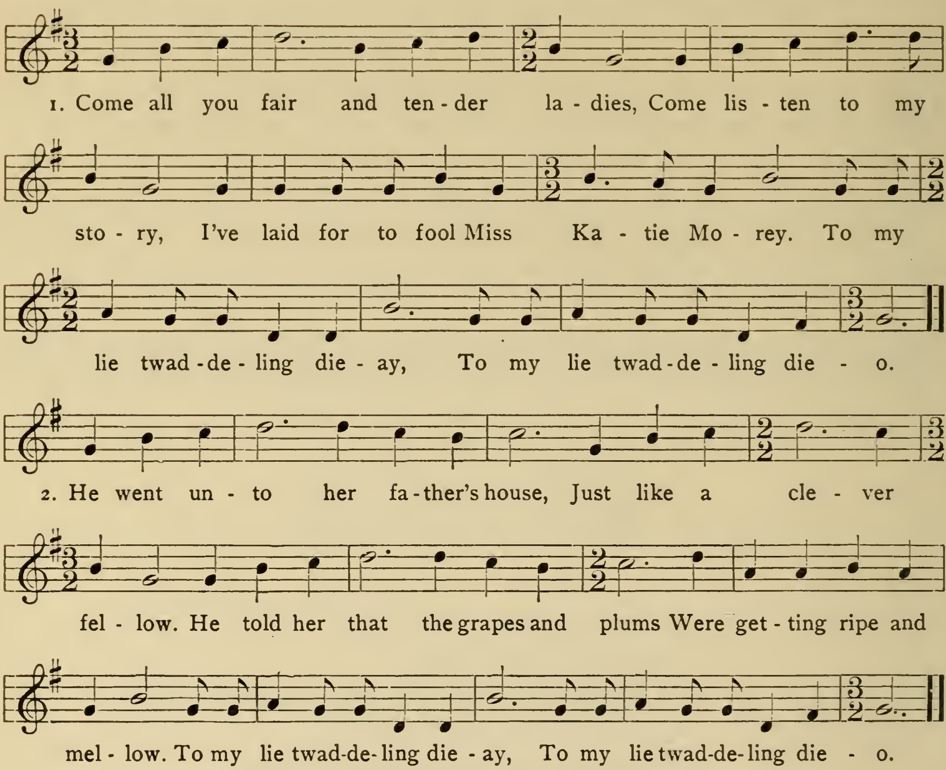
6 As she went trippling over the plains,
She looked so neat and active.
And there he sot in the top of the tree
Almost raving distracted.

Katie Morey

B

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b (no 6th).

Sung by Mrs. Hester House at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916



The rest of the verses are sung like the second verse with the exception of the fourth, in which the first four lines are sung as in the second verse and the remaining three as in the first.

3 He told her that his sister Anne
Was down in yonders valley,
And wanted her for to come down there
And spend one half an hour.

4 As they went sporting through the fields
She squeezed his hand and seemed well pleased.
There ain't but one thing I fear, sir,
And that is my old father,
And he's down this way and he'll see us here together.
I'll go and strive to climb yonder tree
Till he get's away, sir.

5 She stood and gazed upon him
For to see how high he 'scended.
Your ugly looks I do disdain;
You look just like an owl, sir.

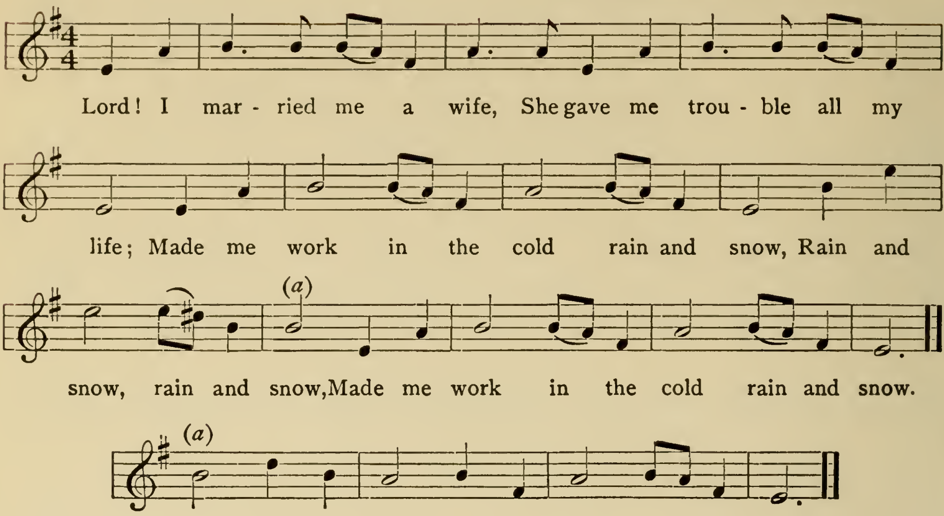
6 You may eat your grapes and suck your stems,
For I am a-going to the house, sir.
And every time she looks at me and smiles,
It makes me think of climbing.

No. 63

Rain and Snow

Pentatonic. Mode 4 (with sharpened 7th).

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 18, 1916



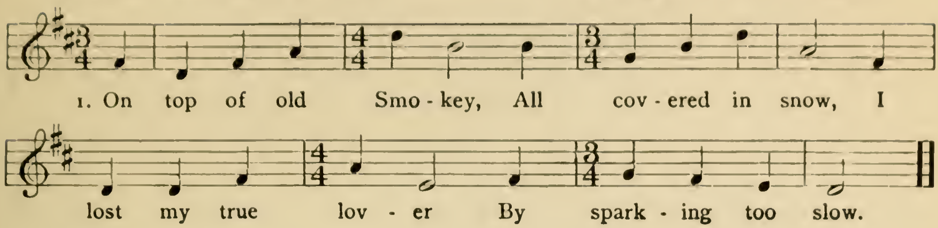
No. 64

The Wagoner's Lad

A

Sung by Miss Memory Shelton
at Alleghany, N. C., July 29, 1916

Hexatonic. Major Mode (no 7th).



2 Sparking is pleasure,
Parting is grief,
And a false-hearted lover
Is worse than a thief.

3 A thief will only rob you,
Will take what you have,
And a false-hearted lover
Will take you to the grave.

4 The grave will only decay you,
Will turn you to the dust.
There is not one girl out of a hundred
A poor boy can trust.

5 They will tell you they love you
To give your heart ease,
And as soon as you back up on them
They'll court who they please.

6 It's a-raining, it's a-hailing,
The moon it gives no light,
Your horses can't travel
This dark, lonesome night.

7 Go put up your horses,
Feed them some hay;
Come sit down here by me, love,
As long as you stay.

8 My horses are not hungry,
Won't eat your hay,
So farewell, my little darling,
I'll feed on my way.

9 I will drive on to Georgia,
Write you my mind ;
My mind is to marry, love,
And leave you behind.

10 Your parents is against me,
Mine is the same.
If I'm down on your book, love,
Please rub off my name.

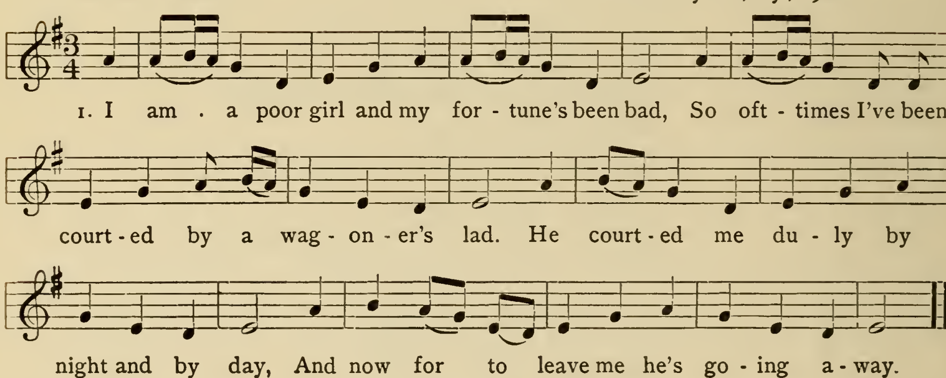
11 I go upon old Smokey
On the mountain so high,
Where the wild birds and the turtle doves
Can hear my sad cries.

12 As soon as the dewdrops
Grow on the green grass.
Last night she was with me,
But to-night she is gone.

B

Sung by Miss ZILPHA ROBINSON
at Clay Co., Ky., 1908

Pentatonic. Mode 2.



2 So early next morning I did arise,
A-crossing deep waters with tears in my eyes.
Your horses are hungry, go feed them some hay,
So come and stand by me so long you do stay

3 My horses are not hungry, they won't eat your dry hay,
So fare you well, loving Nancy, I have no time to stay.
Your horse is to saddle, your wagon's to grease,
Come sit you down by me before you do leave.

4 My horses are saddled, my whip's in my hand,
So fare you well, loving Nancy, I've no time to stand.
Your parents don't like me because I am poor,
They say I'm not worthy of entering their door.

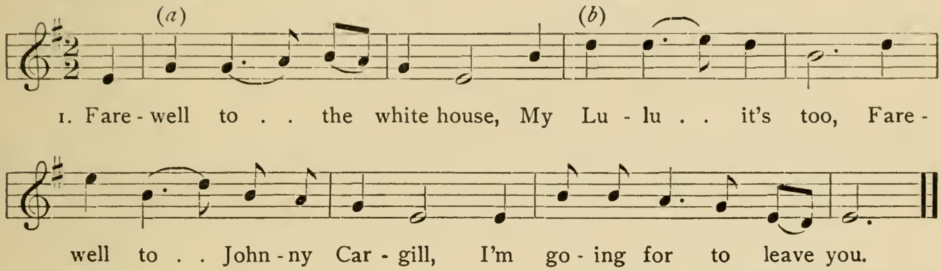
5 Some day they will rue it, but they will rue it in vain,
For love it is a killing, a tormenting pain.
I must go and leave you to see you no more.
I left her a-weeping on the new river shore.

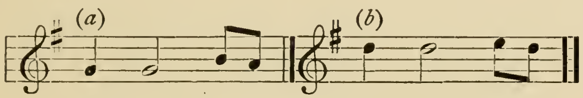
6 I can love little, or I can love long,
I can love an old sweetheart till a new one comes on;
I can hug and I can kiss them and prove to them kind,
I can turn my back upon them and also my mind.

C

Sung by Mrs. Kitty Gwynne
at Flag Pond, Tenn, Sept. 5, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2.





2 I came to his city
To stay for a while.
I left my dear people
A many of a long mile.

3 It's raining, it's hailing,
The stars give no light,
My horses can't travel
This dark lonesome night.

4 Go put up your horses,
And feed them some hay;
Come sit down beside me
As long as you stay.

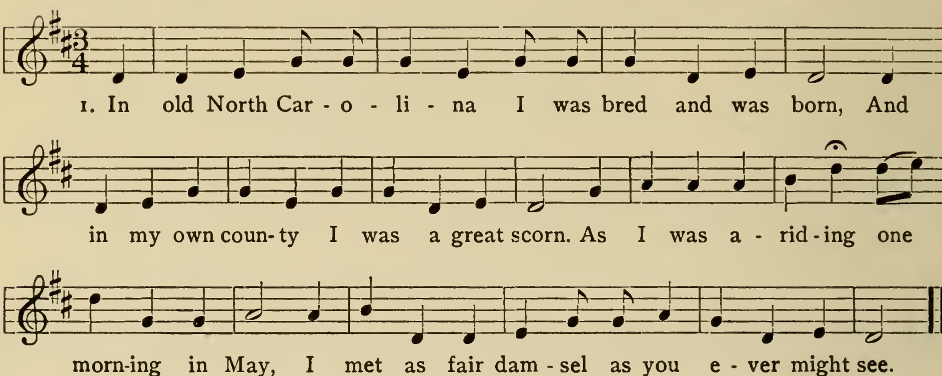
5 My horses ain't hungry,
They can't eat your hay;
I'll drive on to Georgia
And feed on the way.

6 It's when I get to Georgia,
I'll write you my mind.
My mind is to marry
And leave you behind.

D

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1.



2 I viewed her features and she pleased me well;
I forced all on her my mind for to tell.
She quickly consented my bride for to be,
But her parents wasn't willing for she to have me.

3 I am a poor girl and my fortune is bad,
And I've duly been courted by the wagoner lad,
I've duly been courted by night and by day,
But now he's a-loaded, he's going away.

4 Your horses is hungry, go feed them some hay,
Come set down beside me, is all I can say.
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay,
So farewell, pretty Nancy, I've no time to stay.

5 Your horses is not geared up, nor your whip in your hand,
Come set you down by me, just at my command.
My horses is geared up, my whip in my hand,
So farewell, pretty Nancy, I've no time to stand.

6 I've duly been courted by day and by night,
I've duly been courted by the wagoner lad.
But now he's loading, he's going away;
But if ever I meet him, I'll crown him with joy,
And kiss the sweet lips of my wagoner boy.

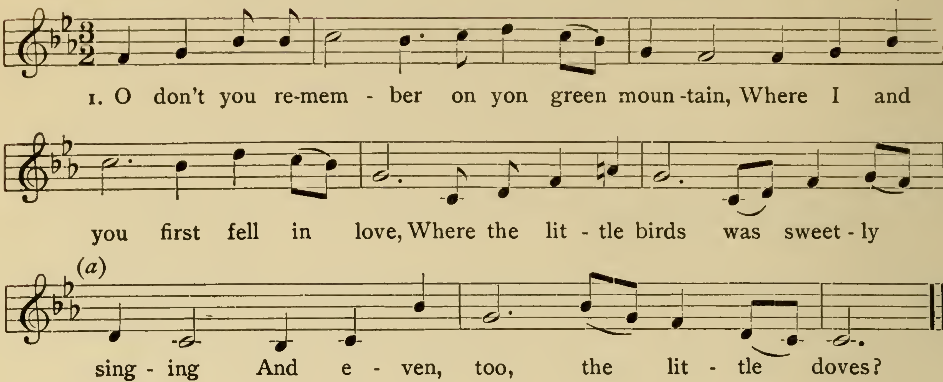
No. 65
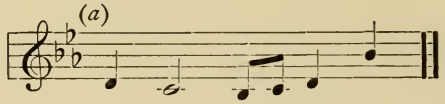
Come All You Fair and Tender Ladies

A

Sung by Mrs. ROSIE HENSLEY
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 8, 1916

Hexatonic: Mode 4, a.*





2 Come all ye fair and tender ladies,
Be careful how you court young men;
They're like a star of a summer's morning,
They'll first appear and then they're gone.

3 They'll tell to you some pleasing story,
They'll declare to you they are your own;
Straightway they'll go and court some other
And leave you here in tears to mourn.

4 I wish I were a little swallow
And I had wings and I could fly;
Straight after my true love I would follow,
When they'd be talking I'd be by.

5 But I am no little swallow,
I have no wings, nor I can't fly,
And after my true love I can't follow,
And when they're talking I'll set and cry.

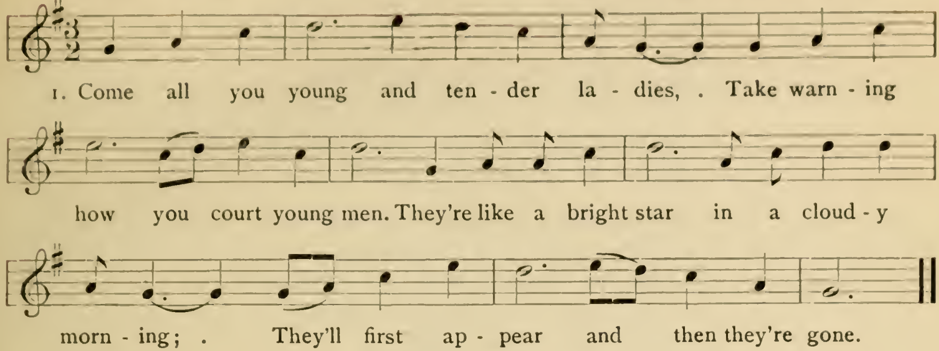
6 . . . .
. . . .
There's many a dark and rainy morning
Turns out to be a pretty day.

* If B♭ be tonic: — Mode 3, a.

Come All You Fair and Tender Ladies

B

Pentatonic. Mode 1. Sung by two girls in Knott Co., Ky.



2 They'll tell to you some lovely story
And tell you their love is true,
Straightway to some other girl and court her,
And that's the love they have for you.

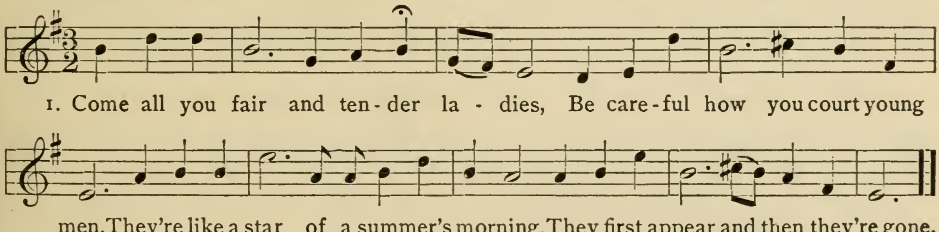
3 I wish I were a little sparrow,
Had sparrow's wings and I could fly;
I would fly away to my false true-love,
And while he would talk I would deny.

4 But I am not a little sparrow,
Got no wings, nor I can't fly;
I will sit right down in grief and sorrow
And try to pass my troubles by.

5 If I had knowed before I courted
That love had been so hard to win,
I'd locked my heart with the keys of golden,
And pinned it down with a silver pin.

C

Sung by Mrs. Press Blankenship
Heptatonic. Mode 4, a+b (dorian). at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1916



2 They'll tell to you some pleasing story,
Declare to you they love you well,
Then go away and court them another,
And that's the love they have for you.

3 I once did meet a fair true lover,
A true one, too, I took him to be;
And then he went away and found him another,
And that's the love he had for me.

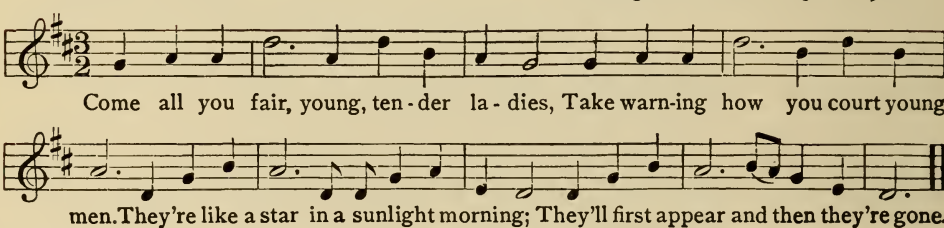
4 O that I were a pretty little swallow,
Or had I wings that I could fly,
Then away after my true love I'd follow,
I'd light upon his breast and flutter
And tell him of deceiving me.

5 I hope there is a day a-coming
When love shall put an end to me.
I hope there is a place of torment
To secure my love for deceiving me.

D

Sung by Mrs. Coates
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1916

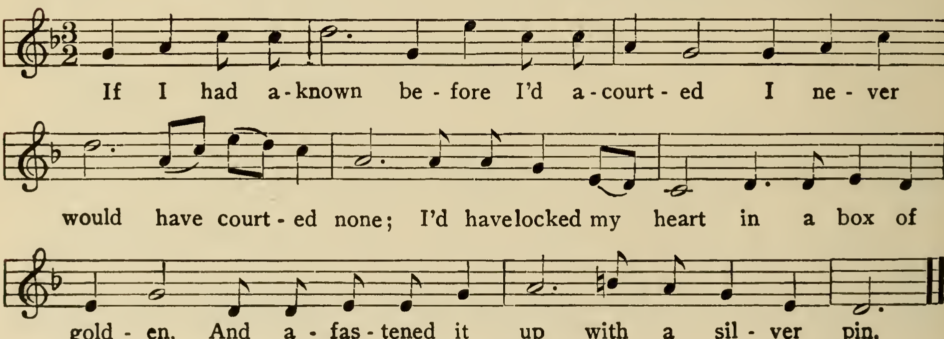
Pentatonic. Mode 1.



E

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.*



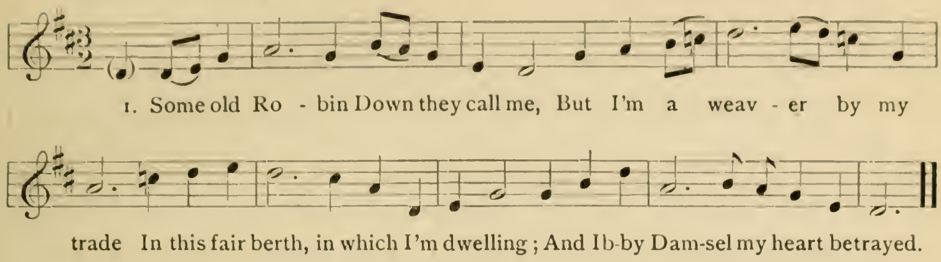
* If C be tonic: — Mode 3, a.

No. 66

Ibby Damsel

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 8, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



2 Her hair's as black as a raven's feather
That do sit on yon willow tree,
Her sparkling eyes they're so enticing;
But from her chamber I can't get free.

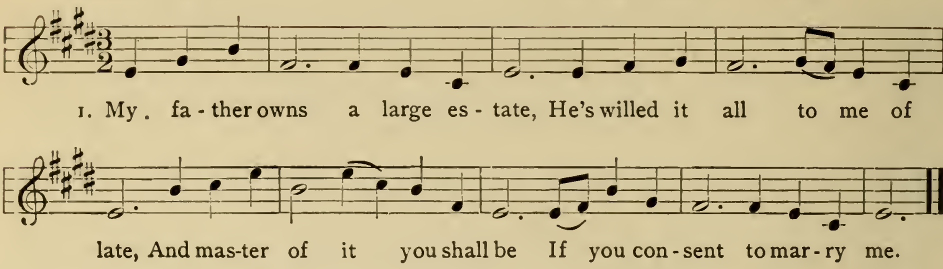
3 Her heart as sweet as any posy,
Her cheeks are of the rosy red,
Her sparkling eyes are so enticing,
Her eyebrows wove with a golden thread.

No. 67

Handsome Sally

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 16, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 O madam, I cannot marry you,
For with handsome Sally I vowed an oath,
O madam, I cannot marry you both.

3 And then from shore they all did ride,
Handsome Sally to be his bride.
While handsome Sally lay fast asleep
This wretched lady plunged her into the deep.

4 O then from shore they all did ride,
This wretched lady to be his bride.
Such troubled thoughts rolled across her breast
Until the truth she did confess.

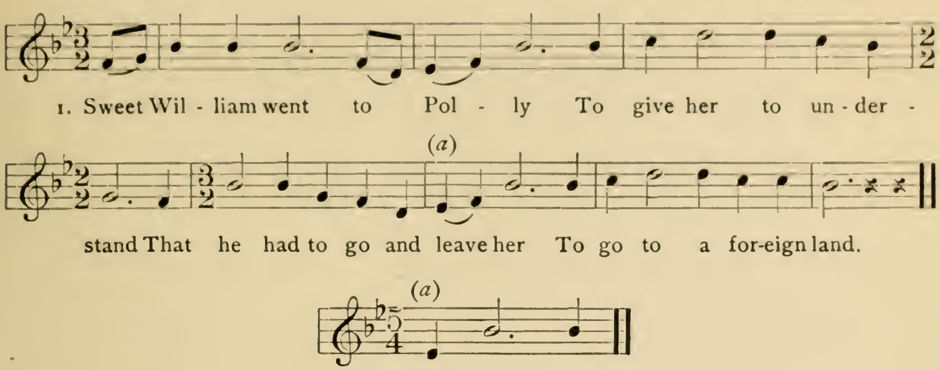
5 Young people, don't do as I have done;
I've ruined myself and the farmer's son.
And this fair lady distracted run;
At home in bed lies the farmer's son.

No. 68

William and Polly

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916



2 O stay at home, Sweet William,
O stay at home, said she;
O stay at home, Sweet William,
And do not go to sea.

3 My king doth give command, my love,
And I am bound to go;
If it was to save my life,
I dare not answer No.

4 I'll cut my hair, love, paint my skin,
And men's apparel put on.
I will go with you, Sweet William,
And sail on sea with you.

5 The men do lie bleeding there
And the bullets swiftly fly,
And the silver trumpets a-sounding
To drown the dismal cry.

6 O tell me of no death nor danger,
For God will be my guide,
And I value not no danger
When William's by my side.

7 O if I was to meet some pretty girl
All on the highway,
And was to take a like unto her,
What would my Polly say?

8 My Polly she'd be angry
Although I love her too.
I'd step aside, Sweet William,
That she might comfort you.

9 O my charming Polly,
These words has gained my heart,
And we will have a wedding
Before we ever part.

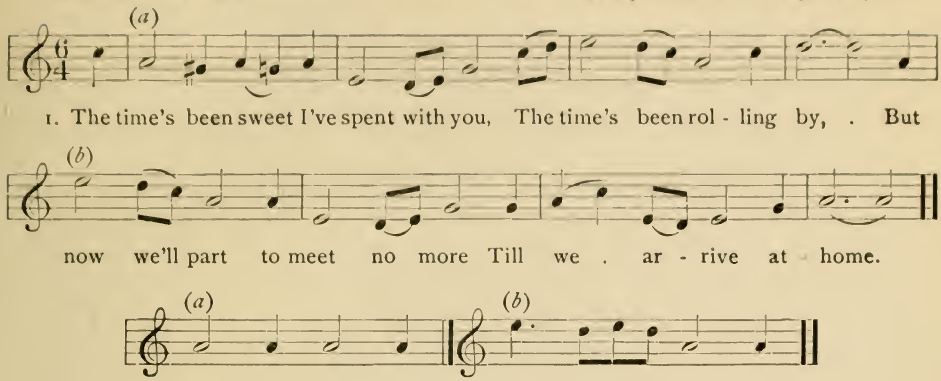
10 This couple they got married,
And William's gone on sea,
And Polly's she's a-waiting
In their own country.

No. 69

Hicks's Farewell

Sung by Mr. SILAS SHELTON
at Spillcorn, N. C., Sept. 6, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2.



2 Oft-times you've looked for me, my love,
Oft-times you've see'd me come,
But now we'll part to meet no more
Till we do arrive at home.

3 My little children's dear to me
And Nature seems to bind;
So dearest wife, entreat them well
And raise them in God's fear.

4 Farewell, my brother-preachers all,
I'll bid you all farewell;
So now we'll part to meet no more
Till we shall meet at home.

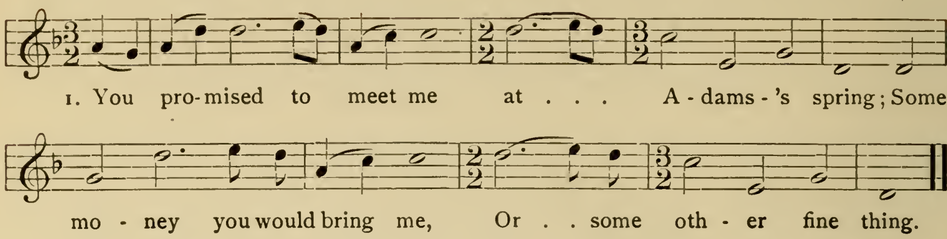
No. 70

Poor Omie

A

Sung by Mr. HILLIARD SMITH
at Hindman, Ky., Aug. 16, 1909

Pentatonic. Mode 4.



2 No money, no money,
To flatter the case,
We'll go and get married,
It will be no digrace.

3 Come jump up behind me
And away we will ride
To yonder fair city;
I will make you my bride.

4 She jumped up behind him
And away they did go
To the banks of deep waters
Where they never overflow.

5 O Omie, O Omie,
I will tell you my mind;
My mind is to drown you
And leave you behind.

6 O pity! O pity!
Pray spare me my life,
And I will deny you
And not be your wife.

7 No pity, no pity,
No pity have I;
In yonder deep water
Your body shall lie.

8 He kicked her and stomped her,
He threw her in the deep;
He jumped on his pony
And rode at full speed.

9 The screams of poor Omie
Followed after him so nigh,
Saying: I am a poor rebel
Not fitten to die.

10 She was missing one evening,
Next morning was found
In the bottom of Siloty
Below the mill dam.

11 Up stepped old Miss Mother,
These words she did say:
James Luther has killed Omie
And he has run away.

12 He has gone to Elk River,
So I understand,
They have got him in prison
For killing a man.

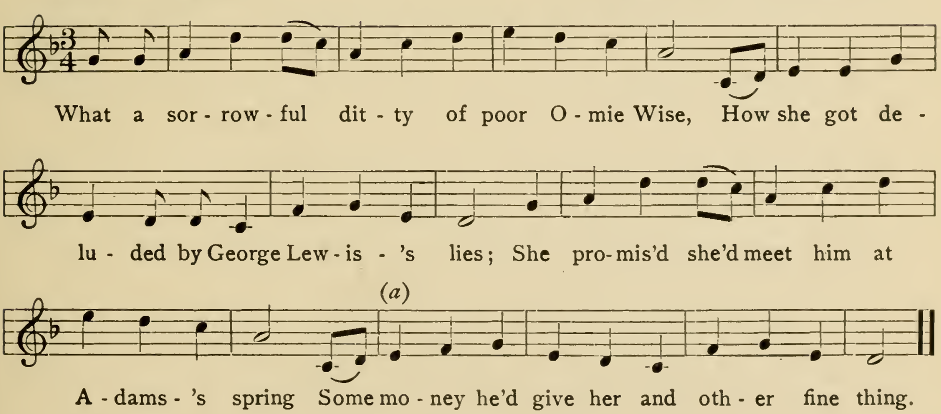
13 They have got him in Ireland,
Bound to the ground;
And he wrote his confession
And sent it around.

14 Go hang me or kill me,
For I am the man
That drowned little Omie
Below the mill dam.

B

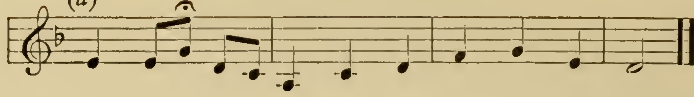
Sung by Mrs. RILEY SHELTON
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 29, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.



Poor Omie

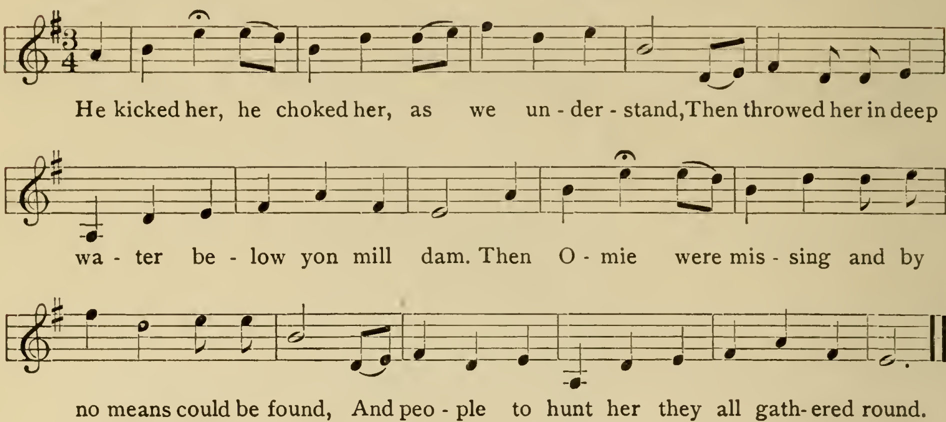
(*a*)



C

Pentatonic. Mode 4.

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 17, 1916

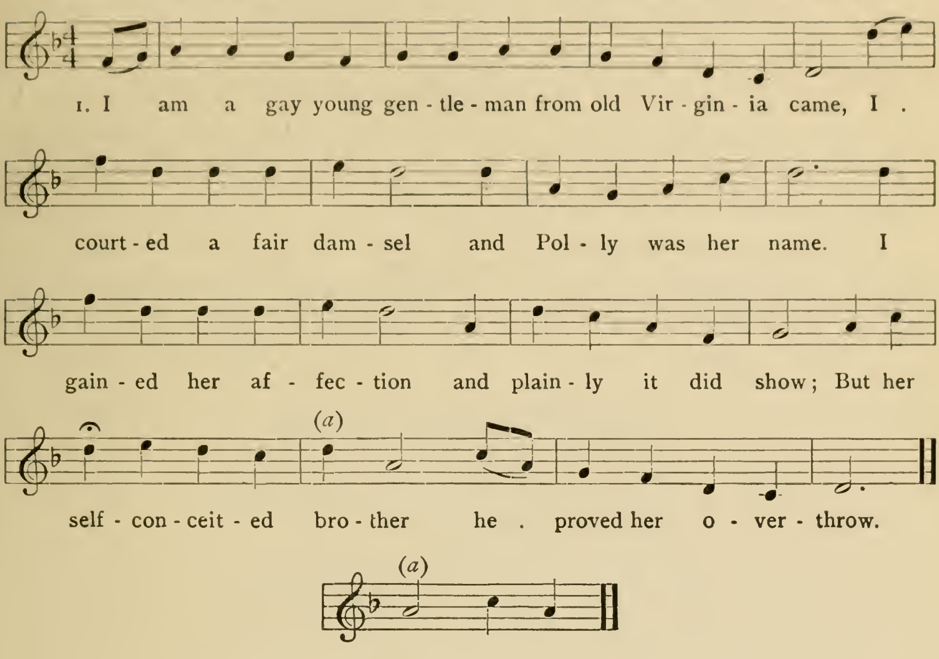


No. 71

The Virginian Lover

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug, 28, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



2 What's the matter, pretty Polly, what makes you look so sad?
Have I given you any reason, love, or caused you to be mad?
If I give you any reason, love, it never was my intent.
Pray tell to me, pretty Polly, what makes you so lament?

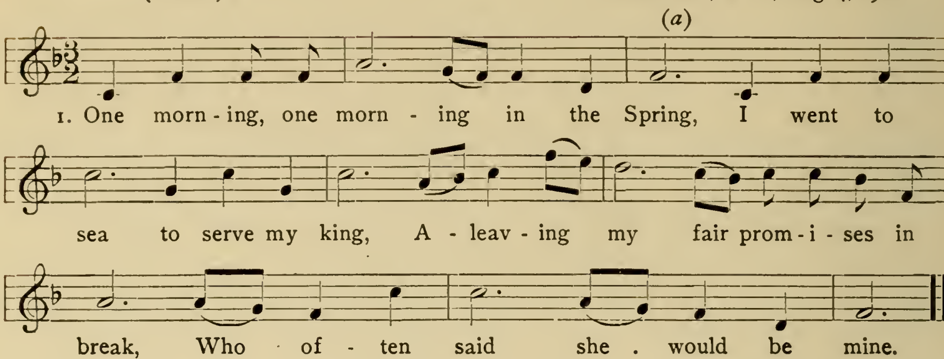
No. 72

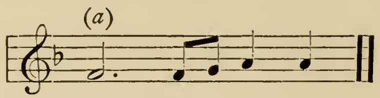
Early, Early in the Spring

A

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b (ionian).*

Sung by Mr. MITCHELL WALLIN at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 4, 1916





2 I hadn't been gone but a very short while,
I took the opportunity
Of writing of letters to my most dear,
Not an answer could I hear.

3 I rode up to her father's hall,
Where my true love I did call.
Her father answered and thus replied:
My daughter's married and you must be denied.

4 She married to a richer life,
You'll have to seek another wife.
Cruel be all gold and silver
And all true love that won't prove true.

5 They will occasion you to swear
And break the heart of a nice young man.
I'll go where the fife and the drums do play,
Where the music ceases night or day,
Live on the sea till the dear day
And split the waves with bullets fly.

6 O Willie dear, lay still on shore
And don't go about the rigging o'er.
There's girls in the town more fair than I,
O Willie, don't go where the bullets fly.

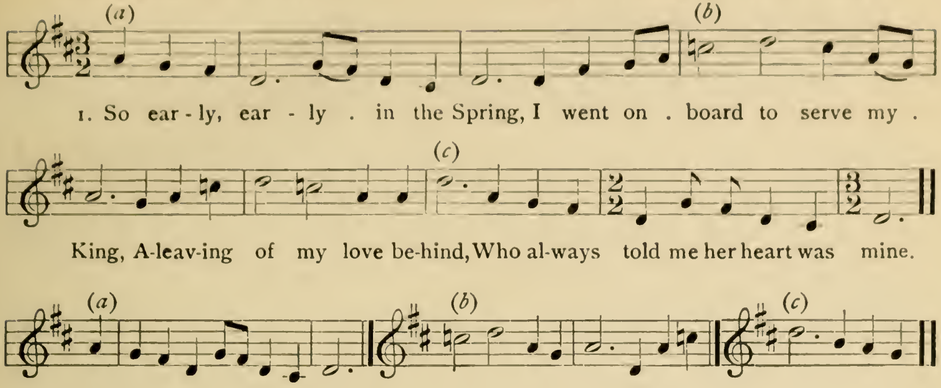
* If D be tonic: — Mode 2, a + b (æolian).

Early, Early in the Spring

B

Pentatonic. Mode 4, b
(with sharpened 7th; no 2nd).

Sung by Mrs. Hester House
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916



2 When I came back to her father's hall,
Enquiring for my jewel all,
Her cruel old father this replied:
Her mamma says O if you deny.

3 O she has married another man,
A richer man for all his life,
A richer man for all his life,
O he has made her his lawful wife.

4 O God curse gold and silver too
And all false women that won't prove true;
For some will take and then will break
All for the sake of richeree.

5 O stop, young man, don't talk too fast,
The fault is great, but none of mine;
The fault is great, but none of mine;
Don't speak so hard of the female kind.

6 O if you had gold you might have part,
But as I have none you have gained my heart;
You have gained it all with a free good will,
So keep my vows and hold them still.

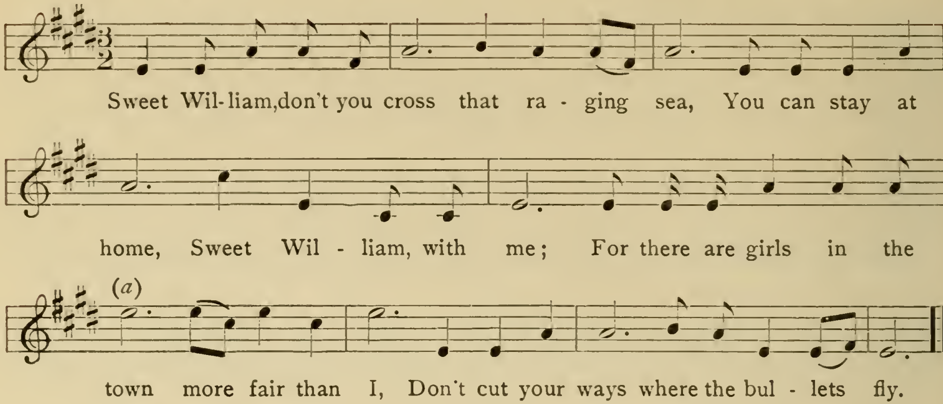
7 O since hard fortune around me frowns,
I'll sail the ocean around and around;
I'll sail the ocean till I die,
I'll quit my ways on a mountain high.

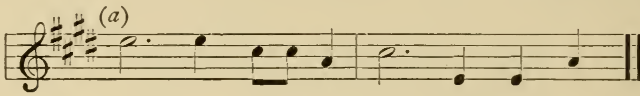
Early, Early in the Spring

C

Suug by Mr. W. Riley Shelton
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 29, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1.

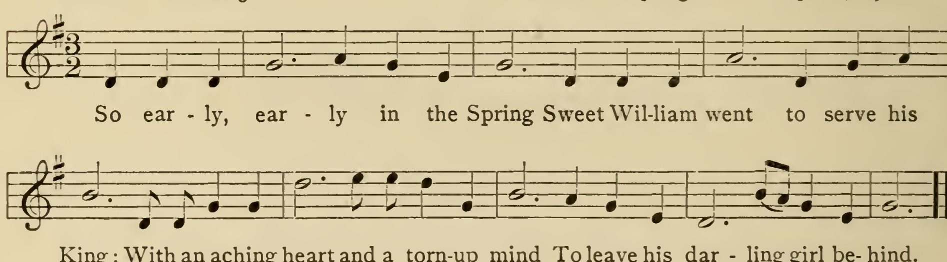




D

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept, 14, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.

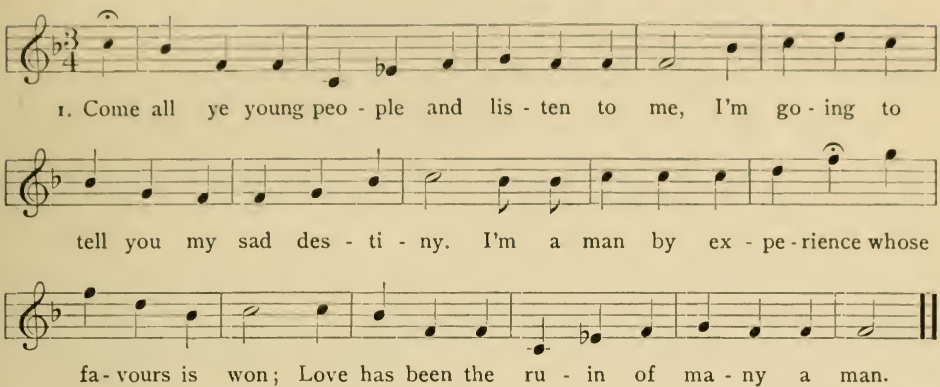


No. 73

Married and Single Life

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 3, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.



2 If you go to get married, don't hasten it on,
And don't you get married till you're full twenty-one;
And don't you get married till you find your love set,
Then marry some good girl your love won't forget.

3 Come all you young gentlemen who want to be smart,
Don't place your affections on a smiling sweetheart.
She's dancing before you some favours to gain,
Then turns her back on you with scorn and disdain.

4 When a man's married he ain't his own man,
He must rove through the country and live as he can.
He's lost that sweet apparel, the flowers of life,
For selling his freedom to buy him a wife.

5 But when a man's single he can live at his ease,
He can rove through the country and do as he please;
He can rove through the country and live at his will,
Kiss Polly, kiss Betsy, and he is the same still.

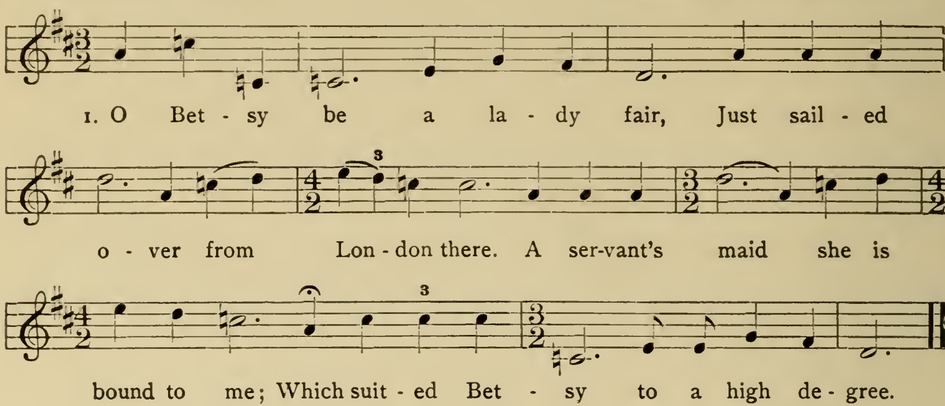
6 Just pour out another bowl, boys, we'll drink bumpers round.
We'll drink to the poorest, if they're to be found;
We'll drink to the single with the greatest success,
Likewise to the married and wish them no less.

No. 74

Betsy

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.

Sung by Mr. Mitchell Wallin
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 4, 1916



2 There were a carpenter who had a son,
And Betsy's beauty shines so clear,
It drawed his heart all in a snare.

3 As they was talking on the bed,
He said: Betsy, Betsy, I love you dear
And I intend to make you my wife.
So here's old mother. Dear mother rose up.

4 Come Betsy, Betsy, come go with me,
Come wait on me one day or two.
So when his dear mother returned back,
He says: Dear mother, you're welcome back,
But what keeps Betsy so long behind?

5 O son, O son, said she,
Your love to Betsy's great, I see,
But you may love no more, for your love's in vain,
For Betsy's sailing on the main.

6 O he looked sad and hung down his head,
And all the mirth it died, wouldn't make him glad.
He was heard to cry in slumbering dream:
O Betsy, Betsy, for you I die.

7 He sent for doctors for one year
To try their skill.
Dear doctor, your skill's in vain,
There's none like Betsy to save my pain.

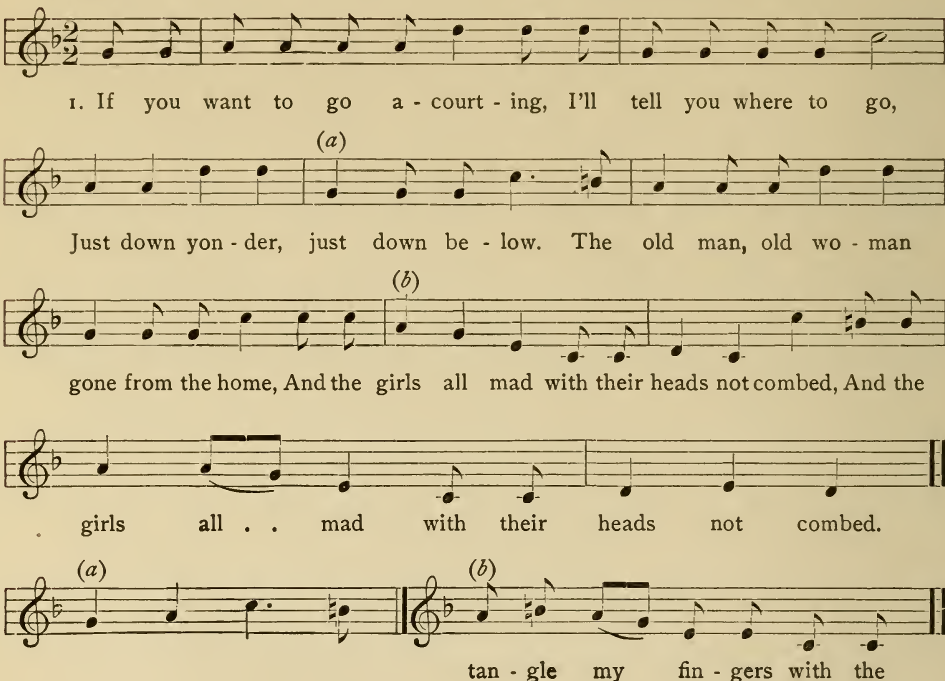
8 No sooner than breath went out of her son,
She wrung her hands, tore down her hair.
If my son had his breath again,
I'd fetch Betsy from over the main.

No. 75

If You Want to Go A-courting

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 5, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



2 They hain't got sense to bake a pound of bread,
They'll throw on a log heap as high as my head,
They'll rake out the ashes and then they'll throw
A little some of what's called dough, boys, dough.

3 They'll milk the old cow and they'll milk her in a gourd
And set it in a corner and covered with a board.
And that's the best that I got there,
All along on a missionary fair.

4 Hey, old lady, you'd better run,
Yonder comes your daddy with the doubled barreled gun.
I'll stand my ground as brave as a bear,
I'll tangle my fingers with the old man's hair.
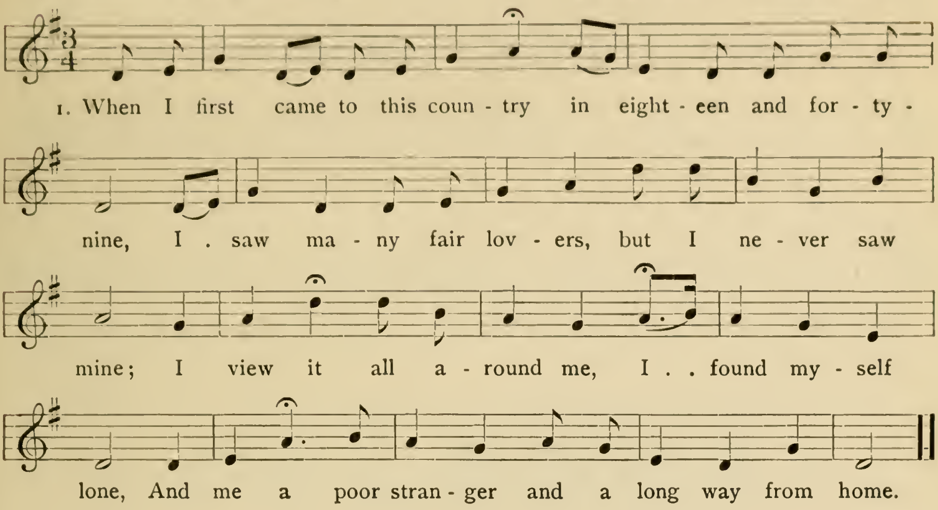
No. 76

Pretty Saro

A

Sung by Mrs. MARY SANDS
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 5, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3 (tonic G).



2 My love she won't love me, yes, I do understand,
She wants a freeholder and I've got no land,
But plenty to maintain her on, silver and gold
And as many other fine things as my love's house can hold.

3 Farewell to my mother and adieu to my old father, too,
I am going to ramble this whole world all through;
And when I get tired I'll set down and weep
And think on my darling, pretty Saro, my sweet.

4 Down in some lonesome valley, down in some lone place,
Where the small birds do whistle their notes to increase;
But when I get sorrow, I'll set down and cry
And think ot my darling, my darling so nigh.

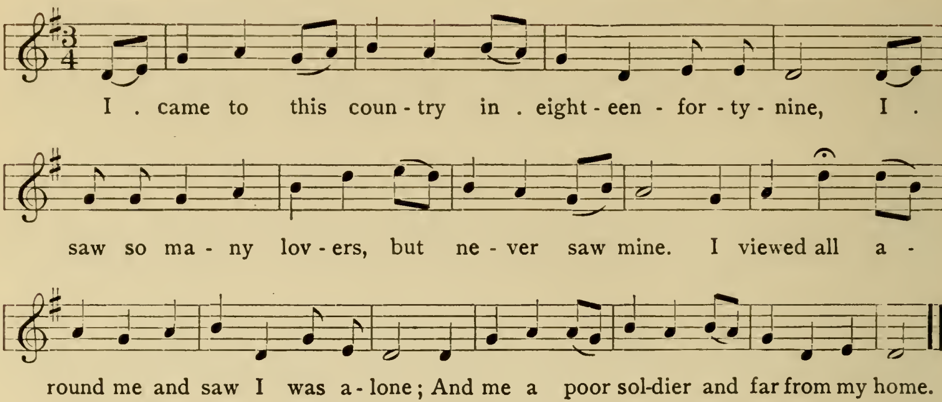
5 I wish I were a poet and could write some fine hand,
I would write my love a letter that she might understand;
I would send it by the water where the island overflow,
And I'd think of my darling wherever I go.

6 I wish I were a dove and had wings and could fly;
This night to my love's window I would draw nigh,
And in her lily-white arms all night I would lay
And watch them little windows to the dawning of day.

B

Sung by Miss MACKINNEY,
Habersham Co., Ga., May 28, 1910

Pentatonic. Mode 3 (tonic G)



2 It is not the long journey I'm dreading to go,
Nor leaving the country for the debts that I owe;
There's nothing that grieves me nor troubles my mind
Like leaving pretty Sarah, my darling, behind.

3 I wish I was a poet that could write a fine hand,
I'd write my love a letter that she might understand.
I'd send it by the waters, where the island overflows,
And think on pretty Sarah wherever I go.

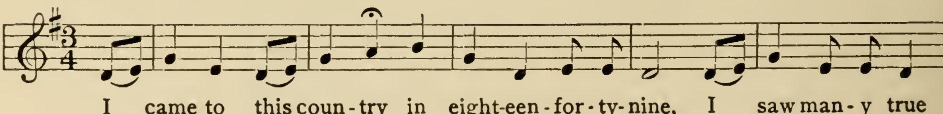
4 And I wish I was a little dove, had wings and could fly;
Right to my love's dwelling this night I would fly,
And in her lily-white arms all night I would lie,
And out some little window next morning I would fly.

5 Farewell, my dear father, likewise mother too;
I am going to ramble this country all through;
And when I get tired, I'll sit down and cry,
And think on pretty Sarah with tears in my eyes.

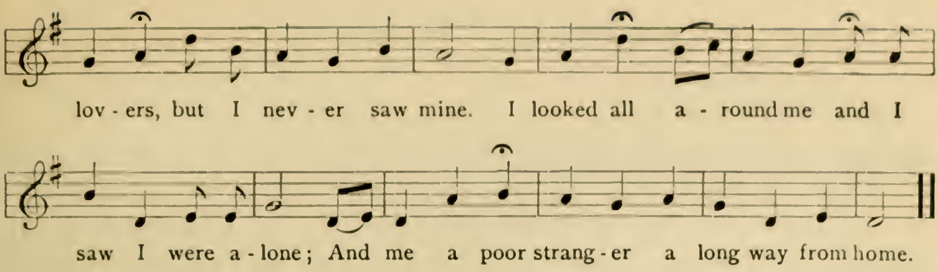
C

Sung by Mrs. ROSIE HENSLEY
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 12, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b (tonic G).



Pretty Saro

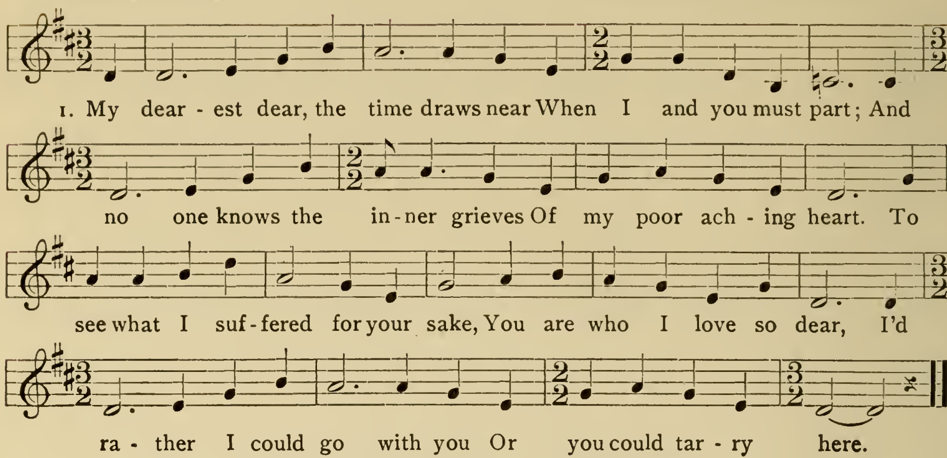

lov - ers, but I nev - er saw mine. I looked all a - round me and I
saw I were a - lone; And me a poor strang - er a long way from home.

No. 77

My Dearest Dear

Sung by Mrs. MARY SANDS
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 5, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.



2 O my old mother's hard to leave,
My father's on my mind,
But for your sake I'll go with you
And leave them all behind.
But for your sake I'll go with you,
O mother, fare you well,
For fear I never see you any more
While here on earth we dwell.

3 I wish your breast was made of glass,
All in it I might behold;
Your name in secret I would write
In letters of bright gold.
Your name in secret I would write,
Pray believe in what I say,
You are the man that I love best
Unto my dying day.

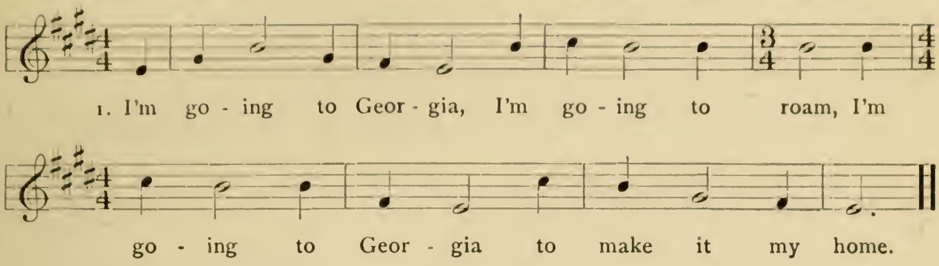
4 But when you are on some distant shore,
Think on your absent friend,
And when the wind blows high and clear,
A line or two, pray send.
And when the wind blows high and clear,
Pray send it, love, to me,
That I may know by your own hand-write
How times has went with thee.

No. 78

I'm Going to Georgia

Sung by Miss STELLA SHELTON
at Alleghany, N. C., July 29, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 I once loved a young man as dear as my life,
And he oft-times did promise to make me his wife.

3 The promise he fulfilled and he made me his wife,
And you see what I've come to by believing his lies.

4 Come all ye fair ladies, take warning by me,
Never cast your affections on a green growing tree.

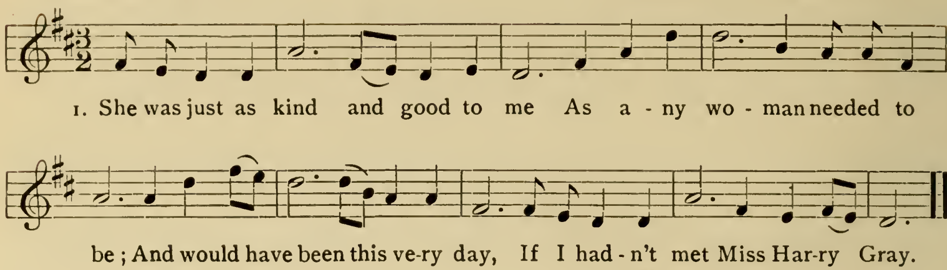
5 The leaves they may wither, the flowers they may die,
Some young man may fool you as one has fooled I.

No. 79

Harry Gray

Sung by Mrs. Dora Shelton
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 2, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 She was young and in her prime,
And for her dress that she wore were style.
She stole my heart, she took my will
And my poor wife she caused me to kill.

3 I would give my gold and store,
This whole wide world and a thousand more,
If I could live one happy life
And bring back my poor murdered wife.

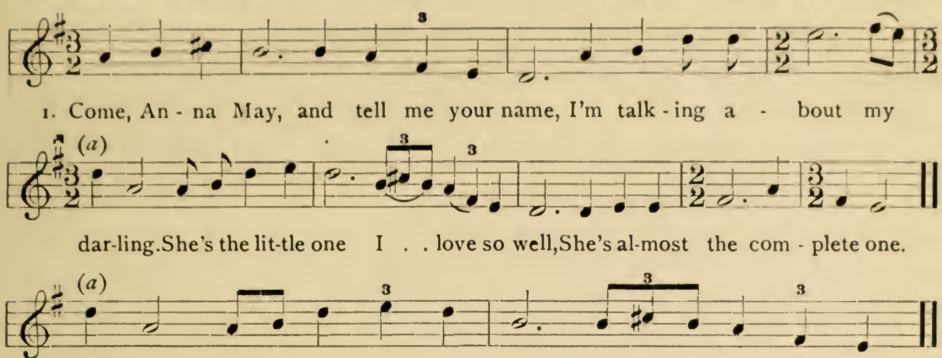
No. 80

Locks and Bolts

A

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 8, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.*



2 Her yellow hairs, like glittering gold,
Come jingling down her pillow.
She's the little one I love so well,
She's like the weeping willow.

3 You've caused your parents to owe me a grudge
And treat me most unkindly,
Because you're of some high degree
And me so poor and needy.

4 I went up to her uncle's house,
Enquiring of my darling,
And all they would say: There's no such here.
And then O what weeping!

5 But when she heard my lonely voice,
She answered at the window,
Saying: I would be with you soon, my love,
But locks and bolts doth hinder.

6 I stood for a moment all in a maze,
I viewed her long and tenderly;
My spirit flew, my sword I drew,
I swore that house I'd enter.

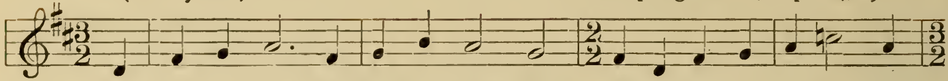
7 The blood was shed from every side
Till I got her from among them.
And all young men who get such wives
Should fight till you overcome them.

* If D be tonic: — Mode 3, a.
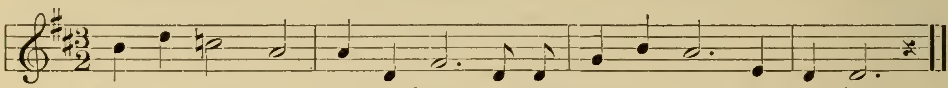
B

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. Hester House at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916



1. I dreamed of my true love last night, All in my arms I had her, But



when I woke it was a dream; I was forced to lay with-out her.

2 Her yellow hair, like strands of gold,
Come rolling down my pillow;
Her yellow hair, like strands of gold,
Come rolling down my pillow.

3 I went unto her uncle's house
Enquiring for my darling.
The answer was: She is not here,
I've no such in my keeping.

4 Her voice from the roof above
Came straightway to the window.
O love, O love, it's I'd be yours,
But locks and bolts doth hinder.

5 O passion flew, my sword I drew,
All in that room I entered;
O passion flew, my sword I drew,
All in that room I entered.

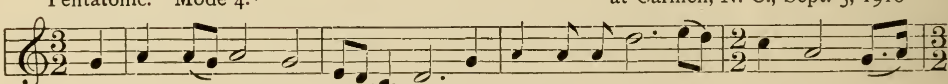
6 I took my sword in my right hand,
And my love all in the other.
Come all young men that love like me,
Fight on and take another.

7 Her uncle and three other men
Straightway after me did follow,
Saying: Leave this room, you villain, you,
Or in your heart's blood you shall wallow.

C

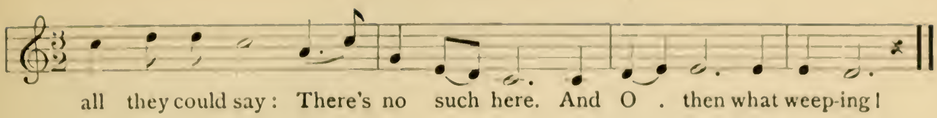
Sung by Miss Linny Landers at Carmen, N. C., Sept. 5, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 4.*



I rode up to her un - cle En-qui-ring a-bout my sweet one, And

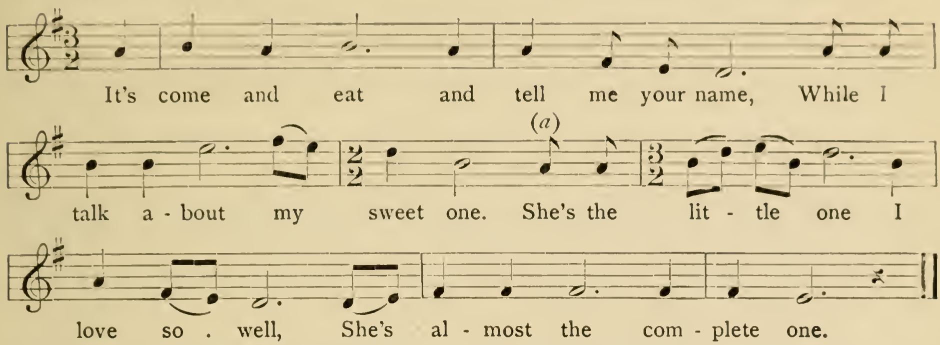
* If C be tonic: — Mode 3.
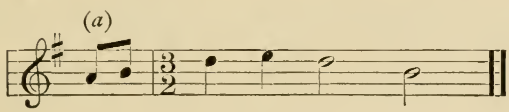


D

Sung by Mrs. Harland Shelton
at Spillcorn, N. C., Sept. 6, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 4.*

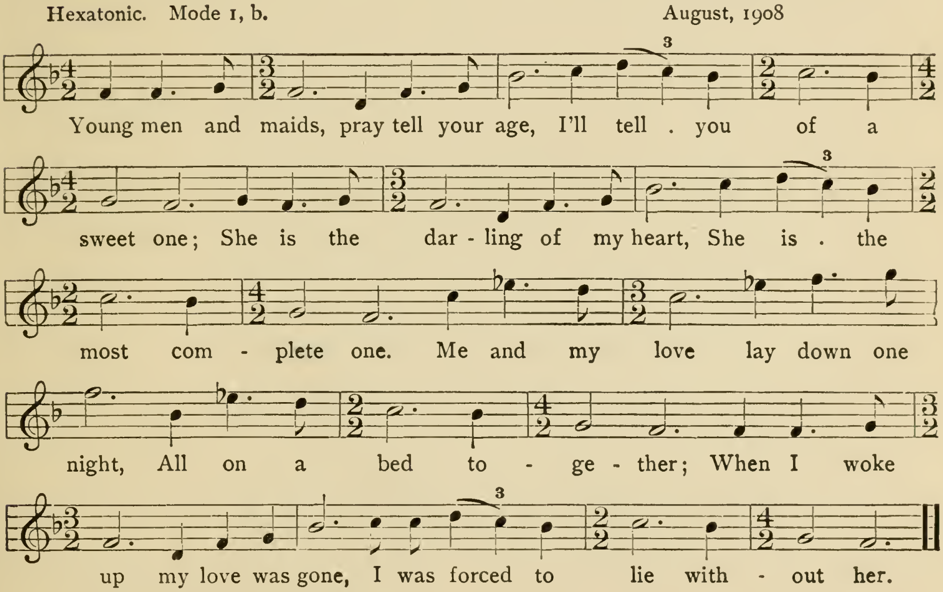




E

Sung by Mrs. Combs, at Knott Co.,
August, 1908

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.



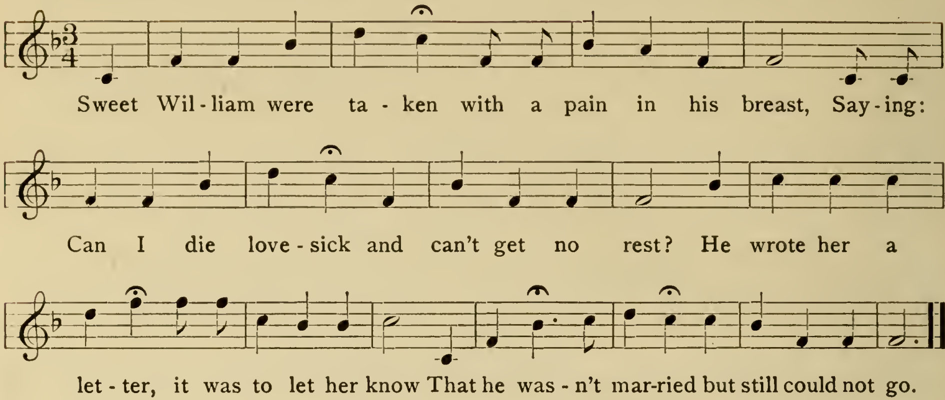
* If C be tonic: — Mode 3.

No. 81

William and Nancy

Sung by Mrs. Mandy Shelton
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 11, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1, a (no 2nd).



2 When Nancy came to hear it, it filled her with grief,
Saying: I'll go to William and give him relief.
When William saw Nancy standing by his bedside,
Saying: There is the pretty girl who might have been my bride.

3 She is lawfully married, I'll die for her sake.
She linked her arms round him and felt his heart break.
Sweet William died love-sick, I hope he's at rest;
And Nancy she fainted and died on his breast.

4 Come all you old and married men, come sit down by me,
And you that are bachelors, take warning by me.
When you go a-courting, don't you court slow,
Don't court no other till she tells you No.

5 I courted handsome Nancy till a fortune I won,
And to see some other straightway I did run.
At a chief of my practice, at a doubt of my woe,
I lost handsome Nancy by courting too slow.
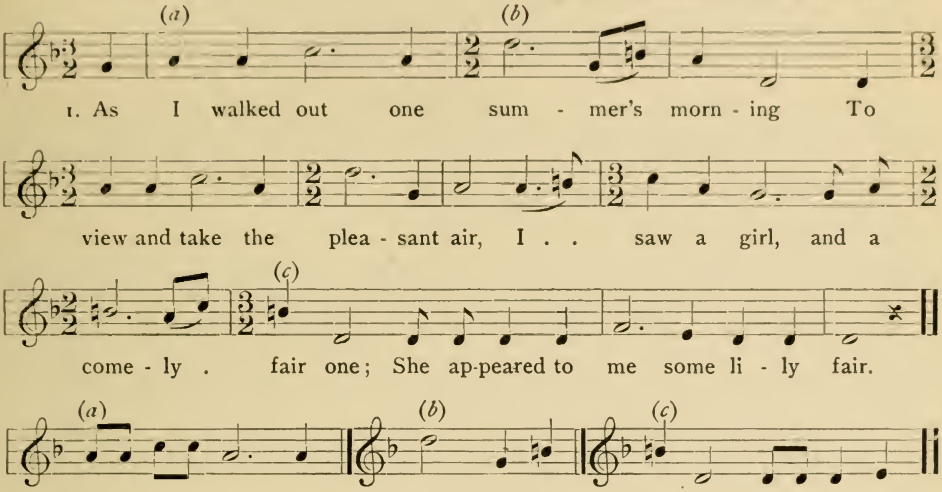
No. 82

George Reilly

A

Heptatonic. Mode 2, a + b (dorian).*

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916



2 Said I: Kind Miss, don't you want to marry,
O won't you be a merchant's wife?
She said: No, kind sir, I'd rather tarry,
I'd rather lead a single life.

3 What makes you differ,
O what makes you differ from all other womankind?
For you are young and you are useful,
And now to marry I do incline.

4 It's No, kind sir, if I may please to tell you,
I could have been married full four years ago
Unto the man they call George Reilly,
The cause of all my overthrow.

5 It's when he found that her love was loyal,
Kisses he give her by two, three, five, four.
I am the man you call George Reilly,
The cause of all your overthrow.

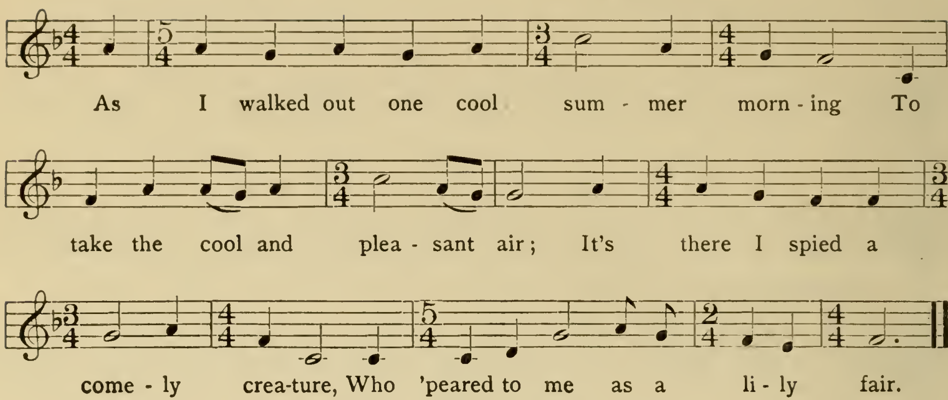
6 Come, let us marry, love, no longer tarry;
We'll lay up riches in great store.
We'll sail the ocean high o'er promotion,
For upon my vow I'll leave you no more.

* If G be tonic:— Mode 4, a + b (mixolydian).

B.

Sung by Mrs. SARAH BUCKNER
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 18, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



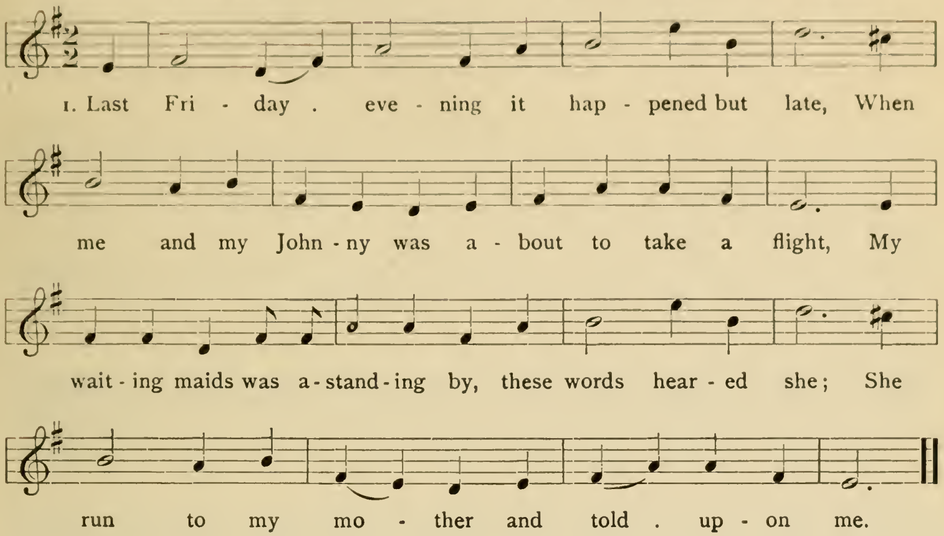
No. 83

Johnny Doyle

A

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.*



2 She kindled up his clothes and bid him to be gone,
How slowly and slily he moved along.
By young Samuel Moor they forced me to ride,
Took six double horsemen to ride by my side.

3 As soon as the minister he entered the door,
My ear-bobs they bursted and fell to the floor;
In sixty-five pieces my stay-laces flew;
I thought in my soul my poor heart would break in two.

4 Behind my oldest brother they carried me safely home,
And through my mother's chamber and into my own room,
And by my own bedside I throwed myself down,
How sore, sick and wounded my poor body I found.

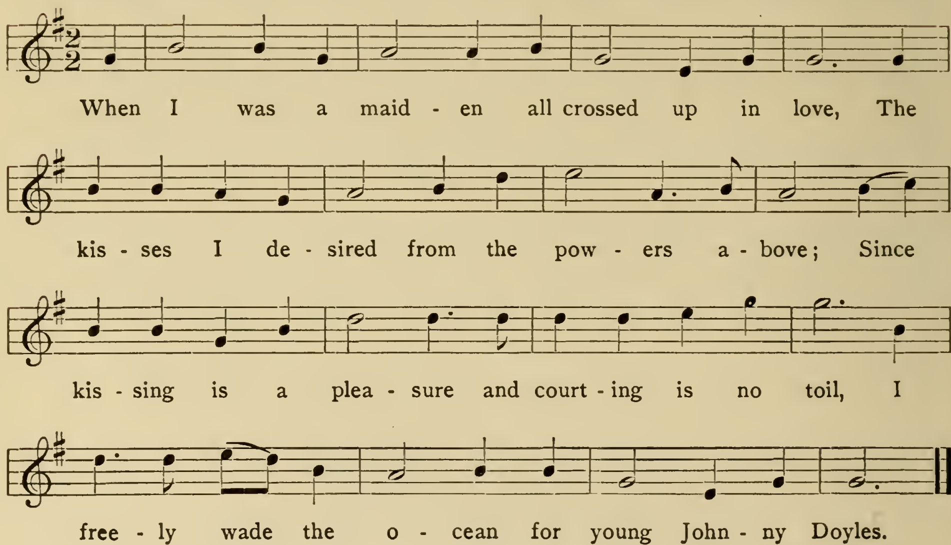
5 She called to her old mother: Pray do shut the door,
By this time tomorrow let in Samuel Moor.
He never shall enjoy me nor call me his bride,
For by this time tomorrow it's I will be dead.

*If D be tonic: — Mode 3, a.

6 Up spoke her old father with the water in his eyes:
As we found it no better, we'll send for Johnny Dials.
It's no use in sending, for the journey it is far,
And by this time tomorrow it's I'll be dead.
So farewell, cruel father, and likewise mother too.
And the last words she said was: Farewell to Johnny Dials.

B

Sung by Mrs. Bessie Smith
Pentatonic. Mode 3, b. at Charlottesville, Va., Sept. 25, 1916

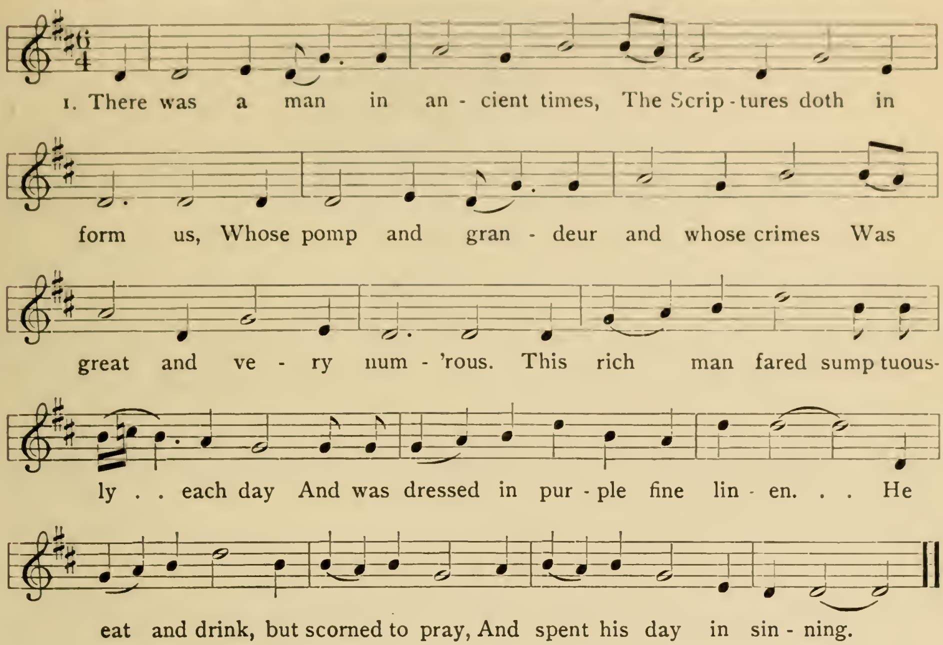


No. 84

Lazarus

Sung by Mr. & Mrs. Gabriel Coates
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.*



2 This poor man lay at the rich man's gate,
To help himself unable,
And there he lay to humbly wait
For the crumbs from his rich table.
But not one crumb would this happy cure (epicure)
Ever aye protend to send him.
The dogs took pity and licked his sores,
More ready to befriend him.

3 This poor man died at the rich man's gate,
Where angel bands attended;
Straightway to Abraham's bosom flown,
Where all his sorrows ended.
This rich man died and was buried too,
But O, his dreadful station;
With Abraham and Lazarus both in view
He landed in damnation.

* If G be tonic: — Mode 3, b.
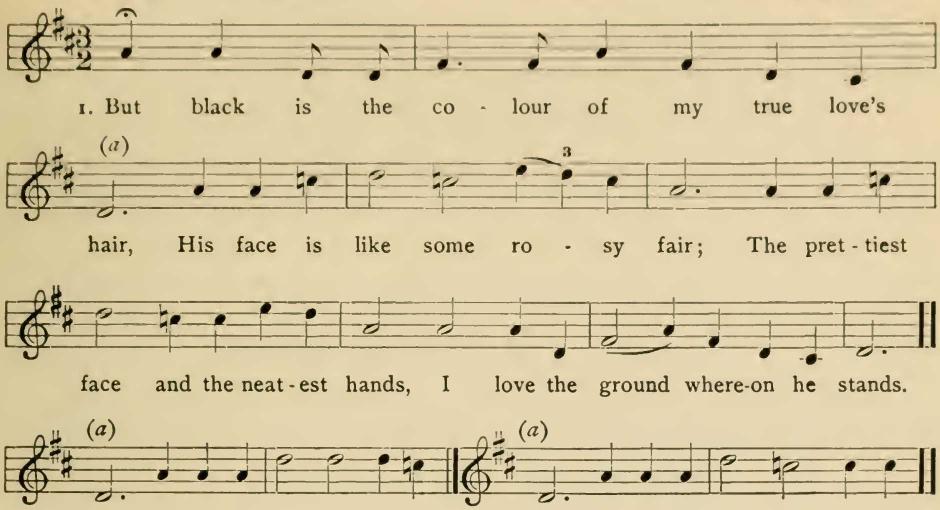
4 He cried: O father Abraham,
Send Lazarus with cold water,
For I'm tormented in these flames
With these tormenting tortures.
Says Abraham: Son, remember well,
You once did God inherit,
But now at last your doom's in hell
Because you would not cherish.
Go where you cannot now enjoy,
Which augments your damnation;
Besides there is a gulf between
Prevents communication.

No. 85

Black is the Colour

Pentatonic. Mode 4, b
(with sharpened 7th; no 4th).

Sung by Mrs. LIZZIE ROBERTS
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916



2 I love my love and well he knows
I love the ground whereon he goes.
If you no more on earth I see,
I can't serve you as you have me.

3 The winter's passed and the leaves are green,
The time is passed that we have seen,
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I shall be as one.

4 I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,
But satisfied I never could sleep.
I'll write to you in a few short lines,
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

5 So fare you well, my own true love,
The time has passed, but I wish you well;
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I will be as one.

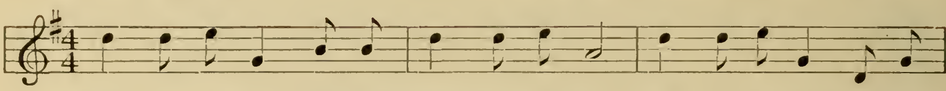
6 I love my love and well he knows,
I love the ground whereon he goes;
The prettiest face, the neatest hands,
I love the ground whereon he stands.

No. 86
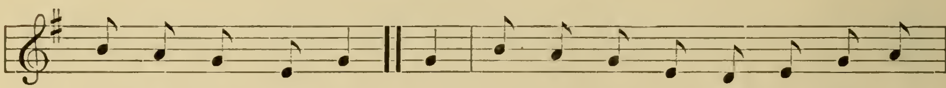
The Single Girl

Sung by Mrs. Ellie Johnson
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916

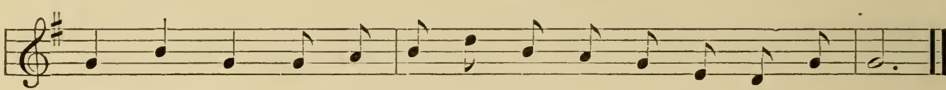
Pentatonic. Mode 3.



1. When I was sin - gle, went dressed all so fine; Now I am mar - ried, go



rag - ged all the time. I wish I was a sin - gle girl a -



gain, O Lord, don't I wish I was a sin - gle girl a - gain.

2 When I was single, my shoes did screak;
Now I am married, my shoes they do leak.

3 Three little babes crying for bread,
With none to give them, I'd rather be dead.

4 One a-crying: Mamma, I want a piece of bread;
One a-crying: Mamma, I want to go to bed.

5 Wash them little feet and put them to bed,
Along comes a drunkard and wishes they were dead.

6 Wash their little feet and send them to school,
Along comes a drunkard and calls them a fool.

7 When he comes in, it's a curse and a row,
Knocking down the children and pulling out my hair.

8 Dishes to wash, springs to go to;
When you are married, you've all to do.

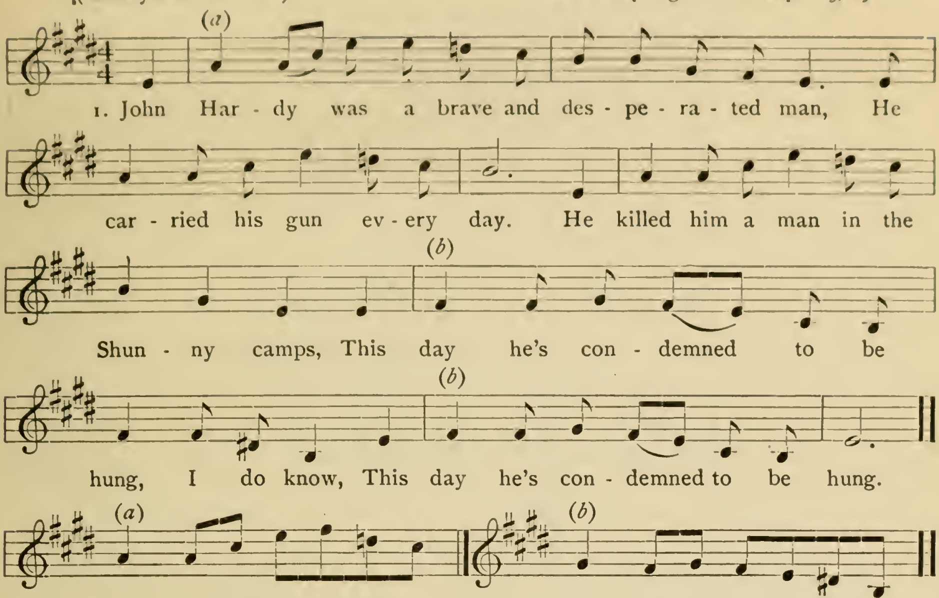
9 Suppers to get, the cows to milk,
Them blamed little children is all crying yet.

No. 87

John Hardy

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian influence).

Sung by Mrs. Ellie Johnson at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916



2 John Hardy's father was a-standing round,
Pray John, what have you done?
I've killed me a man in the Shunny Camps,
This day I'm condemned to be hung, I do know,
This day I'm condemned to be hung.

3 I've been to the river and I've been baptized,
I've rambled this wide world through;
I'm standing on the hanging ground,
I'm standing on the hanging ground.

4 John Hardy's mother was a-standing round,
Pray Judge, what has he done?
He's killed him a man in the Shunny Camps,
This day he's condemned to be hung, poor boy,
This day he's condemned to be hung.

5 John Hardy's brother was a-standing round.
O John, what have you done?
I've killed my partner for fifty cents,
For the sake of my blue eyed girl, I do know,
For the sake of my blue eyed girl.

6 John Hardy's sister was a-standing round.
O John, what have you done?
I've killed me a man in the Shunny Camps,
This day I'm condemned to be hung, I do know,
This day I'm condemned to be hung.

7 O who will shoe your pretty little feet,
And who will glove your hands?
And who will kiss your rosy red cheeks
When I'm laid in the cold, cold ground?

8 My papa will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mamma will glove my hands,
My sweetheart will kiss my rosy red cheeks
When you're laid in the cold, cold ground.

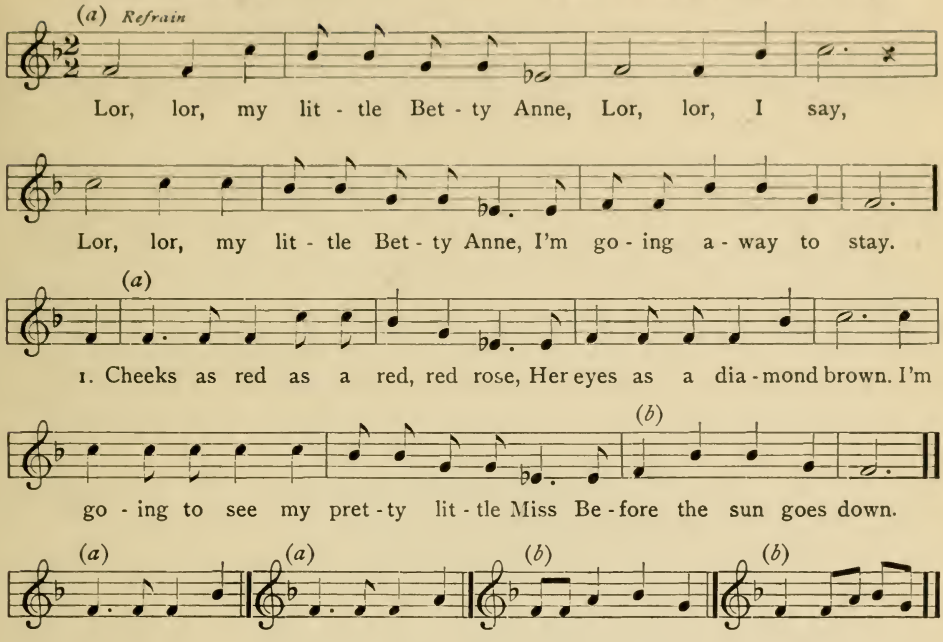
9 O where did you get your pretty little shoes?
O where did you get your dress?
I bought my shoes from a railroad man,
Got my dress from a man in the mine.

No. 88

Betty Anne

Sung by Mrs. ELLIE JOHNSON
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept 16, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 4, a.



2 It's rings on my true love's hands
Shines so bright like gold.
Go and see my pretty little Miss
Before it rains or snows.

3 When I was up at the field at work,
I sit down and cry,
Studying about my blue-eyed boy,
I thought to my God I'd die.

4 Fly around, my pretty little Miss,
Fly around, I say,
Fly around, my pretty little Miss,
You'll almost drive me crazy.

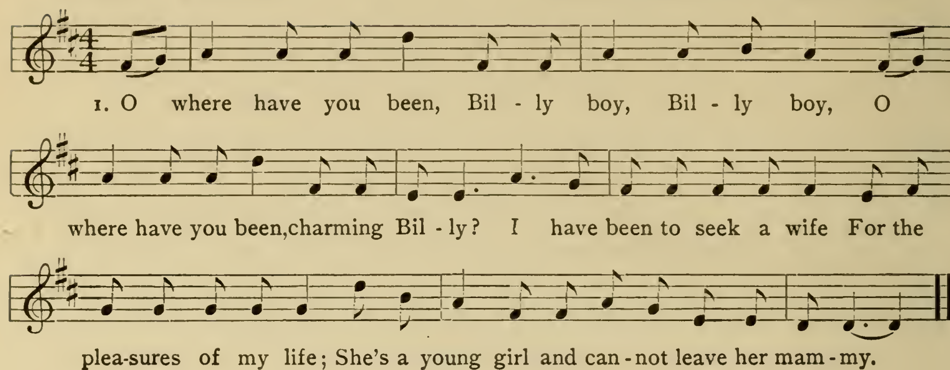
5 Fly around, my pretty little Miss,
Fly around, my dandy,
Fly around, my pretty little Miss,
I don't want no more of your candy.

No. 89

My Boy Billy

A

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
Hexatonic. Mode 3, b. at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 16, 1916



2 How old is she, Billy boy, Billy boy,
How old is she, charming Billy?
She's a hundred like and nine,
And I hope she will be mine;
She's a young girl and cannot leave her mammy.

3 How tall is she, etc.
She's as tall as any pine,
And as slim as a pumpkin vine;
She's a young girl, etc.

4 Can she make a chicken pie, etc.
She can make a chicken pie
Till it makes the preachers cry;
She's a young girl, etc.

5 Can she roll a boat ashore, etc.
She can roll a boat ashore,
And make her own door.
She's a young girl, etc.

B

1 Where have you been, Billy boy, Billy,
Where have you been, charming Billy?
I've been to see my wife,
She's the pleasure of my life;
She's a young thing, aha, to leave her mamma.

2 Did she ask you to come in, etc.
She asked me to come in;
She had a dimple in her chin;
She's a young thing, etc.

3 Did she set you a chair, etc.
She set me a chair;
She had wrinkles in her ear;
She's a young thing, etc.

4 Did she ask you for to eat, etc.
She asked me for to eat,
She had plenty bread and meat;
She's a young thing, etc.

5 Can she card and can she spin, etc.
She can card and she can spin,
And she can do most anything;
She's a young thing, etc.

6 Can she sew and can she fell, etc.
She can sew and she can fell,
She can use her needle well;
She's a young thing, etc.

7 Can she make a cherry pie, etc.
She can make a cherry pie
Quick as a cat can wink his eye;
She's a young thing, etc.

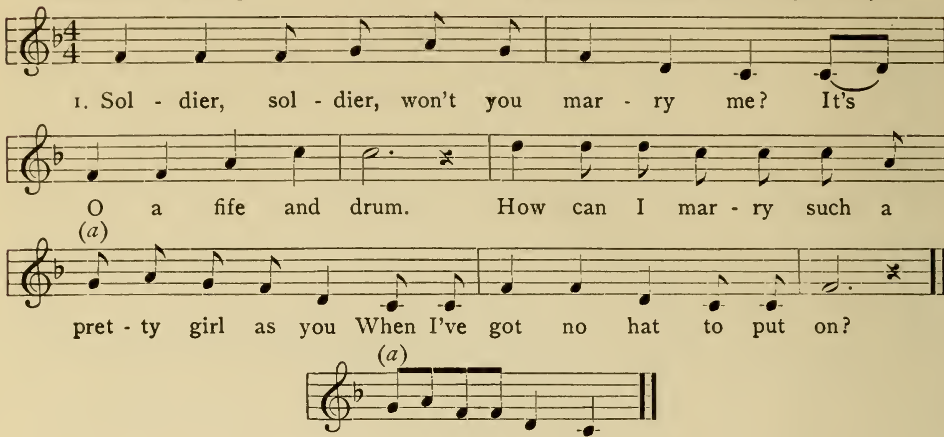
8 How old is she, etc.
She's twice six, twice seven,
Twenty-eight and eleven;
She's a young thing, etc.

No. 90

Soldier, Won't You Marry Me?

Sung by Mrs. CARRIE FORD
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 18, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 Off to the tailor she did go
As hard as she could run,
Brought him back the finest was there.
Now, soldier, put it on.

3 Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
It's O a fife and drum.
How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I've got no coat to put on?

4 Off to the tailor she did go
As hard as she could run,
Brought him back the finest was there.
Now, soldier, put it on.

5 Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
It's O a fife and drum.
How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I've got no shoes to put on?

6 Off to the shoe shop she did go
As hard as she could run,
Brought him back the finest was there.
Now, soldier, put them on.

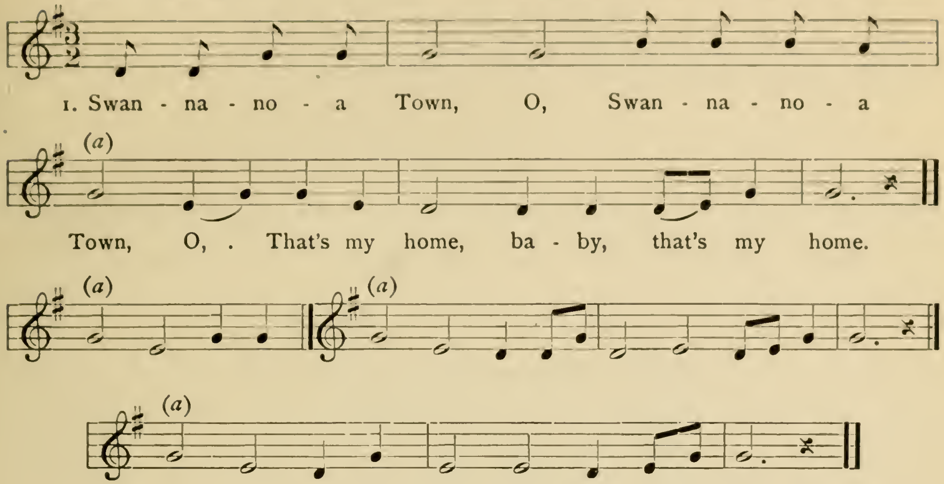
7 Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
It's O a fife and drum.
How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
And a wife and a baby at home?

No. 91

Swannanoa Town

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner and Mrs. Ford
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 I'm going back to the Swannanoa Town, O,
Before long, baby, before long.

3 When you hear the hoodows hollering,
Sign of rain, baby, sign of rain.

4 When you hear my bull-dog barking,
Somebody round, baby, somebody round.

5 When you hear my pistol firing,
Another man dead, baby, another man dead.

6 I'll be back all in September,
'Twon't be long, baby, 'twon't be long.

7 Look for me till your eye runs water,
I'll be at home, baby, I'll be at home.

8 O Lord, Ella, what's your trouble?
I have none, baby, I have none.

9 Don't you remember last December,
The wind blowed cold, baby, the wind blowed cold.

10 I'm a-going back to Swannanoa Town, O,
That's my home, baby, that's my home.

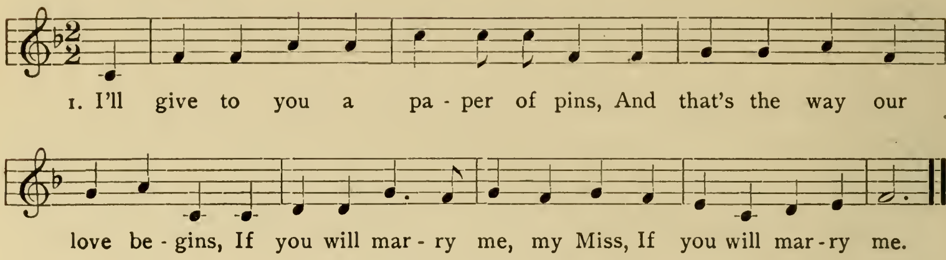
No. 92

The Keys of Heaven

A

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



2 I won't accept your paper of pins,
If that's the way our love begins,
And I'll not marry you, sir, you,
And I'll not marry you.

3 I'll give to you a dress of red,
Stitched all around with a golden thread,
If you will marry me, etc.

4 I won't accept your dress of red,
Stitched all around with a golden thread,
And I'll not marry you, etc.

5 I'll give to you a dress of green,
And you may dress as fine as a queen,
If you will marry me, etc.

6 I won't accept your dress of green,
For I don't dress as fine as a queen,
And I won't marry you, etc.

7 I'll give to you a little lap-dog,
That you may nurse as you go abroad,
If you will marry me, etc.

8 I won't accept your little lap-dog,
For I don't nurse when I go abroad,
And I won't marry you, etc.

9 I'll give to you a house and land,
That you may have at your own command,
If you will marry me, etc.

10 I won't accept your house and land,
That I may have at my own command,
And I won't marry you, etc.

11 I'll give to you the keys of my heart
That we may marry and never part,
If you will marry me, etc.

12 I won't accept the keys of your heart
That we may marry and never part,
And I won't marry you, etc.

13 I'll give to you the keys of my desk
That you may have money at your request,
If you will marry me, etc.

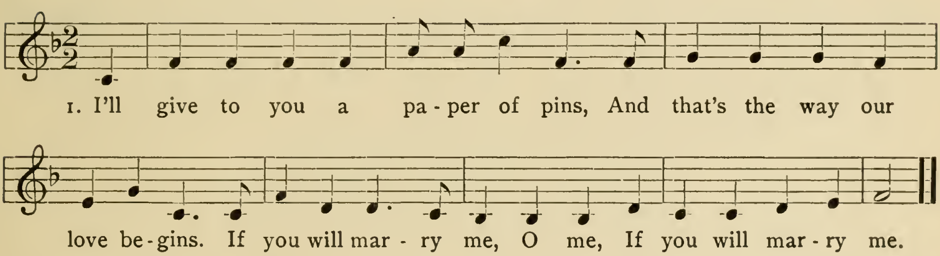
14 I will accept the keys of your desk
That I may have money at my request,
And I will marry you, sir, you,
And I will marry you.

15 You love coffee and I love tea,
You love my money, but you don't love me,
And I'll not marry you, Miss, you,
And I'll not marry you.

B

Sung by Mrs. HESTER HOUSE
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 16, 1916

Heptatonic. Major Mode.



2 I don't accept your paper of pins,
If this is the way our love begins,
And I won't marry you, O you,
And I won't marry you.

3 I'll give to you a little red shawl,
And you may dance with the ladies all,
If you will marry me, etc.

4 I don't accept your little red shawl,
Nor I'll not dance with the ladies all,
And I won't marry you, etc.

5 I'll give to you the keys of my desk,
And you shall have money when you request,
If you will marry me, etc.

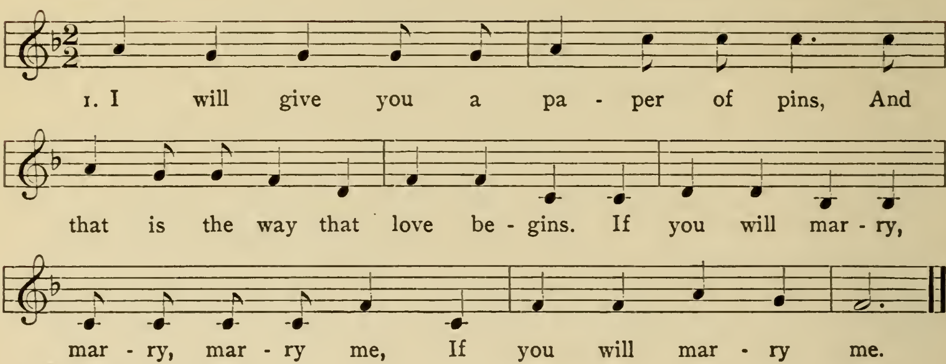
6 I will accept the keys of your desk,
And I'll take money at my request,
And I will marry you, etc.

7 If you love money and don't love me
Oury love will never agree,
Nor I won't marry you, O you,
Nor I won't marry you.

C

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 27, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 I will not accept any paper of pins,
If that is the way that love begins,
And I won't marry, marry, marry you,
And I won't marry you.

3 I will give to you the key to my desk,
That you can get money at free access,
If you will marry, marry, marry me,
If you will marry me.

4 I will accept of the key of your desk,
If I can get money at free access,
And I will marry, marry, marry you,
And I will marry you.

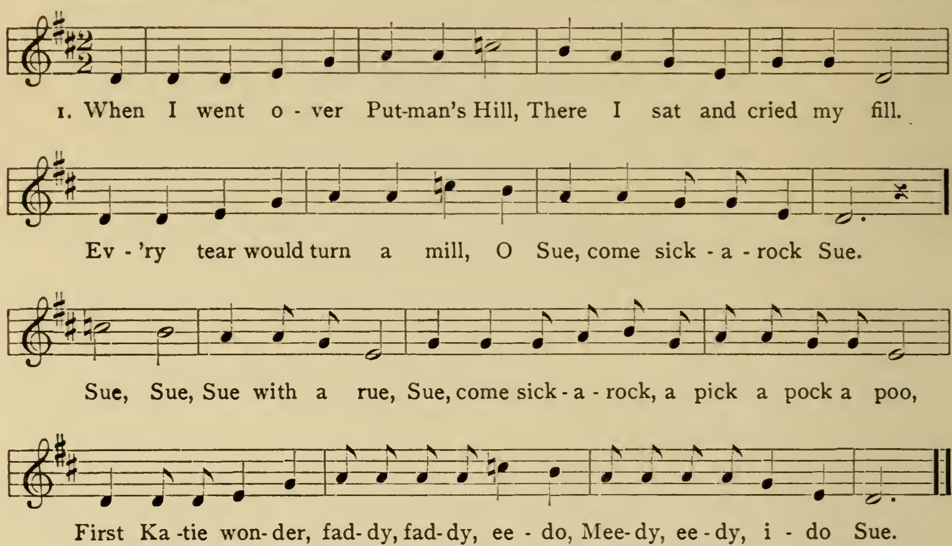
5 Ha, ha, ha, if money is all,
I won't marry you at all,
And I won't marry, marry, marry you,
And I won't marry you.

No. 93

Putman's Hill

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hughes
at 'Voodridge, Va., Sept 27, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



2 My old master, he's mighty cross,
He would not lend me mule nor horse,
He's none the better, nor I'm none the worse,
O Sue, etc.

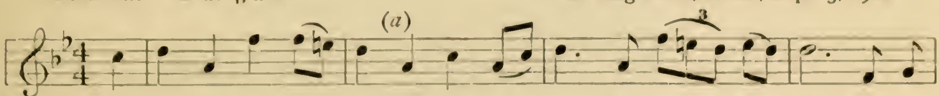
No. 94

The False Young Man

A

Sung by Mr. T. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 3, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.*



1. Come in, come in, my old true love, And chat a - while with me, For it's



been three quarters of one long year or more Since I spoke one word to thee.



2 I can't come in, nor I shan't sit down,
For I ain't a moment of time;
Since you are engaged with another true love,
Your heart is no more mine.

3 When your heart was mine, true love,
And your head lay on my breast,
You could make me believe by the falling of your arm
That the sun rose up in the west.

4 There's many a girl can go all round about
And hear the small birds sing,
And many a girl that stays at home alone
And rocks the cradle and spin.

5 There's many a star that shall jingle in the west,
There's many a leaf below,
There's a many a damn will light upon a man
For serving a poor girl so.

B

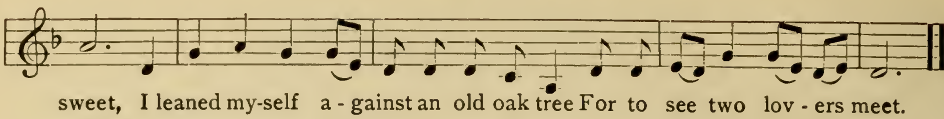
Sung by Mrs. Gabriel Coates
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept 2, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, a.



1. As I walked out one morn- ing in Spring For to hear the lit - tle birds sing

* If D be tonic:— Mode 2, a.



2 For to see two lovers meet, my dear,
And hear what they did say,
That I might learn a little more of their mind
Before I was forced away.

3 Before I was forced away,
Before I was forced away,
That I might learn a little more of their mind
Before I was forced away.

4 Come in, come in, my old true love,
And sit you down by me,
For it has been three-quarters of a year
Since together we have been.

5 Since together we have been, my dear,
Since together we have been,
For it has been three-quarters of a year
Since together we have been.

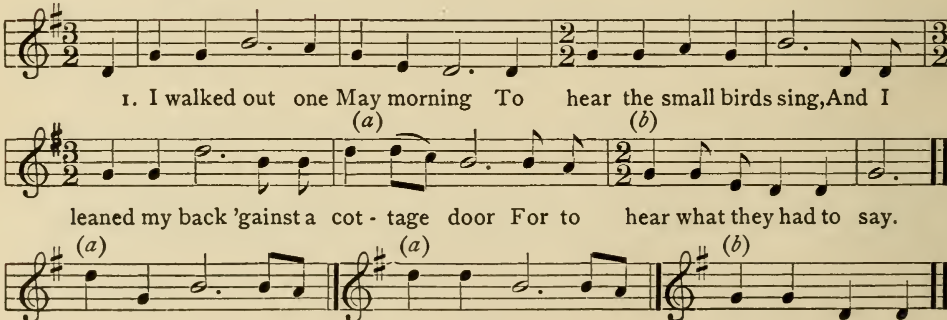
6 I can't come in, my old true love,
For I ain't got a moment to stay,
For I heard you give your heart to another young man,
And I've no more time to stay.

7 I've climbed as high a tree as there is,
And I've robbed as rich a nest,
And I've come down without e'er a fall,
And I'll marry who I do love best.

C

Sung by Mrs. Anelize Chandler
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 28, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 It's come you in, my dear,
And talk awhile with me.
I won't come in, nor I shan't sit down,
For I have not a moment to stay.
I suppose you have some other true love
And your heart is no more mine.

3 I'm a-going tomorrow, my dear,
It is for a little while,
Buf I'm a-coming back again, my love,
If I go ten thousand mile.

4 If I go away and prove false to you, my dear.
And never no·more return,
The rocks will run and the sea will burn
And the earth will melt with fervent heat.

5 Who will shoe my feet, my love,
Or who will glove my hands,
Or who will kiss my ruby lips
When you're in the foreign land?

6 Tell your father to shoe your feet, my love,
And tell your mother to glove your hands,
And I will kiss your ruby lips
When I come from the foreign land.

7 He laid his right arm on my shoulder,
He laid his left one on my breast,
Which might have made me a-believe
That the sun rose in the west.

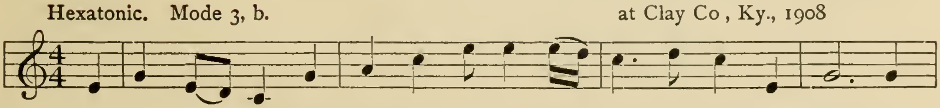
8 There's many a star in the heavens above,
And a green bunch of grass below.
What a heavy, heavy cross will hang on a man
That will treat a poor girl so.

9 I wish to God I'd a-never been born,
Or a-died when I was young;
I never would have wet my cheeks with tears
For the loss of no other woman's son.

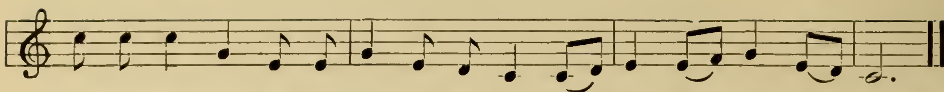
D

Sung by Mrs. Sophie A. Hensley
at Clay Co, Ky., 1908

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



The False Young Man



2 To see two lovers meet, my dear,
And to hear what they might say,
For I wanted to know a piece of their mind
Before I went away.

3 Come sit you down, my own true love,
Come sit you down by me,
For it has been three-fourths of a long, long year
Since together we have been.

4 I can't sit down and I won't sit down,
For I have not a moment of time,
And perhaps you have another true love
And your heart's no longer mine.

5 You know what you told me, love,
You know what you said,
You know what you promised me
When another true love was dead.

6 You made me believe by the faults you swore
With your arms all around my waist,
You made me believe by the faults you swore,
That the sun did rise in the west.

7 That the sun did arise in the west, my dear,
And turns square back to the east;
But once again I've come to myself
And I find you are a thief.

8 I never will believe what another boy says,
Let his eyes be dark or brown,
Unless he's upon a high gallows top,
Saying: Love, I'd rather come down.

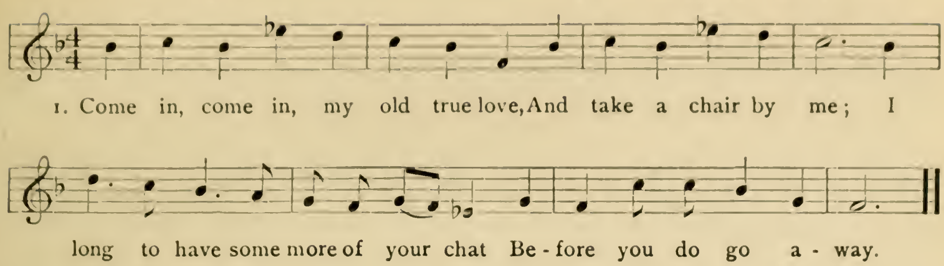
9 I'd rather not be hung;
For the words of a young boy
Are too hard to believe,
For they li-ee to every one.

The False Young Man

E

Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b.
(mixolydian).

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 27, 1916

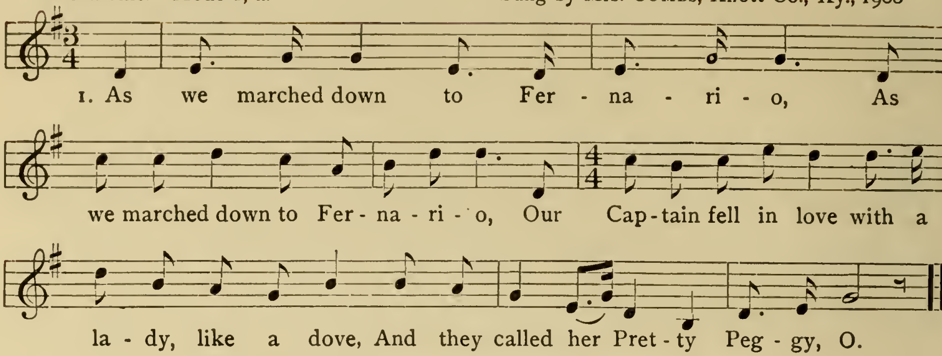


No. 95

Pretty Peggy O

A

Hexatonic. Mode 1, a. Sung by Mrs. Combs, Knott Co., Ky., 1908



2 What would your mother think, Pretty Peggy O,
What would your mother think, Pretty Peggy O?
What would your mother think for to hear the guineas clink
And the soldiers marching before ye O?

3 You shall ride in your coach, Pretty Peggy O,
You shall ride in your coach, Pretty Peggy O,
You shall ride in your coach and your true love by your side
Just as grand as any lady in the Ario.

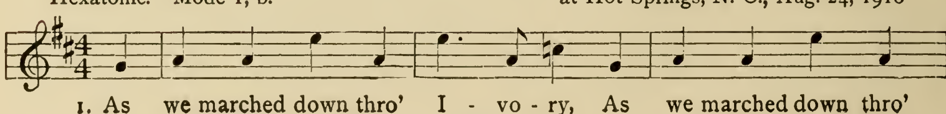
4 Come stepping down the stairs, Pretty Peggy O,
Come stepping down the stairs, Pretty Peggy O,
Come stepping down the stairs, combing back your yellow hair,
Take the last farewell of Sweet William O.

5 If ever I return, Pretty Peggy O,
If ever I return, Pretty Peggy O,
If ever I return, the city I will burn down,
And destroy all the ladies in the Ario.

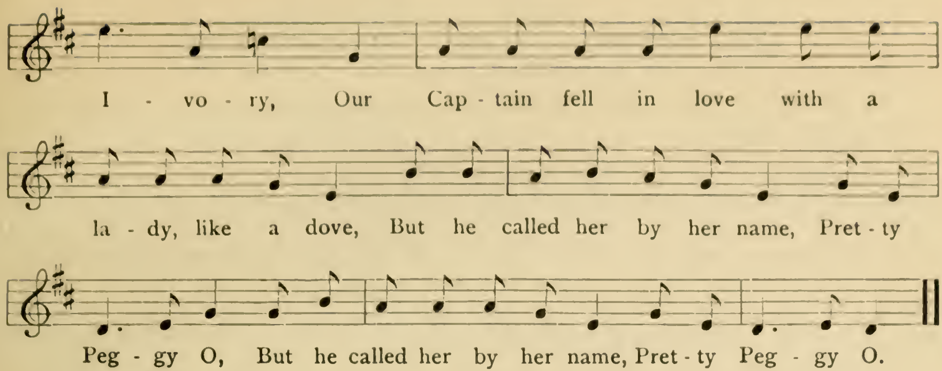
6 Our captain he is dead, Pretty Peggy O,
Our captain he is dead, Pretty Peggy O,
Our captain he is dead, and he died for a maid
And he's buried in the Louisiana country O.

B

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
Hexatonic. Mode 1, b. at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916



Pretty Peggy O



2 It's will you marry me, Pretty Peggy O?
It's will you marry me, Pretty Peggy O?
You may dress in your silks and ride the buggy high
Just as grand as any in the country O.

3 It's William is the man I do adore,
But I'm afeard my mother would be angry O.
What would your mother think to hear the chingles dank
And the soldiers marching on the floor O?

4 Come trip you downstairs, Pretty Peggy O,
Come trip you downstairs, Pretty Peggy O,
Come trip you downstairs and roach back your yellow hair,
Take the last farewell of your little Willlam O.

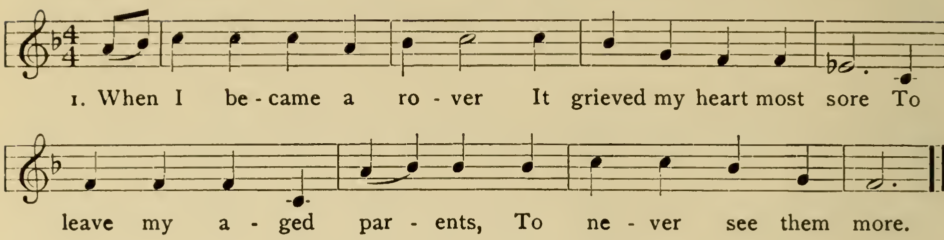
No. 96

My Parents Treated Me Tenderly

A

Sung by Mr. Frankland B. Shelton
at Allanstand, N. C., July 31, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.



2 My parents did treat me tenderly,
They had no child but me,
But my mind was bent on roving,
With them I couldn't agree.

3 There was a noble gentleman
In yonder town drew nigh;
He had one only daughter,
On her I cast my eye.

4 She was young and tall and handsome,
Most beautiful and fair;
There wasn't a girl in that whole town
With her I could compare.

5 I told her my intention;
It was to cross the main.
It's, love, will you prove faithful
Till I return again?

6 She said she would prove faithful
Till death did prove unkind.
We kissed, shook hands and parted,
I left my girl behind.

7 It's when I left old Ireland,
To Scotland I was bound.
I'll march from Zion to me
To view the country round.

8 The girls were fair and plenty there
And all to me proved kind,
But the dearest object of my heart
Was the girl I left behind.

9 I walked out one evening
All down the George's Square;
The mail coach ship had just arose,
When the post-boy met me there.

10 He handed me a letter
That gave me to understand
That the girl I left behind me
Had wedded to another man.

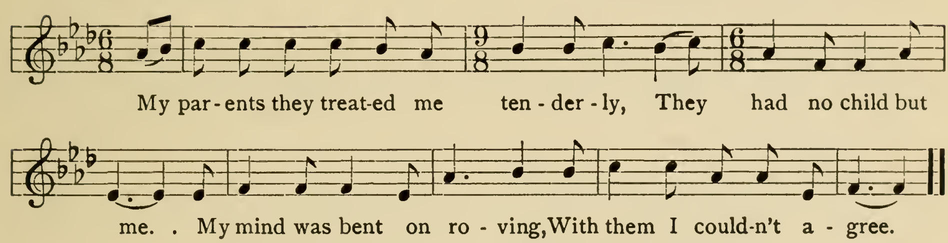
11 I advanced a little further,
I found the news quite true;
I turned myself all round about,
I knew not what to do.

12 I'll serve my trade, I'll quit my woe,
Bad company I'll resign;
I'll rove around from town to town
For the girl I left behind.

B

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 10, 1916

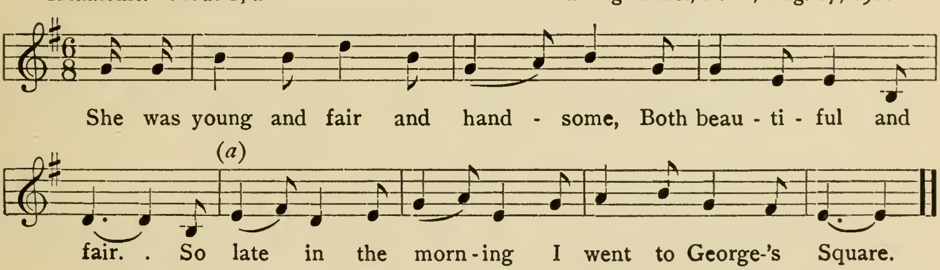
Pentatonic. Mode 2.

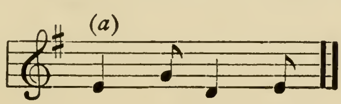


C

Sung by Mrs. Becky Griffin
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 17, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.





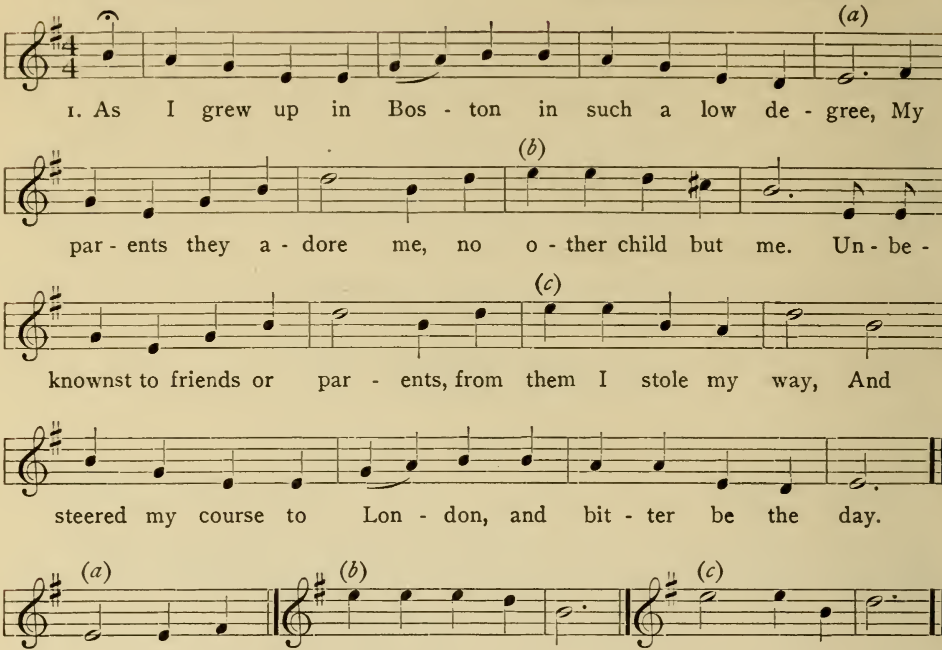
No. 97

The Sheffield Apprentice

A

Heptatonic. Mode 2, a + b (dorian).

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 3, 1916



2 And when I got to London a fair lady met me there
And offered me in wages to live with her one year;
And offered me in wages fine house and fine land,
If I'd give consent and marry her, she'd be at my command.

3 I said: Dear Miss, excuse me, I cannot wed you both,
I'm promised to pretty Polly and bounded with an oath.
Then Miss she grew angry and from me fled away,
A-swearing by all her vengeance she'd be my overthrow.

4 I stepped out one evening to take the pleasant air,
I find Miss in the garden, a-viewing the lilies fair.
The gold rings on her fingers, as she come past by me,
She dropped them in my pocket, and for it I must die.

5 They put me on a east bound train one cold December day,
And every station I rode through I heard the people say:
Yonder goes a young man, in iron chains he's bound,
For some crime or other he's bound for Charlestown.
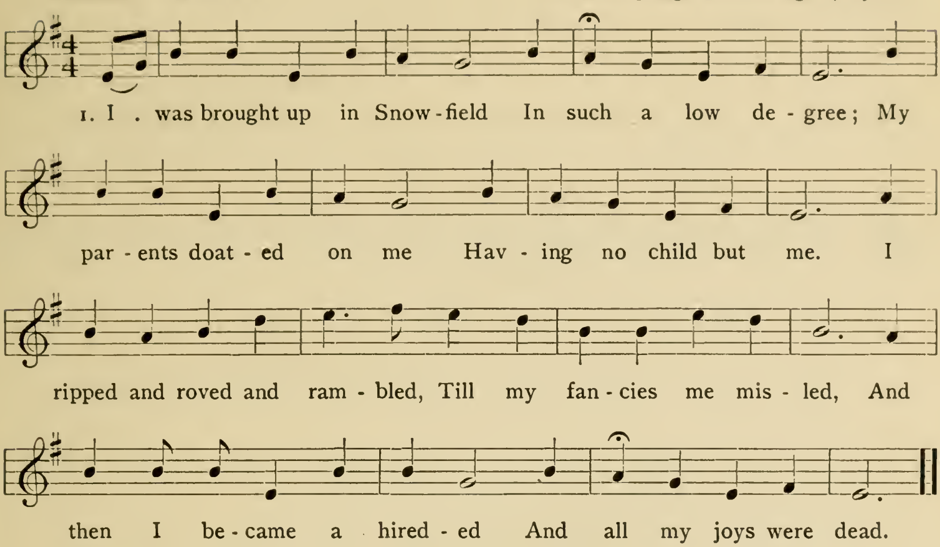
6 Here is my dear old father, he's pleading at the bar,
Likewise my aged mother pulling out grey locks of hair,
A-pulling out those old grey locks, the tears come trinkling down.
Son, O son, what have you done? You're bound for Charlestown.

7 Then I was executed and on the gallows hung,
My friends and my relations all round me they did mourn,
And my father and my mother all round me they did cry.
Farewell, my dear old parents, now I am bound to die.

B

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916
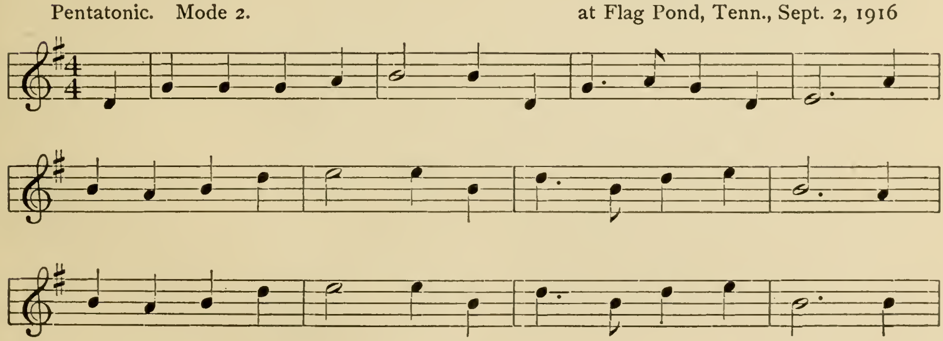
Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.
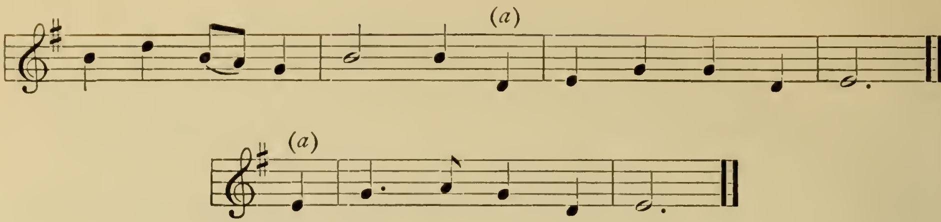


C

Sung by Mrs. GABRIEL COATES
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2.
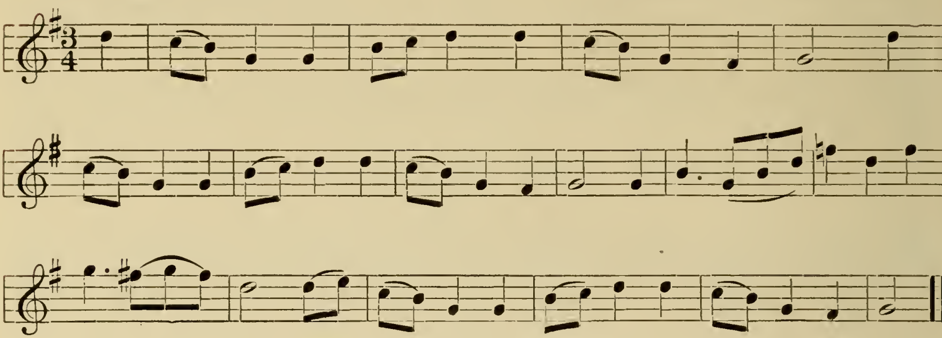




D

Hexatonic. Mode 1, a + b
(mixolydian influence, no 2nd).

Sung by Mrs. Tempa Shelton
at Spillcorn, N. C., Sept. 6, 1916



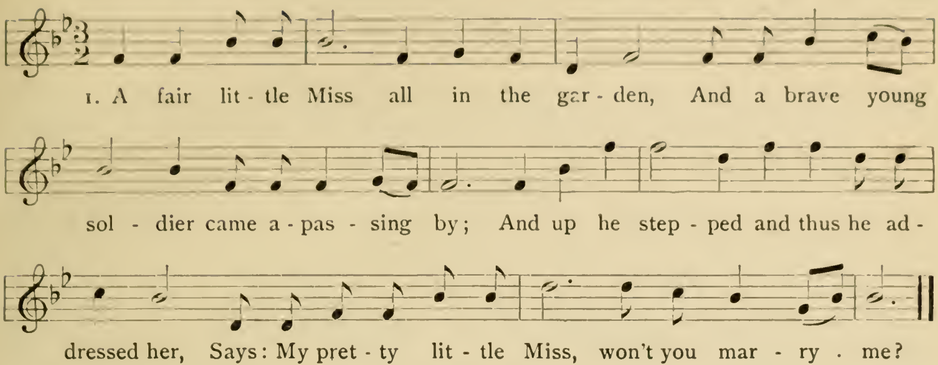
No. 98

The Broken Token

A

Sung by Mrs. Mary Sands
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 1, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 She says: No, kind sir, a man of honour,
A man of honour you may be,
But how can you impose on a fair lady
Who never intends your bride to be?

3 I've got a true love been gone to the ocean,
He's been there for seven years long,
And if he stays seven years longer,
No man on earth will marry me.

4 Perhaps he's in the sea-side drownded,
Or perhaps he's in some battle slain,
Or perhaps he's took some other girl and married,
His face you'll never see again.

5 If he's drownded I'm in hopes he's happy,
Or if he's in some battle slain,
Or perhaps he's took some other girl and married,
I'll love that girl that would have married him.

6 He run his hands all in his pocket,
His fingers being long and slim,
Says: Here's a ring that you did give me
Before I started to the sea.

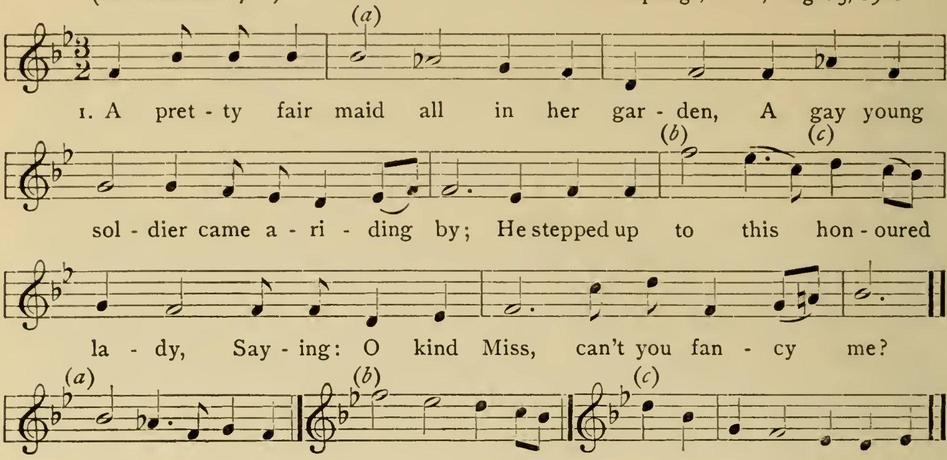
7 She wrung her lily-white hands and cried,
And straight before him she did fall,
Says: You are the man that used to court me
Before you started to the sea.

The Broken Token

B

Heptatonic. Mode 3, a + b.
(with flattened 7th).

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 25, 1916



2 You're not a man of noble honour,
You're not the man that I took you to be,
You're not a man of noble honour,
Or you would not impose on a poor girl like me.

3 I have a true love in the army;
He has been gone just seven years long;
And seven years more I'll wait upon him;
No man on earth shall enjoy me.

4 Perhaps he's in some watercourse drownded,
Perhaps he's in some battle-field slain,
Perhaps he's stole some fair girl and married;
If that's the case, you'll never see him again.

5 Perhaps he's in some watercourse drownded,
Perhaps he's in some battle-field slain,
Perhaps he's stole some fair girl and married;
I'll love the girl that married him.

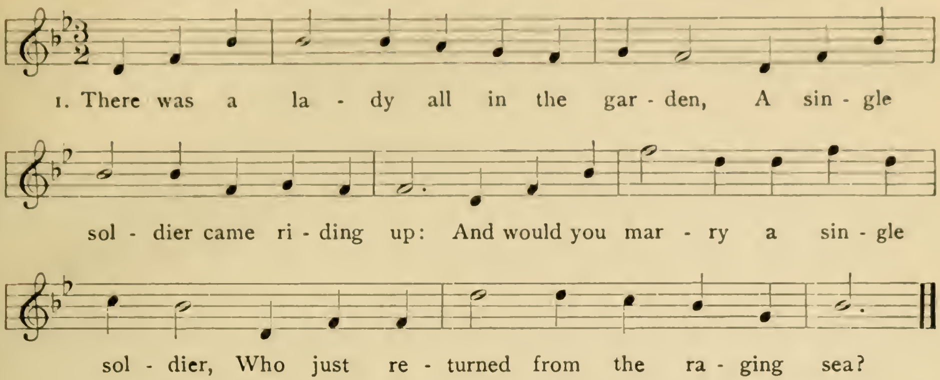
6 He pulled his hands all out of his pockets
And rings and diamonds two or three;
He pulled out a ring that she had given him.
She saw and fell down at his feet.

7 He picked her up and did embrace her,
And kisses gave her two or three,
Saying: This is your poor single soldier
Just returned to marry thee.

C

Sung by Mr. Mitchell Wallin
at Allanstand, N. C., Aug. 4, 1916

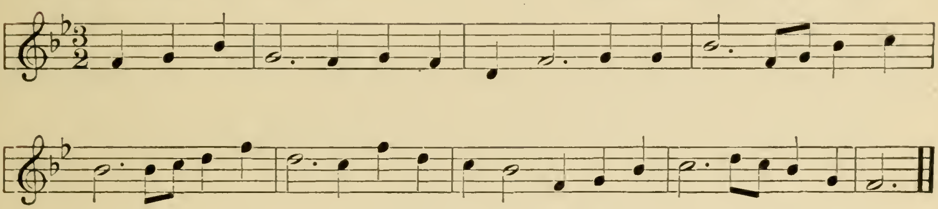
Hexatonic. Mode 3, a.



D

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 11, 1916

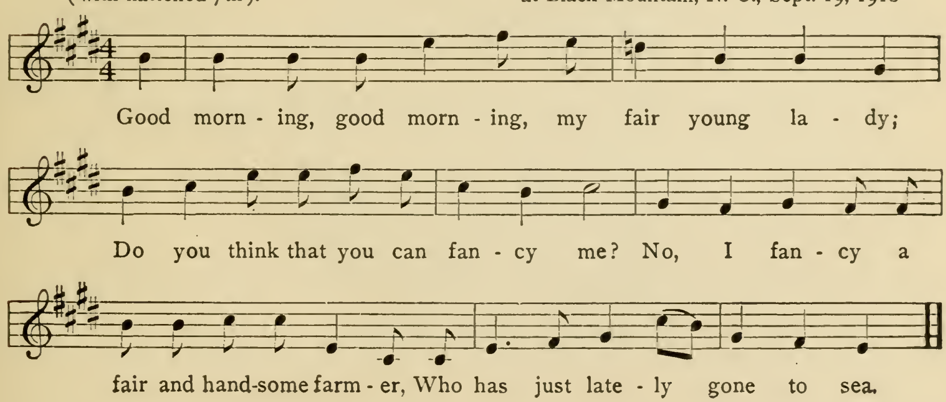
Pentatonic. Mode 3 (Tonic B♭).



E

Hexatonic. Mode 3, a
(with flattened 7th).

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916

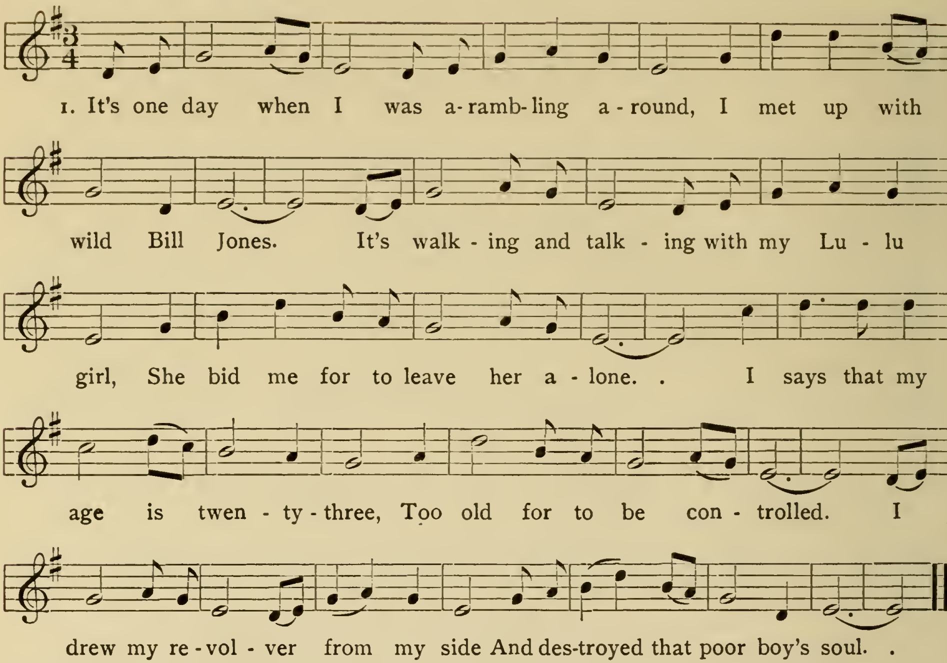


No. 99

Wild Bill Jones

Sung by Miss Viney Norton
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 16, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 2, b.



2 He reeled and he staggered, he fell to the ground,
He gave one dying groan;
He cast his eyes on his Lulu girl's face,
Says: Darling, you're left alone.
If I'd have listened to what mamma said,
At home I'd have been to-day,
'Stead of being in this old jail
Wearing my life away.

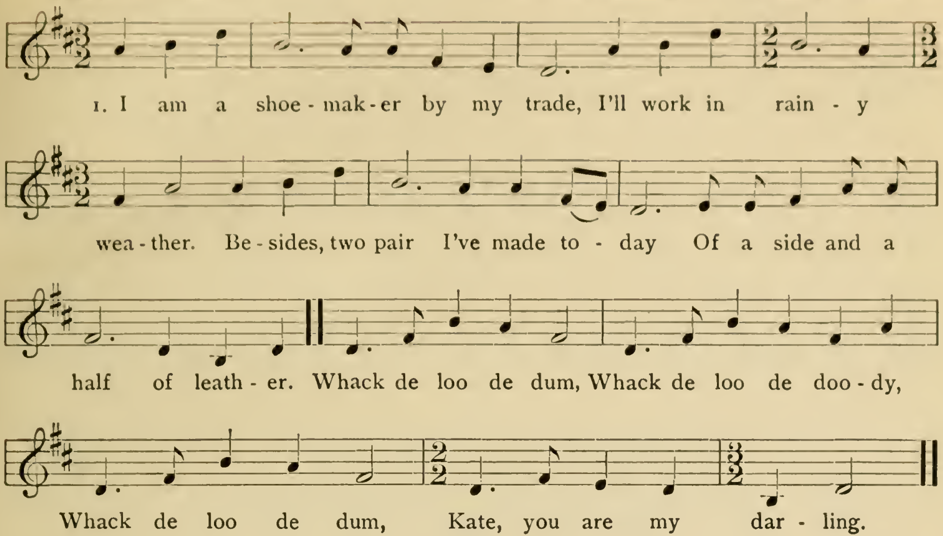
3 Pass your jugs and your bottles all around,
Let's get on the spree,
For to-day's the last of wild Bill Jones,
To-morrow'll be the last of me.
When I am dead and in my coffin,
Pretty girls all crowded around,
Push back my coffin lid,
See the last of wild Bill Jones.

No. 100

The Shoemaker

Sung by Mrs. Carrie Ford
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 Go hand me down my pegging awl,
I stuck it right up yonder.
Go hand me down my sewing awl
To peg and sew my leather.

3 I have lost my shoemaker's wax
And where do you think I'll find it?
O ain't that enough to break my heart.
O right here, Kate, I've found it.

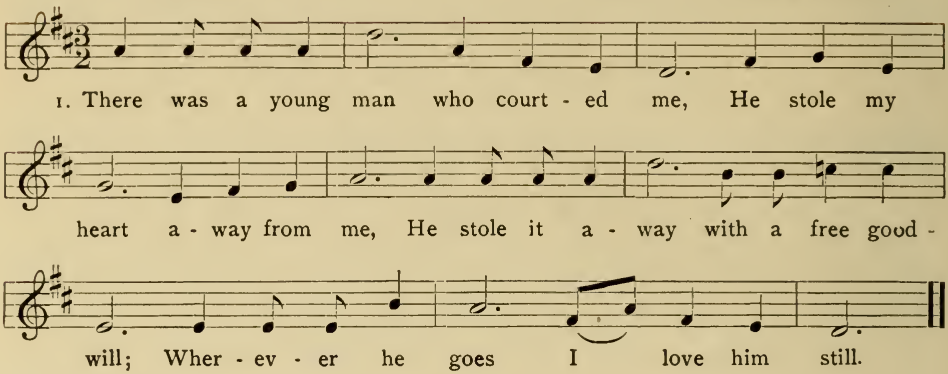
No. 101

The Brisk Young Lover

A

Heptatonic: Mode 1, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Miss Della Moore at Rabun Co., Ga., May 2, 1909



2 There is a house in this same town,
He often goes there and sits down;
He'll take a strange girl upon his knee,
And he'll tell her things that he won't tell me.

3 It troubles me so, and I'll tell you for why,
Because she has more gold than I,
But it's gold will melt and silver will fly,
But mine is love that will never die.

4 I went upstairs to make my bed,
To lay me down to rest my head.
My old mother came to my bedside,
Saying: What's the matter with my child?

5 O mother, O mother, you do not know
Of the grief and pain and sorrow.
Go bring me a chair and I'll sit down,
With pen and ink I'll write it down.

6 At the end of each line I dropped a tear,
At the end of every word cried: O my dear.
My old father he came home, saying:
Where has my daughter gone?

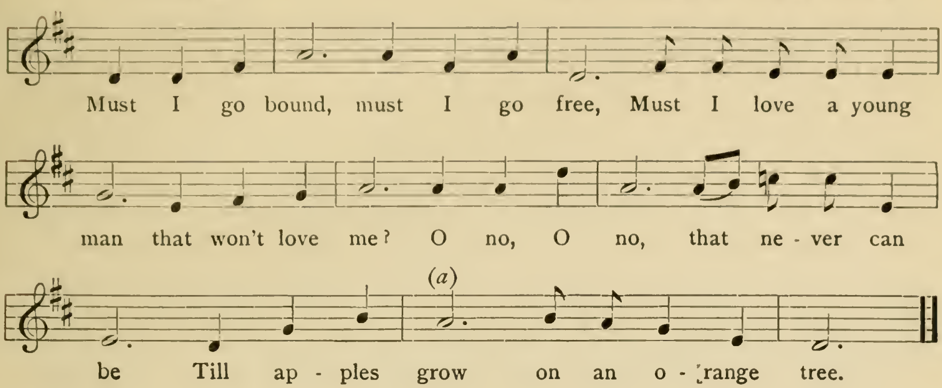
7 He went upstairs and the door he broke,
And there he found her hanging to a rope.
He took his knife and cut her down,
And on her breast a note he found.

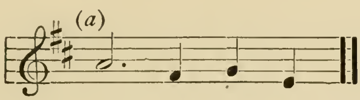
8 Saying: Foolish, foolish girl am I
To hang myself for an untrue man.
Come all ye friends, I bid you good-bye,
For I hope you must live, but I must die.

B

Heptatonic: Mode r, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 25, 1916



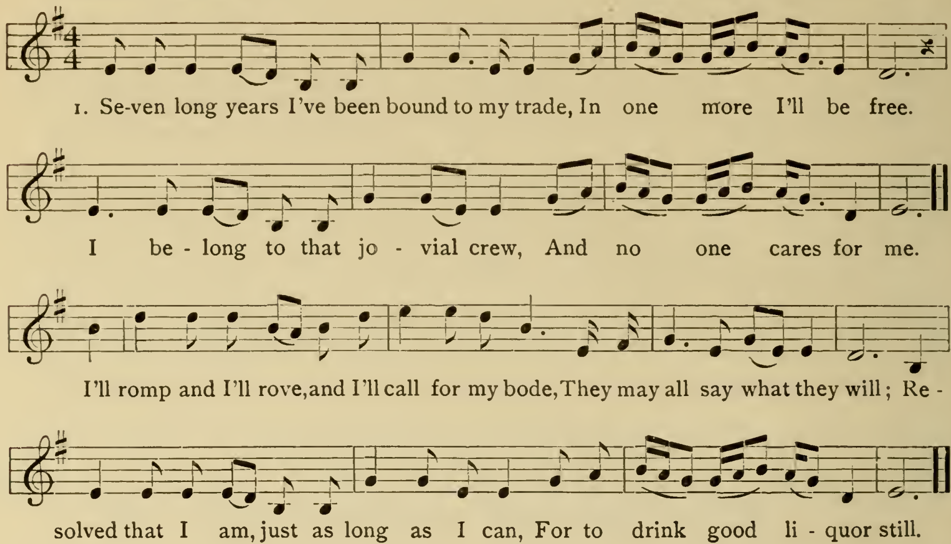


No. 102

Seven Long Years

Sung by Mrs. Moore
at Rabun Co., Ga., 1909

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



2 I have a good old father at home,
And I've cost him many a pound,
And now to make amends for this,
I'll travel the whole world round.

3 I have a good old mother at home,
I've caused her a many a tear,
And now to make amends for this,
I'll travel far and near.

4 I have a good little sister at home,
And she gave me a good piece of advice,
Said for me to stay with my kind old parents
And to marry me a pretty little wife.

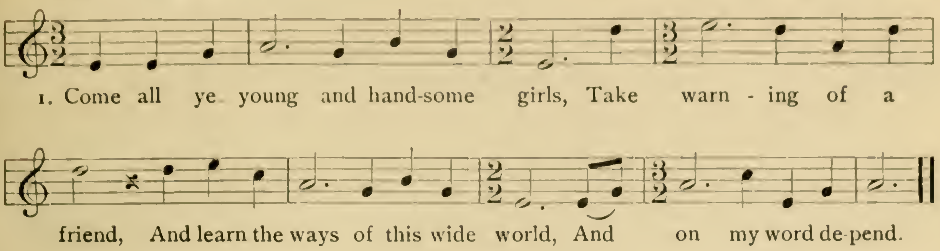
5 I have a good little sweetheart at home,
She gave me a broad piece of gold;
It'll neither buy me a house nor a home,
Nor save my soul from hell;
It'll only buy me a full flowing bowl,
That the ladies may drink their fill.

No. 103

Come All You Young and Handsome Girls

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Concle,
Perry Co., Ky., August, 1908

Hexatonic. Mode 2, a.



2 I know that the minds of girls are weak
And the minds of boys are strong,
And if you listen to their advice,
They will sure advise you wrong.

3 They will tell you that they love you dear,
And wish you safe from harm;
Before they will betray their thought,
They would give up their right arm.

4 When I was in my sixteenth year,
And Willie courted me,
He said if I would go with him
His loving wife I would be.

5 My heart it was confined to him,
I could not well say No;
I thought I knew him to be my friend,
And away with him I did go.

6 When I was far away from home,
It was my happiest life.
He said to me: You may go back home,
You cannot be my wife.

7 My father he was kind to me,
My mother she loved me dear.
You know you have persuaded me away;
How can you leave me here?

8 Nellie, Nellie, my darling girl,
No fault I find with you;
I am bound to ramble all around;
Now I bid you adieu.

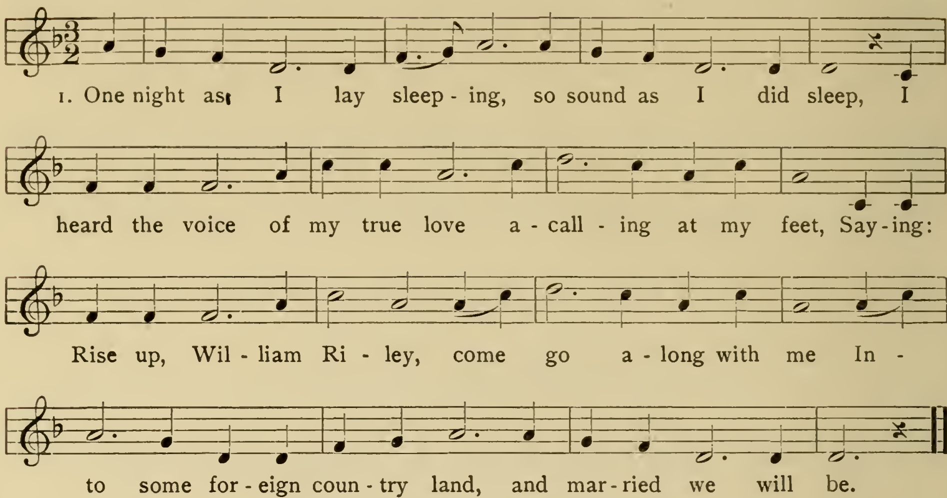
No. 104

Loving Reilly

A

Sung by Mrs. Moore,
at Rabun Co., Ga., May 1, 1909

Pentatonic. Mode 2.



2 I'll leave my father's dwelling, forsake my mother's fee,
Go through the howling wilderness and married we will be.
Her old father followed after them with seven armed men.
Overtaken was poor Riley with his lovely Polly Anne.

3 And then next morning early the jailor's son come down,
Saying: Rise up, William Riley, your trial is at hand.
Before yon bunch of jurors your trial you must stand.
I'm afraid you'll suffer sorely by your lovely Polly Anne.

4 Then up spoke an aged lawyer, these words he did say:
To hang a man for love, boys, I call it murder-y,
To hang a man for love, boys, 'tis murder you plainly see.
O spare the life of Riley, and let him leave his country.

5 Then up spoke her old father, these words he did say:
He's taken from me gold watches, he's taken from me gold rings,
He's took a silver brooch pin, 'twas worth a thousand pounds.
I'll have the life of Riley, or spend ten thousand pounds.
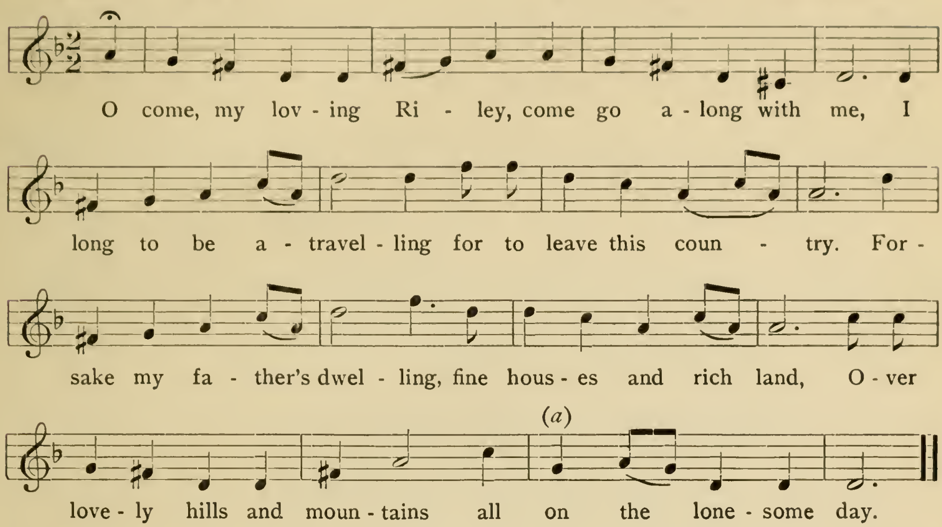
6 There is a ring amonst the rest I'll have you for to wear.
The ring has forty diamonds and plaited with my hair.
O when you wear it, Riley, wear it on your right hand,
And think of my poor broken heart when you're in foreign land.

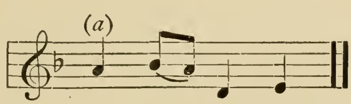
7 O'er Riley's routes and travels, it can't near all be told.
O Riley he's a handsome man, most neatly to behold;
His hair lies over his shoulders like many links of gold;
He wanted MacAllen's daughter, she was charming to behold.

B

Sung by Mrs. Hester House,
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.



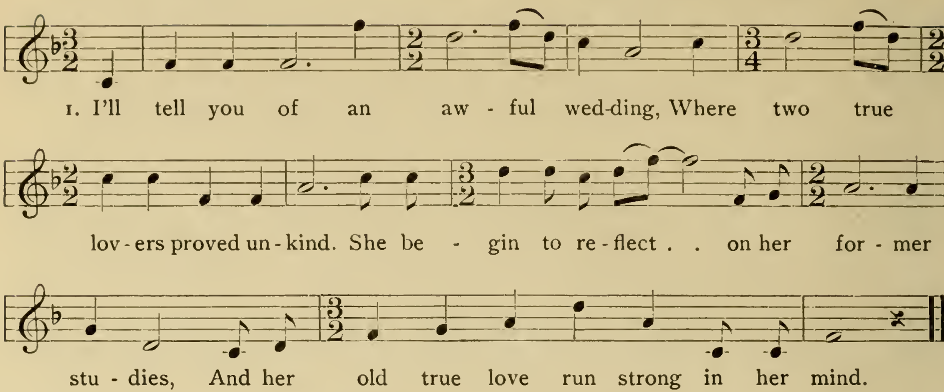


No. 105

The Awful Wedding

Sung by Mrs. MOORE,
at Rabun Co., Ga., May 2, 1909

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 They were all seated round the table,
And every one should sing a song;
And the very first one was her old true lover,
And this is the song that he sung to the bride.

3 If any one should ask the reason
Why I put on my strange attire,
I'm crossed in love, that is the reason,
I've lost my only heart's delight.

4 But I'll put on my strange attire,
And I will wear it for a week or two,
. . . .
Till I change my old love for the new.

5 But how can you lie with your head on another man's pillow,
When you proved your love so late to me?
To bear it any longer she was not able,
And down at her bridegroom's feet she fell.

6 There one thing I do desire,
Perhaps you all will grant me;
That is this night to lie by my mother,
And all that love me lie with thee.

7 And this request being soon was granted,
With watery eyes they went to bed.
So early, so early, as they rose in the morning,
They found the young bride lying dead.

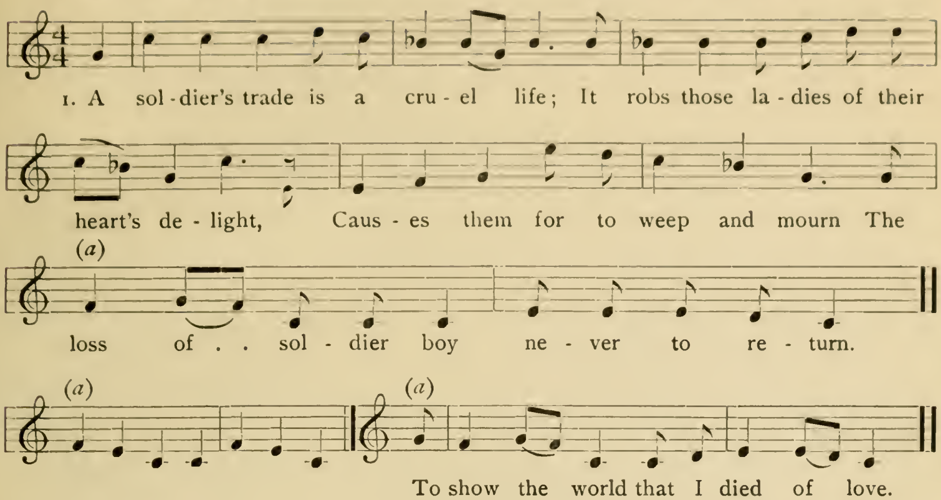
No. 106

Sweet William

A

Sung by Mr. WILLIAM F. WELLS,
at Swannanoa, N. C., Sept. 9, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.



2 Yellow was the colour of my true love's hair,
Cheeks was like a lily fair.
If he returns it'll give me joy;
Never love any but a sweet soldier boy.

3 Father, father, build me a boat,
Over the ocean I may float.
Every ship that I pass by,
There I enquired for my sweet soldier boy.

4 Lady, lady, he's not here;
Killed him in the battle, my dear.
At the head of Rocky Island as we passed by,
There we left your sweet soldier boy.

5 She run her boat all o'er a rock.
I saw that lady's heart was broke.
She run her hand all through her hair
Like a lady in despair.

6 She called for a chair to sit upon,
A pen and ink to write it down.
At the end of every line she dropped a tear,
At the end of every verse cried: O my dear.

7 Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
A marble stone at my head and feet.
Upon my breast there'll come a turtle dove
To show the world that I died of love.

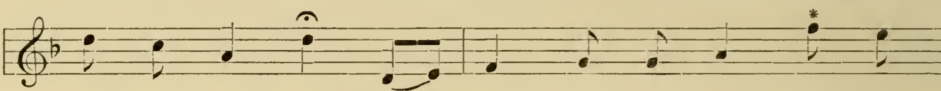
B

Sung by Mrs. Rosie Hensley
at Carmen, N. C., Aug. 10, 1916

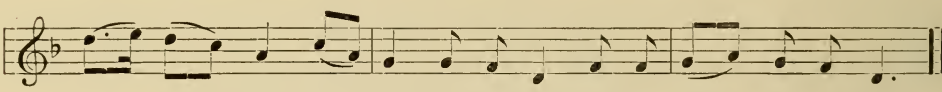
Hexatonic. Mode 4, b.



1. She run her boat a - gainst the main, She spied three ships a -



sail - ing from Spain; She halt - ed each cap - tain as



he . passed by, O . there she en-quired of her sweet sol - dier boy.

* Sometimes sharpened.

2 O captain, O captain, tell me true,
Does my sweet soldier boy sail with you?
O answer me quick and that will give me joy,
For I never loved none like my sweet soldier boy.

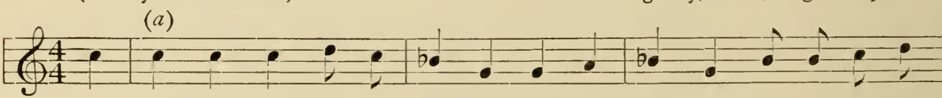
3 O lady, O lady, he's not here,
He got killed in the battle, my dear;
At the head of Rocky Isle, as we passed by,
There we saw your soldier boy lie.

4 She wrung her hands all in her hair
Just like a lady in despair;
She rowed her boat against a rock.
I thought in my soul the lady's heart was broke.

C

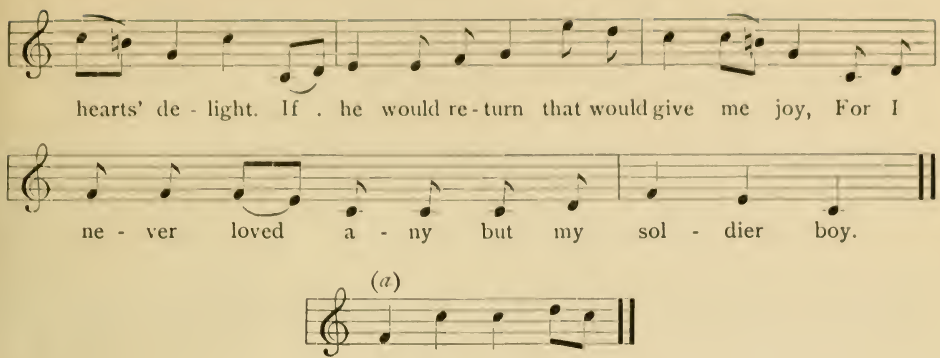
Heptatonic. Mode 1, a + b
(mixolydian influence). *

Sung by Mr. Jehu Harris
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 12, 1916



A sol - dier's trade is a cru - el life, It robs poor wo - men of their

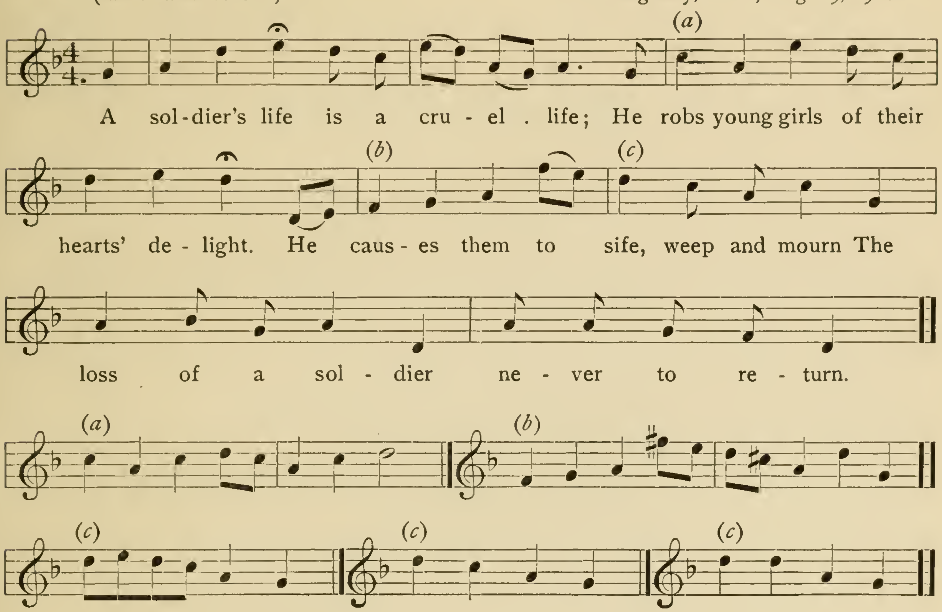
* In Mode 4, a + b, with sharpened 7th.



D

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b
(with flattened 6th).

Sung by Mr. W. Riley Shelton
at Alleghany, N. C., Aug. 29, 1916

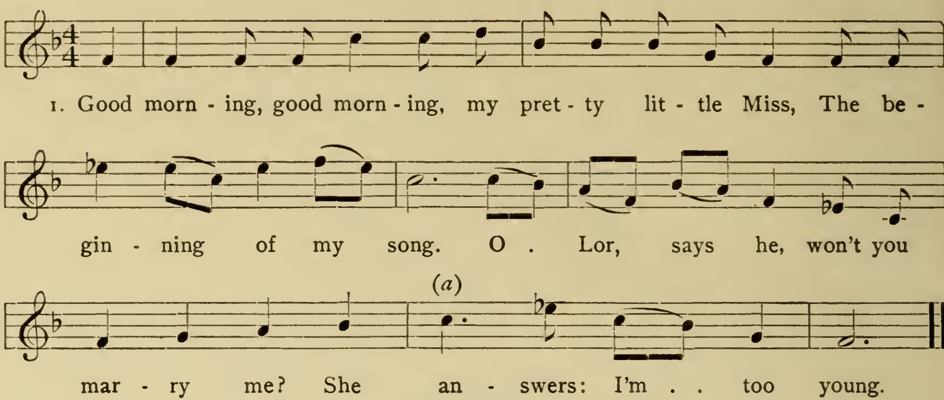


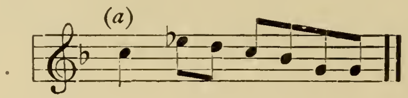
No. 107

Good Morning, My Pretty Little Miss

Heptatonic. Mode 4, a + b (mixolydian).

Sung by Mrs. Hester House at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 14, 1916





2 The younger you be the better for me,
More fitting for to be my bride,
For I wanted to say on my wedding day
That I married my bride in maze.

3 He courted her by compliment
Till he got her to comply;
He courted her with a merry mood,
All night with him she lay.

4 The night has passed and the day has come,
The morning sun do shine.
I will arise, said he, put on my clothes,
And then, sweet love, I'm gone.

5 O that's not what you promised me
All down by the greenwood side.
You promised for to marry me
And make me your sweet bride.

6 If ever I promised to marry you,
It was all in a merry mood,
For I'll avow and will swear,
I never was born for you.

7 I never will believe another man,
County, city nor town,
Unless the gallows was around him tied,
And wishing himself safe down.

8 For girls can go to market town,
Go dressed so neat and fine,
While me a poor girl must stay at home
And rock the cradle and spin.

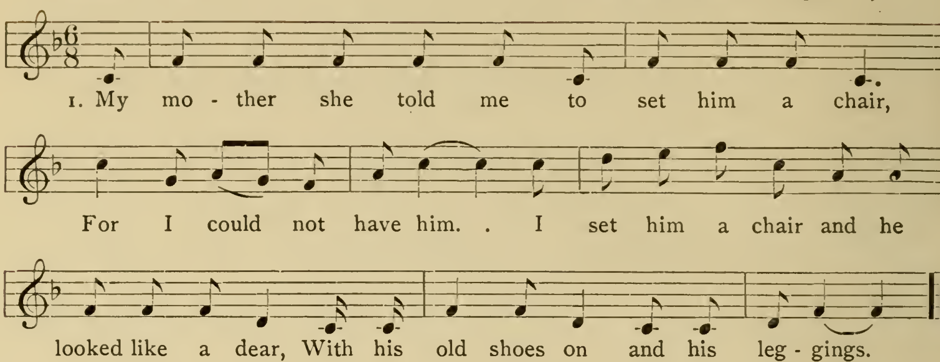
9 I can sing as lonesome a song
As any little bird in the cage.
O sixteen weeks astray have been gone,
And scarcely fifteen years of age.

No. 108

My Mother Bid Me

A

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry,
Pentatonic. Mode 3, a. at Hot Springs, N. C., Aug. 24, 1916



2 My mother she told me to set him a stool.
I set him a stool and he looked like a fool.

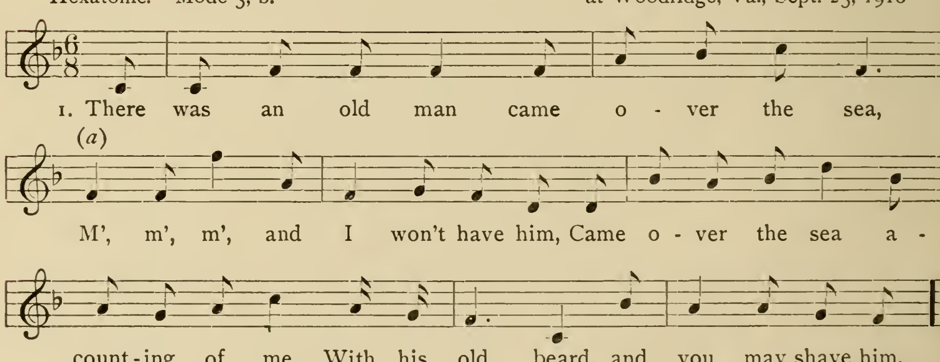
3 My mother she told me to tell him to come back no more.
I told him to come back no more, but he hung in the door.

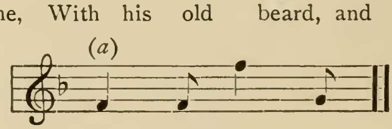
4 My mother told me to run him away.
I run him away, but he come back the next day.

5 My mother told me to ride him a path.
I rode him a path, then he went the road fast.

B

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm,
Hexatonic. Mode 3, b. at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 23, 1916





2 My mother she told me to give him a chair.
I gave him a chair and he called me his dear.

3 My father he told me to give him a stool.
I gave him a stool and he sat like a fool.

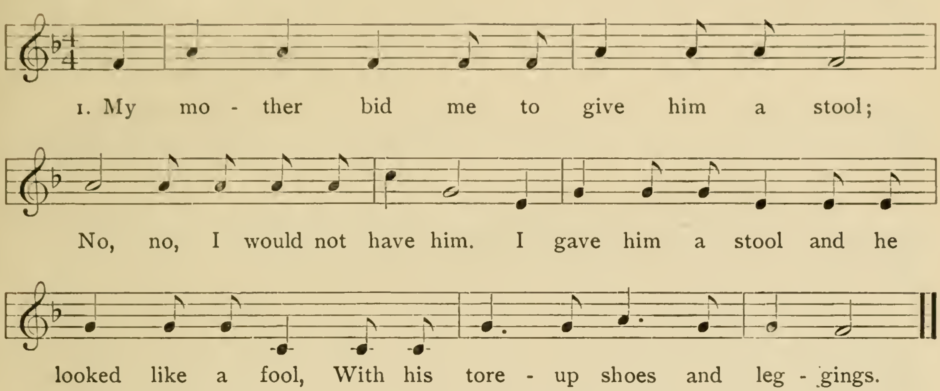
4 My mother she told me to give him some bread.
I give him some bread and he nodded his head.

5 My father he told me to give him some meat.
I give him some meat and lord ! how he did eat.

C

Sung by Mrs. Minnie Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 18, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3, a (no 6th).



2 My mother bid me to give him something to eat.
I gave him something to eat and he kicked me six feet.

3 My mother bid me to fix him a bed.
I fixed him a bed and he wished he was dead.
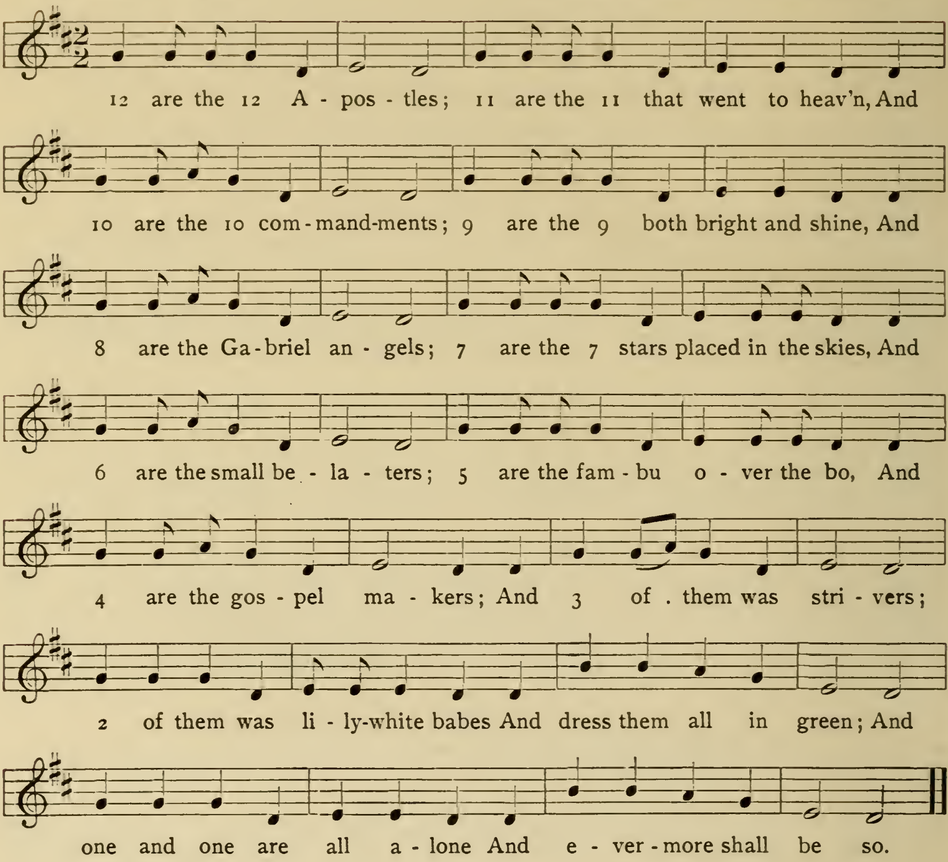
No. 109

The Ten Commandments

A

Sung by Mrs. Sarah Buckner
at Black Mountain, N. C., Sept. 19, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1.



B

Narrated by Miss Dell Westmoreland,
White Co., Ga., 1908

1 (1st voice)
Come and I will sing you.
(2nd voice)
What will you sing me ?
(1st voice)
I will sing you one. (two, three, etc. in successive verses.)
(2nd voice)
What is your one ? (two, three, etc.)

(1st voice)
One, O One was God alone and he shall ever remain so.

12 (1st voice)
Come and I will sing you.

(2nd voice)
etc., etc.

. . . .

. . . .

(1st voice)
Twelve are the twelve apostles,
Eleven are the eleven who went to Heaven,
Ten are the ten commandents,
Nine are the nine that dress so fine,
Eight are the great Archangels,
Seven are the seven stars fixed in the sky,
Six are the cheerful waiters,
Five are the farmers in a boat,
Four are the Gospel preachers,
Three of them are strangers,
Two O two are the lily-white babes clothed in darling green O,
One O One was God alone and he shall ever remain so.

C

Narrated by Miss DICKEY,
Asheville, N. C., 1915

12 (1st voice)
Now I'll sing.

(2nd voice)
O what shall I sing ?

(1st voice)
O I'll sing twelve,
Twelve disciples,
Eleven apostles,
Ten commandments,
Nine unbelievers,
Eight captain angels,
Seven sennets in the sky,
Six single weavers,
Five fingers on the bowl,
Four Gospel teachers,
Three are thrivers,
Two and two are under brides sitting on the green row,
One and One are all alone, never more to be so.
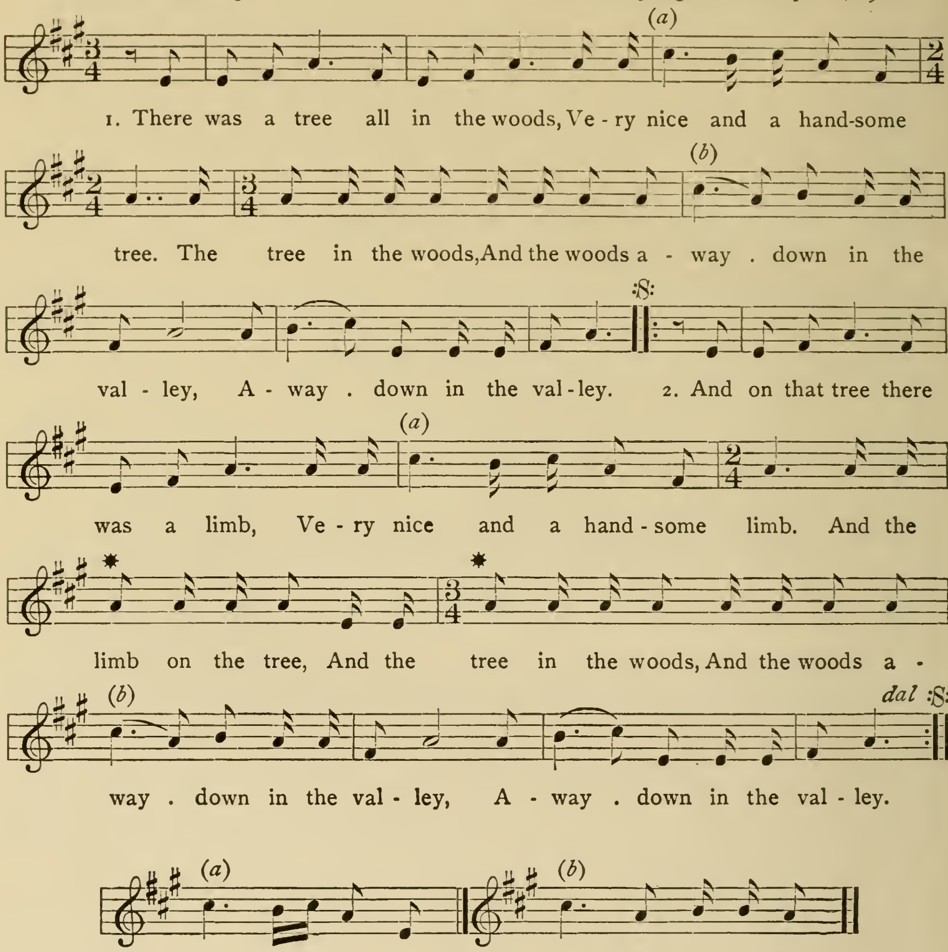
No. 110

The Tree in the Wood

A

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



3 And on that limb there was a twig, etc.

4 And on that twig there was a nest, etc.

5 And in that nest there was an egg, etc.

6 And in that egg there was a bird, etc.

7 And on that bird there was a down, etc.

* This bar is repeated in subsequent verses as often as necessary.

8 And on that down there was a feather,
Very nice and a handsome feather;
And the feather on the down,
And the down on the bird,
And the bird in the egg,
And the egg in the nest,
And the nest on the twig,
And the twig on the limb,
And the limb on the tree,
And the tree in the woods,
And the woods away down in the valley,
Away down in the valley.
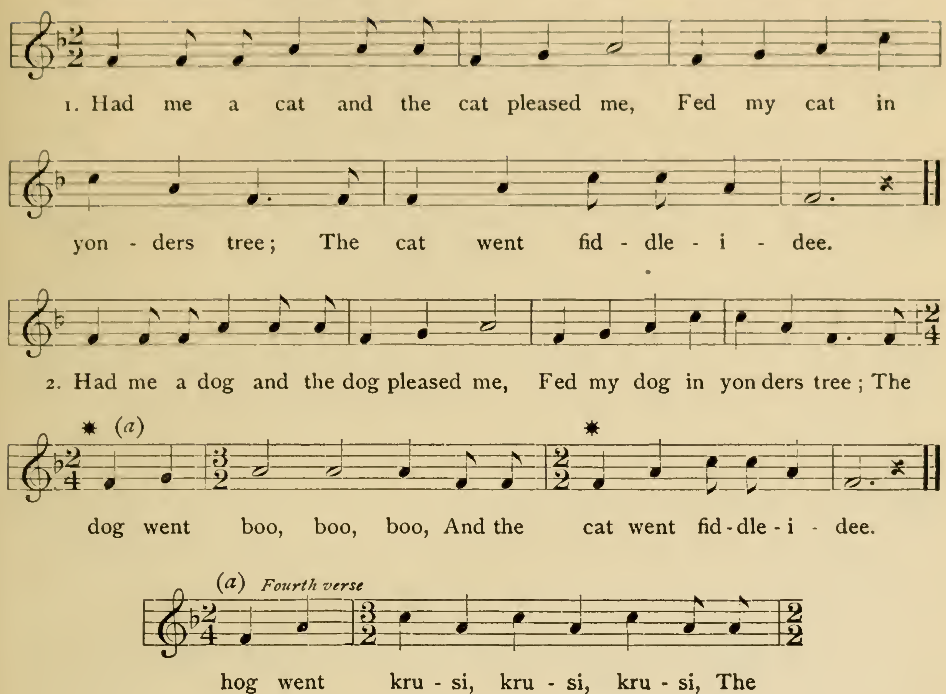
NURSERY SONGS

No. 111

The Farmyard

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3 (no 6th).



3 The hen went ka, ka, ka.
4 The hog went kru-si, kru-si, kru-si.
5 The sheep went baa, baa, baa.
6 The cow went moo, moo, moo.
7 The calf went ma, ma, ma.

This song can be extended at will by adding the names and characteristic cries of other animals.

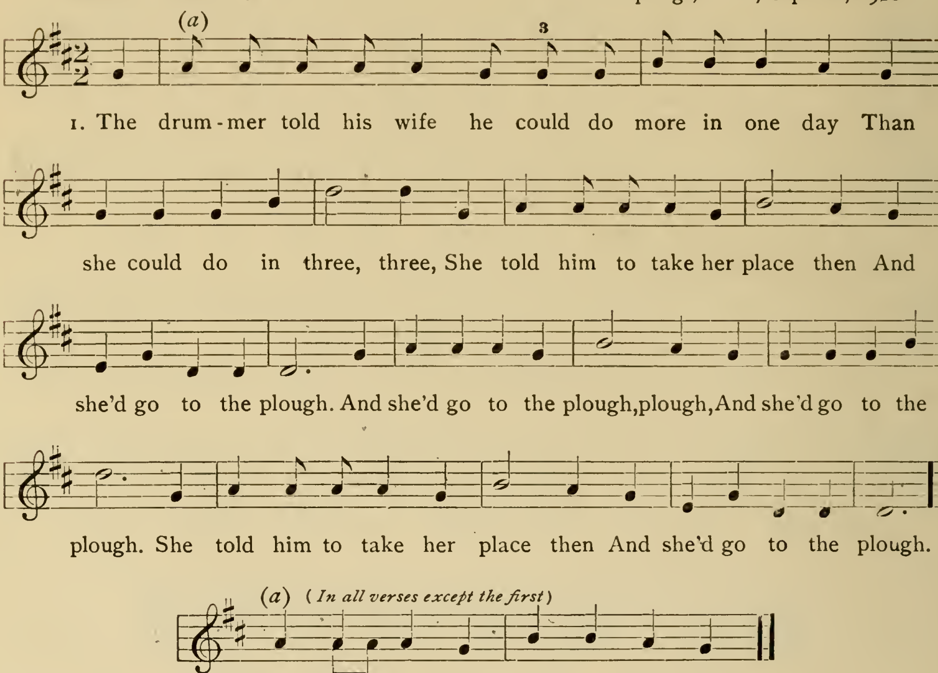
✱ The passage between the asterisks is sung twice in the third verse, three times in the fourth verse (first time as in variant, a), and so on, *ad lib.*

No. 112

The Drummer and His Wife

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 1.*



2 She told him to milk the crumply cow,
For fear she would go dry, dry;
She told him to feed that speckled pig
That lay up in the sty.

3 She told him to churn the churn of cream
That set up in the frame, frame;
She told him to watch the pot of fat,
Or it'd go up in a flame.

4 She told him to feed that speckled hen,
For fear she would go stray, stray;
She told him to remember the spool of thread
That she spun was to-day.

5 The drummer went to milk the crumply cow,
For fear she would go dry, dry.
She hoist her head and give a snort,
And wouldn't let drummer come a-nigh.

* If G be tonic: — Mode 3.

6 He went to feed the speckled pig
That lay up in the sty, sty.
He hit his head agin' the beam,
And the blood came trinkling down.

7 He went to churn the churn of cream
That set up in the frame, frame;
And he forgot the pot of fat,
And it went up in the flame.

8 He went to feed the speckled hen,
For fear she would go stray, stray;
And he forgot the spool of thread
She spun was to-day.

9 The drummer told his wife that she could do more in one day
Than he could do in three, three,
And if she'd only take her p'ace again.
He'd never grumble no more.

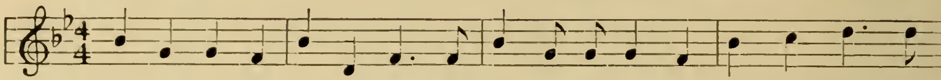
No. 113

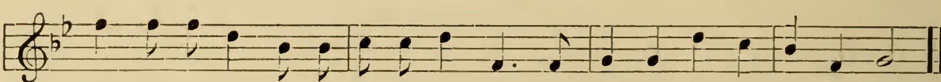
The Bird Song

A

Sung by Mrs. JANE GENTRY
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 12, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 2.





2 Says the blackbird to the crow:
What makes white folks hate us so?
For ever since old Adam was born,
It's been our trade to pull up corn.

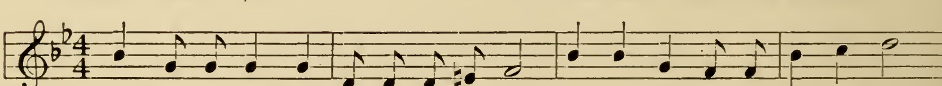
3 Hoots! says the owl with her head so white,
A lonesome day and a lonesome night.
Thought I heard some pretty girl say,
She'd court all night and sleep next day.

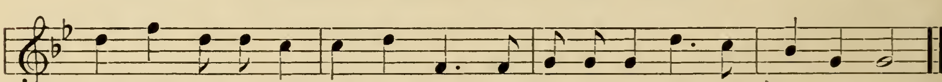
4 No, no, says the turtle dove,
That's no way for to gain his love.
If you want to gain his heart's delight,
Keep him awake both day and night.
One for the second and two for the go.
And I want another string to my bow, bow, bow.

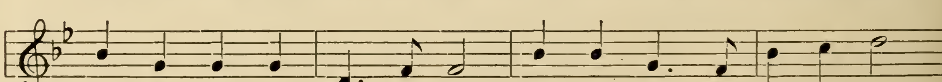
B

Sung by Miss LILY ROBERTS who learned
it from Mr. ATTWOOD in Vermont

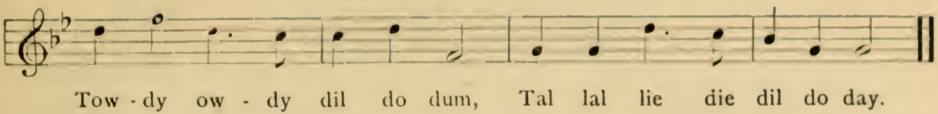
Hexatonic. Mode 2, b.







The Bird Song



2 Hi, says the blue-jay as she flew,
If I was a young man I'd have two;
If one proved fickle and chanced for to go,
I'd have a new string to my bow.

3 Hi, says the little leather-winged bat,
I will tell you the reason that,
The reason that I fly in the night
Is because I lost my heart's delight.

4 Hi, says the little mourning-dove,
I'll tell you how to gain her love.
Court her night and court her day;
Never give her time to say 'O nay'.

5 Hi, says the woodpecker sitting on a fence,
Once I courted a handsome wench;
She proved fickle and from me fled,
And ever since then my head's been red.

6 Hi, says the owl with my eyes so big,
If I had a hen I'd feed like a pig;
But here I sit on a frozen stake,
Which causes my poor heart to ache.

7 Hi, says the swallow sitting on a barn,
Courting, I think, is no harm.
I pick my wings and sit up straight,
And hope every young man will choose his mate.

8 Hi, says the hawk unto the crow,
If you ain't black then I don't know.
Ever since old Adam was born,
You've been accused of stealing corn.

9 Hi, says the crow unto the hawk,
I understand your great big talk.
You'd like to pounce and catch a hen,
But I hope the farmer will shoot you then.

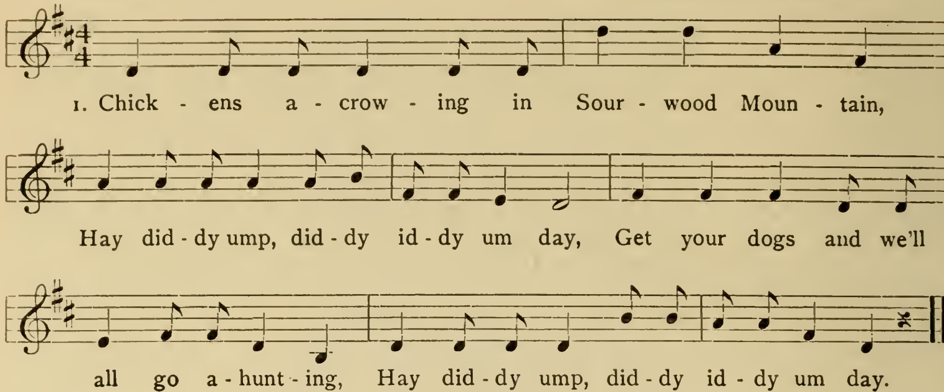
10 Hi, says the robin with a squirm,
I wish I had a great big worm;
I would fly away into my nest;
I have a wife I think is the best.

No. 114

Sourwood Mountain

Pentatonic. Mode 3.

Sung by Mr. WILL BIGGERS
at Rome, Ga., August, 1913



2 Raccoon canter and 'possum trot,
Black cur wrestle with a hickory knot.

3 Bring your old dog, get your gun,
Kill some game and have a little fun.

4 Jaybird sitting on a hickory limb,
My six-foot rifle will sure get him.

5 Gather that game and at home I'll rack,
Got as much good meat as I can carry.

6 I got a gal in the head of the hollow,
She won't come and I won't follow.

7 She sits up with old Si Hall,
Me and Jeff can't go there at all.

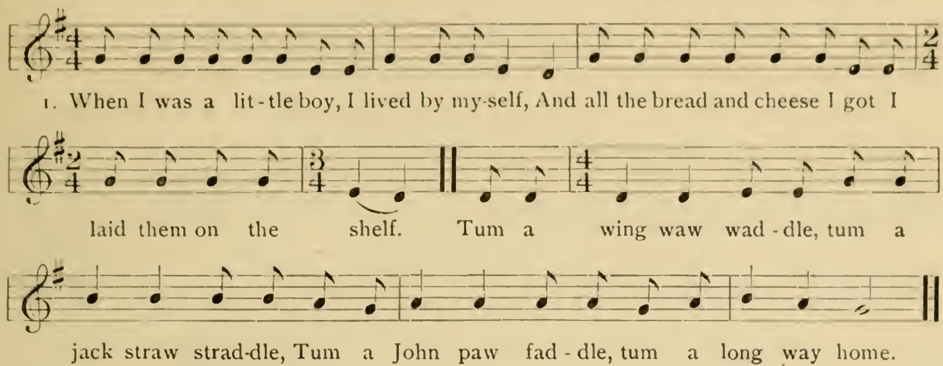
8 Some of these days before very long,
I'll get that girl and a-home I'll run.

No. 115

The Foolish Boy

Sung by a schoolgirl
at Hindman, Ky., Dec. 1907

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 The rats and the mice they gave me such a life,
I had to go to London to get me a wife.

3 The roads were so long and the streets were so narrow,
I had to bring her home on an old wheelbarrow.

4 My foot slipped and I got a fall,
Down went wheelbarrow, wife and all.

5 I swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse,
And then I rode from cross to cross.

6 I swapped me a horse and got me a mare,
And then I rode from fair to fair.

7 I swapped my mare and got me a cow,
And in that trade I just learned how.

8 I swapped my cow and got me a calf,
And in that trade I just lost half.

9 I swapped my calf and got me a mule,
And then I rode like a dog-gone fool.

10 I swapped my mule and got me a sheep,
And then I rode myself to sleep.

11 I swapped my sheep and got me a hen,
O what a pretty thing I had then.

12 I swapped my hen and got me a rat,
Looks like two little cats upon a hay-stack.

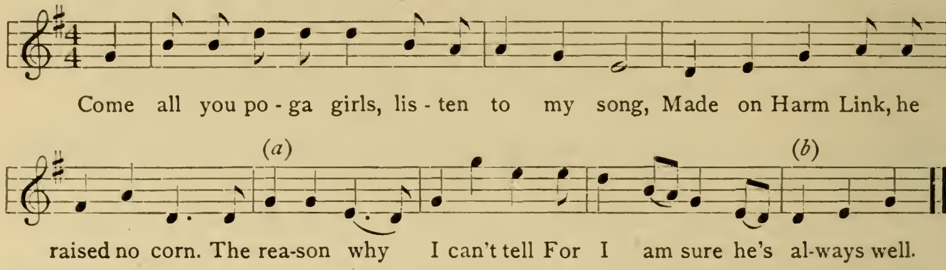
13 I swapped my rat and got me a mole,
And the dog-gone thing went straight to its hole.

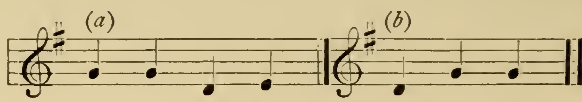
No. 116

Harm Link

Sung by Mr. Alfred Norton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3, a.





2 As he went over to Ben Beard's
Expecting her courtship to come on,
As the courtship it came on,
Sir Jane says: Harm, have you hoed out your corn?

3 Harm he answered with a quick reply:
Yes, Sir Jane, I've laid her by.
If any more it's all in vain,
For I don't think it will make one grain.

4 Sir Jane says: Harm, if you can't make bread,
I am very sorry you asked me to wed.
Single I am, single I'll remain;
A lazy man I'll never maintain.

5 He went to the fence and he peeped in,
The weeds and grass was up to his chin,
The weeds and grass it grew so high,
It made poor Harm Link weep and cry.

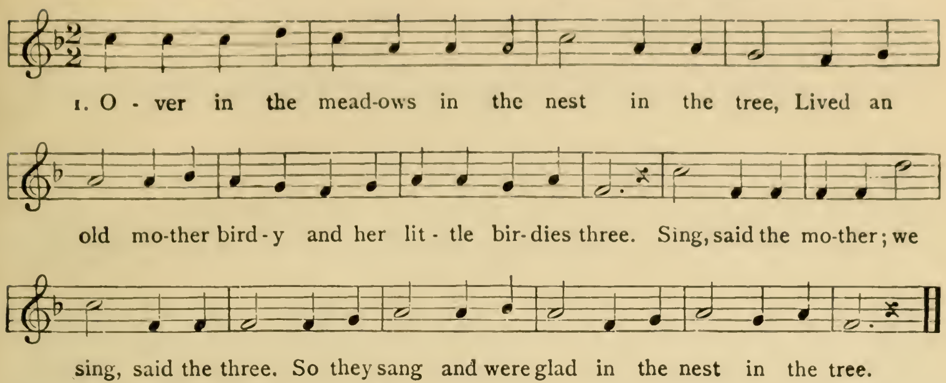
6 In July it was ankle high,
In September he laid it by,
In October there came a great frost.
A sight to see the corn that Harm Link lost.

No. 117

Sing, Said the Mother

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 Over in the meadows in the sand in the sun
Lived an old mother toady and her little toady one.
Hop, said the mother; we hop, said the one.
So they hopped and were glad in the sand in the sun.

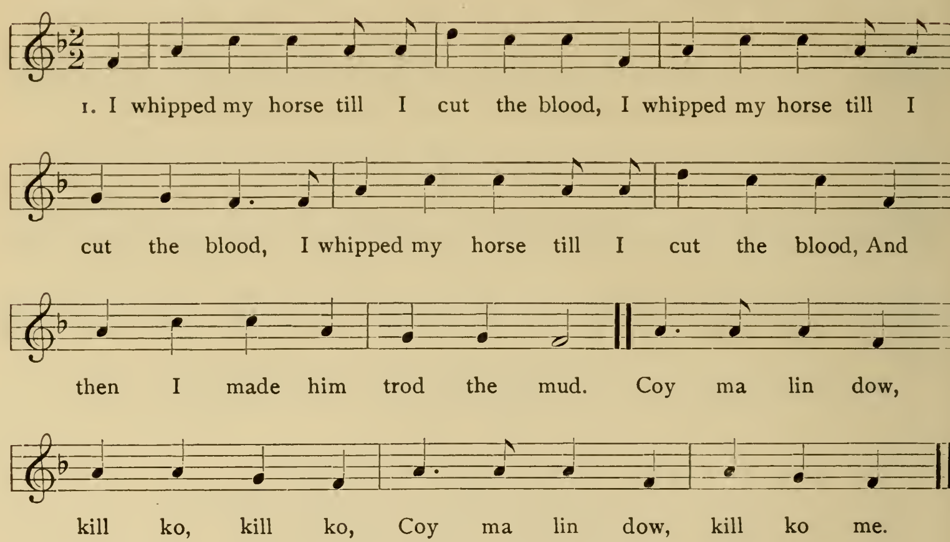
3 Over in the meadows in a sly little den
Lived an old mother spider and her little spiders ten.
Spin, said the mother; we spin, said the ten.
So they spun and caught flies in their sly little den.

No. 118

I Whipped My Horse

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 I fed my horse in a poplar trough,
And there he caught the whooping cough.

3 I fed my horse in a silver spoon,
And then he kicked it over the moon.

4 My old horse is dead and gone,
But he left his jaw bones ploughing the corn.

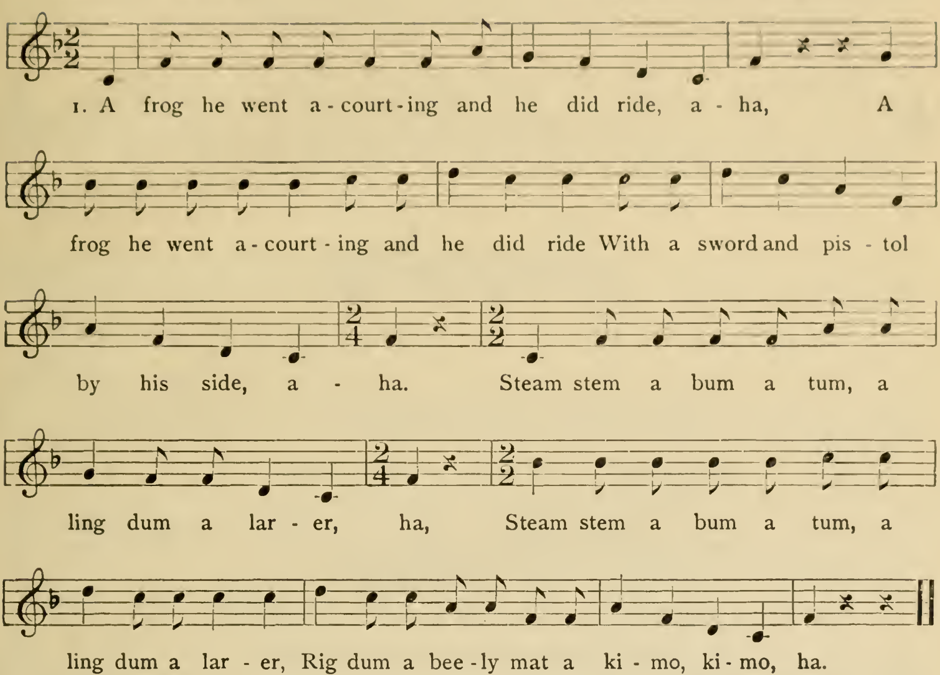
No. 119

A Frog He Went A-courting

A

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 16, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b.



2 The first come in was a bumble bee
With his banjo on his knee.

3 The next come in was a nimble flea
To take a jig with the bumble bee.

4 The next come in was a kitten and a cat,
And the next come was the old man rat.

5 The lady mouse she tore up the wall,
Her foot it slipped and she did fall.

6 The frog he went to town
To buy a little niece's wedding gown.

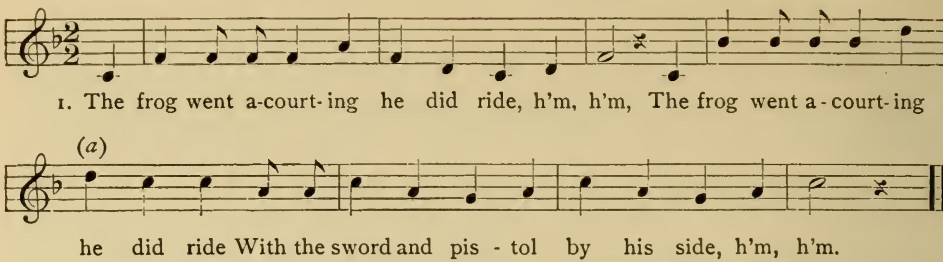
7 The frog he went across the brook,
The black snake swallowed him down his crook.

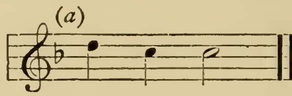
A Frog He Went A-courting

B

Sung by Mrs. Jane Gentry
at Hot Springs, N. C., Sept. 15, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 3, b (Tone F).





2 He rode up to Miss Mouse's door
Where he had never been before.

3 He says: Miss Mouse, won't you marry me?
No, not without Uncle Rat will agree.

4 Uncle Rat went a-running down to town
To get his niece a wedding gown.

5 The frog would laugh and shake his fat sides
To think that mouse would be his bride.

6 O where will the wedding supper be?
Away down yonder in the hollow tree.

7 O what will the wedding supper be?
Three green beans and a black eyed pea.

8 The first come in was a bumble bee
With his fiddle on his knee.

9 The next come in was an old fat goose,
He began to fiddle and she got loose.

10 The next come in was the old tom cat,
He says: I'll put a stop to that.

11 The goose she then flew up on the wall,
And then she got an awful fall.

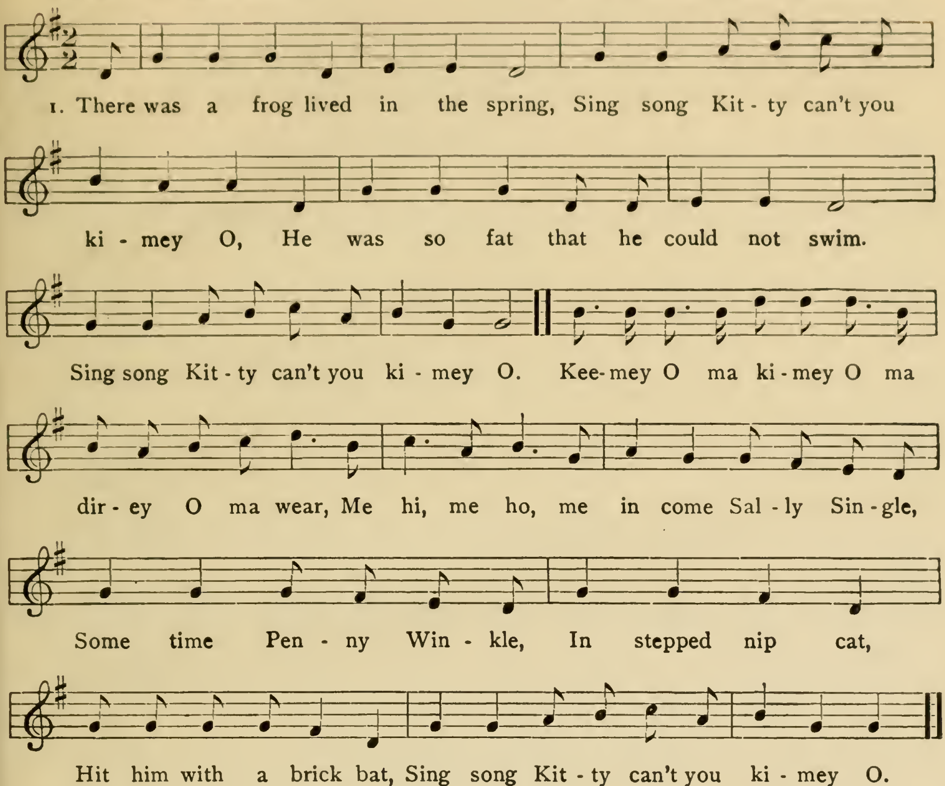
12 The goose she then flew up on the wall,
And old tom cat put a stop to it all.

No. 120

The Frog in the Well

Sung by Mr. N. B. Chisholm
at Woodridge, Va., Sept. 23, 1916

Heptatonic. Major Mode.



2 Who's been here since I've been gone?
A pretty little man with his new shoes on.

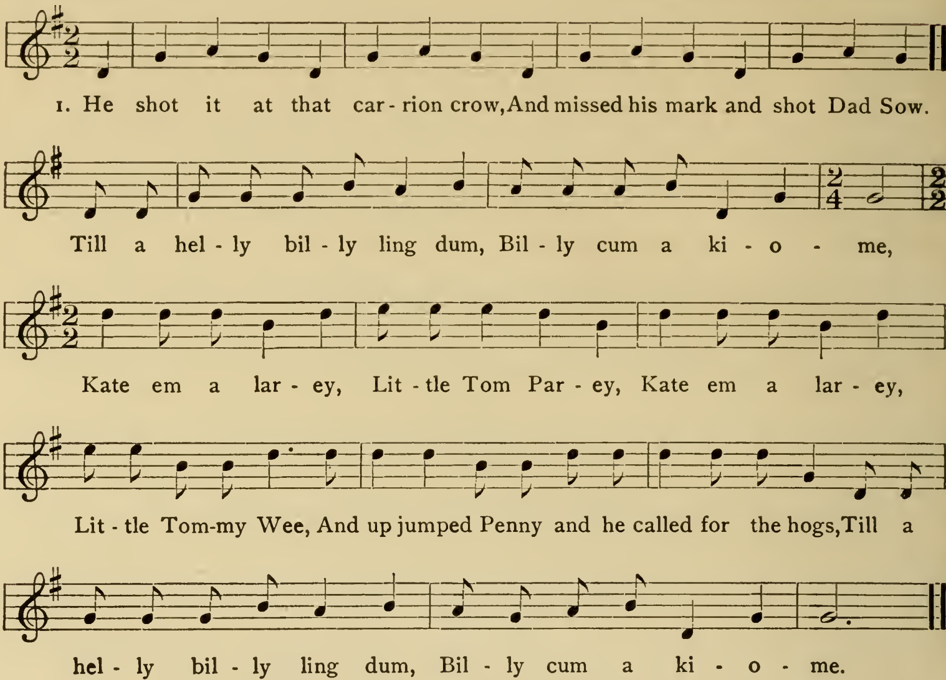
3 A pretty little dandy man, said she,
With a crooked back and a strip-ed knee.

4 The frog went a-swimming across the lake.
He got swallowed by a big, black snake.

The Carrion Crow

Sung by Mrs. Tom Rice
at Big Laurel, N. C., Aug. 17, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3.



2 He carried her up into the house,
And had a good mess of cheese and souse.

No. 122

The Old Grey Mare
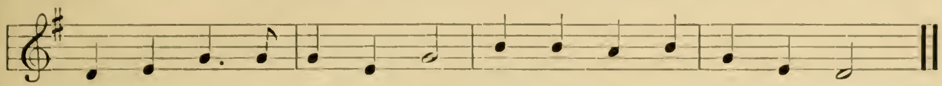
A

Sung by Harry, Ralph and Dayton Norton
at Rocky Fork, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1916

Pentatonic. Mode 3 (Tonic G).



1. Once I had an old grey mare, Once I had an old grey mare,



Once I had an old grey mare; Sad - dled her and rode her there.

2 When I got there she got tired;
She laid down in an old court-yard.

3 Then they begin to sing and pray;
She jumped up and run away.

4 Then I went down the road on her track;
Found her in a mud-hole flat on her back.

5 Then I begin to feel very stout;
Seized her by the tail and jerked her out.

6 Then I begin to think it no sin;
Jerked my knife and begin to skin.

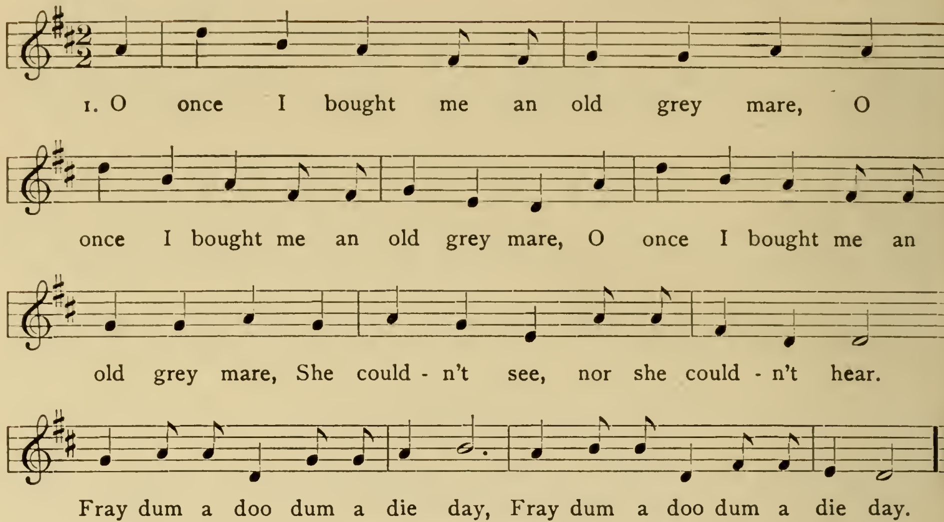
7 Then I put her old hide in a loft;
Up came a nigger and stole it off.

The Old Grey Mare

B

Sung by Mr. Jeff Stockton
at Flag Pond, Tenn., Sept. 4, 1916

Hexatonic. Mode 1, b.



2 O then I turned her down the creek;
Proposed her to get her some grass to eat.

3 O then, O then I took her track,
And found her in a mud-hole flat on her back.

4 O then, O then I thought it no sin;
I took out my knife and began to skin.

5 O then I put her hide in the loft,
And some blamed rogue came packed it off.

6 O some blamed rogue come packed it off,
And left my clothes to take the frost.

NOTES

No. 1. The False Knight upon the Road.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 3. Compare, also, "Harpkin," Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 66.

Texts with tunes:—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. xxiv., and tune No. 32. *Child*, v., 411.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxiv., 344.

The Introduction to version A, "A knight met a child on the road," sung by the singer by way of preface, is very unusual, if not unique.

No. 2. Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 4. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 106. Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 548.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 246; ii., 282; iv., 116. *English County Songs*, p. 164. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, pp. 27 and 172. *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 48. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 84.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xviii., 132 (with tune); xix., 232, xxii., 65, 76 (tune only) and 374 (with tune); xxiii., 375; xxiv., 344; xxvii., 90; xxviii.; 148. Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 82.

"My Colleen" in A may, or may not be, a corruption of the May Colvin, Colven, or Collins of other versions.

No. 3. Earl Brand.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 7. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 57.

Text with tune:—*Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 31.

No. 4. The Two Sisters.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 10.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., pp. 40 and 42. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 253, and ii., 282. *English County Songs*, p. 118. *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 61. *Child*, v., pp. 411 and 412 (three tunes). "Binnorie," arranged by Dr. Arthur Somervell.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xviii., 130 (with tune); xviii., 130 (without tune); xix., 233.

Compare the refrain in A, "Jury flower gent the rose-berry," with "Jennifer gentle and rosemaree," in "Riddles Wisely Expounded" (*Child*, No. 1, B).

No. 5. The Cruel Brother.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 11.
Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 109. Gilbert's *Ancient Christmas Carols*, 2nd ed., p. 68. *Child*, v., 412.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxviii., 300 (with tune).

The version given in the text is a close variant of Davies Gilbert's, which, it should be noted, was collected in the West of England.

No. 6. Lord Randal.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 12. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, p. 95. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 112.
Texts with tunes:—Miss Broadwood's *Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 96. *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 38. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 29; iii., 43; v., 117, 122 and 245. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, Nos. 13 and 14. *Child*, v., pp. 412 and 413.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xiii., 115; xvi., 258–264 (three tunes); xviii., 195 (ten tunes); xxii., 75 (tune only); xxii., 376 (with tune); xxiv., 345. *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 19.

No. 7. Edward.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 13.

The single stanza of B may, or may not, belong to this ballad. Mrs. Hensley learnt it from her father who often sang this particular stanza, but never, to her recollection, sang any other lines.

No. 8. Sir Lionel.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 18.
Text with tune:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 110.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xix., 235; xxv., 175.

No. 9. The Cruel Mother.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 20. Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 540.
Texts with tunes:—Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 44 and Appendix. *Child*, v., 413. Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 105 and 107. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 109; iii., 70. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 98.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxv., 183.

No. 10. The Three Ravens.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 26.
Texts with tunes:—Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 17. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix xviii., tune No. 12. *Melismata*, No. 20.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 154 (no tune).

No. 11. The Two Brothers.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 49.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxvi., 361 (no tune); xxix., 158.

It is worthy of note that versions A and B both contain allusions in their earlier stanzas to the sweetheart, the cause of the quarrel; whereas not one of the other published texts makes

mention of the sweetheart until the conclusion of the ballad. Mrs. Smith sang her version (B) to the accompaniment of the guitar which possibly may account for the harmonic character of the tune.

No. 12. Young Beichan.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 53. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 78, ii., art. 112. Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 11. Broadsides by Pitts, Catnach and Jackson. Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 547. Garret's *Merrie Book of Garlands*, vol. iii.

Texts with tunes:—Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 260 (tune in Appendix). *Child*, v., 415. Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., pp. 8 and 31. *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, p. 64. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 33. *English County Songs*, p. 62. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 65. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 240; iii., 192–200.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xviii., 209; xx., 251; xxii., 64 and 78 (tune only). Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 58.

No. 13. The Cherry Tree Carol.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 54. Hone's *Ancient Mysteries Described*, p. 90. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 160.

Texts with tunes:—Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*, p. 194. *English Folk-Carols*, Nos. 3 and 4. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iii., 260; v., 11 and 321.

No. 14. Fair Annie.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 62.

No. 15. Young Hunting.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 68.

Text with tune:—*Child*, v., 416.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 252.

Compare "And you shall have the cheers of a cherry cold girl" of D. 4 with "Ye shall hae cheer, an charcoal clear" in Child's version K. 4.

No. 16. Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 73. Broadside by Catnach. Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 545.

Texts with tunes:—Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 40. *English County Songs*, p. 42. Mrs. Leather's *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, p. 200. Sandys's *Christmas Carols*, tune 18. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 105; v., 130. Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations to Percy's Reliques*, p. 94.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xviii., 128 (one tune); xix., 235; xx., 254; xxviii., 152. *One Hundred English Folk-Songs* (Ditson), No. 28 (with tune).

No. 17. Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 74. Ashton's *Century of Ballads*, p. 345.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 117. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 289; iii., 64. *Folk-Songs of England*, i., No. 14. Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations to Percy's Reliques*, pp. 117 and 118.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xix., 281; xxiii., 381; xxviii., 154. Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 94. *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 18.

No. 18. Lord Lovel.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 75. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, art. ii., 159.
Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 289; iii., 64. *Child*, v., p. 416.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xix., 283. *One Hundred English Folk-Songs* (Ditson), No. 26 (with tune). Broadside by H. De Marsan, New York. *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 5.

No. 19. The Wife of Usher's Well.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 79.
Text with tune:—Mrs. Leather's *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, p. 198.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xiii., 119; xxiii., 429.

Texts A and C are remarkable in that the children cite the mother's "proud heart" as the reason that has caused them to "lie in the cold clay," a motive which is absent from other English and Scottish versions.

No. 20. Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 81.
Text with tune:—Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations to Percy's Reliques*, p. 92.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxiii., 371; xxv., 182.

No. 21. Barbara Allen.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 84. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., arts. 165 and 166. Ashton's *Century of Ballads*, p. 173. Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 543. Garret's *Merrie Book of Garlands*, vol. ii.
Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 87 and 89. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 111 and 265; ii., 15 and 80. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 37. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 22. *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, i., 45.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vi., 131 (with tune); xix., 285; xx., 250; xxii., 63 and 74 (tune only); xxix., 161. *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 20 (tune only). Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 1.

No. 22. Giles Collins.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 85.
Texts with tunes:—Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, p. 46. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iii., 299.

In a note (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iv., 106), Miss Barbara M. Cra'ster argues that this ballad and Clerk Colvill are complementary or, rather, that they are both descended from a more complete form such as that given in *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iii., 299. In the usual form in which Giles Collins is sung (*e.g.* the versions given in the text), no reason is given for Giles's death, and this, of course, robs the song of its point. This omission is supplied in the version above cited, but so far has not been found in any other variant.

No. 23. Lamkin.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 93.
Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 61. Mrs. Leather's *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, p. 199. *Folk-Songs of England*, iv., p. 38. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 212; ii., 111; v., 81.
American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xiii., 117; xxix., 162.

No. 24. The Maid Freed from the Gallows.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 95.

Texts with tunes:—*English County Songs*, p. 112. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 121. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, v., 228.

American variants:—*American Journal of Folk-Lore*, xxi., 56; xxvi., 175. *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, pp. 10 and 11 (without tunes). Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 44.

No. 25. Johnie Scot.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 99.

Texts with tunes:—Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, tune No. 15. *Child*, v., p. 418.

"Taverin" in the text is "Italian," "Tailliant," "Itilian," or simply "champion" in other versions. Child throws light upon the incident by quoting a story (Revd. Andrew Hall's *Interesting Roman Antiquities recently Discovered in Fife*, 1823, p. 216) in which James Macgill of Lindores is offered a pardon by Charles II. upon condition of his fighting an Italian gladiator or bully. In the contest which ensues, "the Italian actually leaped over his opponent as if he would swallow him alive, but in attempting to do this a second time Sir James run his sword up through him and then called out, 'I have spitted him; let them roast him who will.'" A similar story is related of the Breton seigneur Les Aubrays of St. Brieux, who is ordered by the French King to undertake a combat with his wild Moor (Luzel's *Poésies populaires de la France*, MS., vol. 1).

No. 26. Sir Hugh.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 155. Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 539. Baring-Gould's *Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, pp. 92 and 94.

Texts with tunes:—Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 46. *English County Songs*, p. 86. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 68. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 264. Rimbault's *Musical Illustrations to Percy's Reliques*, p. 46. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, xvii., tune No. 7.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xix., 293; xxix., 164. Newell's *Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 76. *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 15 (three tunes).

No. 27. The Gypsy Laddie.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 200. Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 550. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 110. Irish and English broadsides. Garret's *Merrie Book of Garlands*, vol. i.

Texts with tunes:—*Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 50. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 9.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xviii., 191 (7 versions, 3 with tunes); xix., 294; xxii., 80 (tune only); xxiv., 346; xxv., 171–175. Broadside by H. De Marsan, New York (a comic parody).

No. 28. Geordie.

Texts with tunes:—*Child*, No. 209. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Songs of the North-East*, i., art. 75. Broadside by Such.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 53. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 27, 208; iii., 191; iv., 332. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 25. Miss Broadwood's *Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 32. Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 187 and tune. *Folk-Songs of England*, ii., p. 47. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 2.

No. 29. The Daemon Lover.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 243.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iii., 84. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix xv., tune 1. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 76.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xviii., 207; xix., 295; xx., 257; xxvi., 360; xxv., 274 (with tune). Broadside by H. De Marsan, New York. *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 18.

No. 30. The Grey Cock.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 248.

Texts with tunes:—*Songster's Companion*, ii., 36, 2d ed. *Scots Musical Museum*, 1787, No. 76. Dick's *The Songs of Robert Burns*, pp. 100 and 386. Herbert Hughes's *Irish Country Songs*, vol. ii., p. 64.

No. 31. The Suffolk Miracle.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 272.

Each of the three tunes, A, B and C, is a variant of the carol air, "Christmas now is drawing near at hand" (see *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, v., pp. 7–11).

No. 32. Our Goodman.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 274. Ford's *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, ii., 31.

Texts with tunes:—*Songs of the West*, 2d ed., No. 30. Chambers's *Songs of Scotland Prior to Burns*, p. 184.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xviii., 294. *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 17 (tune only).

No. 33. The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 277. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 13; and ii., art. 122. Ford's *Song Histories*, pp. 271–274.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 223; v., 260. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 97. Ford's *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, p. 192.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vii., 253; xix., 298.

No. 34. The Farmer's Curst Wife.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 278.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 184; iii., 131. Dick's *Songs of Robert Burns*, No. 331.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xix., 298; xxvii., 68. Lomax's *Cowboy Songs*, p. 110.

"Bell, blubs," stanza 10, version A, may be a corruption of "Beelzebubs."

Most of the published versions of this song have whistling refrains.

No. 35. The Golden Vanity.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 286. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., arts. 116 and 119.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 238. *English County Songs*, p. 182. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 64. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 104; ii., 244. Ford's *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, p. 103.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xviii., 125 (two tunes). *One Hundred English Folk-Songs* (Ditson), p. 36. Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 72.

No. 36. The Brown Girl.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 295. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 79. Broadside by Such, "Sally and her True Love Billy."

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 241.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxvii., 73.

No. 37. The Trooper and the Maid.

Texts without tunes:—*Child*, No. 299.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 210. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 65.

No. 38. In Seaport Town.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 160; ii., 42; v., 123. Miss Broadwood's *Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 28. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 12.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 259; xxix., 168.

No. 39. The Cruel Ship's Carpenter.

Texts without tunes:—Broadsides by Pitts, Jackson & Son, and Bloomer (Birmingham) Ashton's *A Century of Ballads*, p. 101.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 99. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 172. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 83.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 262.

No. 40. The Shooting of his Dear.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 59. *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, iii., 25. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 62. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 16. "Molly Bān (pronounced Vān) so fair," Petrie's *Collection of Irish Music*, Nos. 724 and 1171 (tunes only).

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii., 387.

No. 41. The Lady and the Dragoon.

Text without tune:—Broadside by Such.

Text with tune:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 108.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxiii., 447.

No. 43. The Holly Twig.

Text without tune:—*West Country Garlands* (c. 1760).

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iii., 315. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed. No. 117.

No. 44. Polly Oliver.

Text without tune:—Broadside by Such.

Texts with tunes:—Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 676. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 116.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xii., 248; xxii., 75 (tune only). Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 79.

No. 45. The Rich Old Lady.

Text without tune:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 13.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxviii., 174; xxix., 179.

No. 46. Edwin in the Lowlands Low.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 123. Broadside by Jackson & Son (Birmingham).

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 124; iii., 266. *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, iii., 24. *Folk-Songs of England*, iii., 38.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 274.

No. 47. Awake, Awake.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 54. Broadside (no imprint).

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 225. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 269; iii., 78. *Songs of the West*, 2d ed., No. 41. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 99. *Folk-Songs of England*, v., 12.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 260; xxv., 282 (tune only).

No. 48. The Green Bed.

Texts without tunes:—Broadside by Jackson & Son (Birmingham). Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North East*, ii., art. 115.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 251. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 91. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 48; iii., 281; v., 68.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxv., 7.

No. 49. The Simple Ploughboy.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 117. Broadside by Jackson & Son (Birmingham).

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 132; iv., 304. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 59. Joyce's *Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs*, p. 223.

No. 50. The Three Butchers.

Texts without tunes:—*Roxburghe Collection*, iii., 30 and 496; iv., 80. Broadside by Pitts. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 36.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 174. Miss Broadwood's *Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 42.

No. 51. William Taylor.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 101.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iii., 214; v., 68 and 161. Petrie's *Collection of Irish Music*, No. 745 (tune only). Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 209. Joyce's *Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs*, No. 424. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, Nos. 118 and 119. *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, v., 12.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii., 74 (tune only); xxii., 380 (with tune). Broadside by H. De Marsan.

No. 52. The Golden Glove.

Texts without tunes:—Broadsides by Such, Catnach and Pitts. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 95. Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*, p. 70. Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 553.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 115. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, pp. 49 and 173. *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, 7th ed., No. 15.

American variants:—Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 49. *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxv., 12, and xxix., 172.

No. 53. Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth.

Texts without tunes:—Broadside by W. Wright (Birmingham). Garret's *Merrie Book of Garlands*, vol. ii.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 113. Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 282 (tune only).

Mrs. Sands's song is a shortened and condensed version of the broadside ballad—which consists of 56 stanzas, *i.e.* 224 lines! In the original story, Jemmy's love for Nancy of Yarmouth is opposed by her father, who, however, promises his consent to their marriage if Jemmy returns safely from an ocean voyage. Jemmy accordingly sails for the Barbadoes where his "comely features" attract the attention, and arouse the love, of the "Perbadus (*i.e.* Barbadoes) lady whose fortune was great." Jemmy is constant to his first love, and the Perbadus lady, thwarted in her desires, commits suicide. Nancy's father, hearing that Jemmy is returning, writes to his friend the boatswain and promises him a handsome reward if he "the life of young Jemmy would end." The boatswain accepts the bribe and "tumbles" the unfortunate Jemmy "into the deep." The conclusion of the story is correctly given in the text.

No. 55. Jack Went A-Sailing.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 45. Broadside by Such.

Text with tune:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 227.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xii., 249; xx., 270; xxv., 9. Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 38. Lomax's *Cowboy Songs*, p. 204.

No. 57. The Lover's Lament.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 268; xxvi., 176.

No. 58. The Dear Companion.

Text without tune:—Gavin Grieg's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 169.

The tune may be a variant of "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow" (see *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, v., 110, first version).

No. 61. The True Lover's Farewell.

Texts without tunes:—Henley and Henderson's *Centenary Burns*, art. "A red, red rose."

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 164. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iii., 86; iv., 286. *Roxburghe Ballads* (Ballad Society, No. 33, Pt. xxii., vol. vii.). Butterworth's *Folk-Songs from Sussex*, No. 10.

Stanzas 4 and 5 in A occur elsewhere in ballad literature, *e.g.* "The Lass of Roch Royal" (*Child*, No. 76).

No. 62. Katey Morey.

The tune is a variant of "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," several versions of which are given in *The Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, v., 110–113.

No. 64. The Waggoner's Lad.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 268. Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 62.

No. 65. Come All ye Fair and Tender Ladies.

American variants:—Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 55.

No. 67. Handsome Sally.

Text with tune:—Joyce's *Old Irish Folk Music*, p. 193.

No. 68. William and Polly.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxv., 10.

No. 70. Poor Omie.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 265–6.

No. 72. Early, Early in the Spring.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 128. Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 29. Broadside by Bloomer of Birmingham.
Text with tune:—*Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 70.

In the version given by Logan, the hero is present at the siege of Carthagena. If this is the correct reading, the ballad must refer to Admiral Vernon's expedition to the West Indies in 1793.

No. 74. Betsy.

Text without tune:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 80.
American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xii., 245.

No. 75. If you Want to Go A-Courting.

Compare the tune with that of "The Crabfish," *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 59.

No. 80. Locks and Bolts.

Text without tune:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 8.
Text with tune:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 37.

Christie states that this ballad "is supposed to refer to the return of Ensign Knight to claim Miss Erskine of Pittodrie as his bride."

No. 81. William and Nancy.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xx., 273.

No. 82. George Reilly.

Text without tune:—Garret's *Merrie Book of Garlands*, vol. iii.
Text with tune:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 243.
American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii., 397. Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 34.

No. 83. Johnny Doyle.

Text without tune:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 102.
Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, v., 142. Herbert Hughes's *Songs of Uladh*. *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, i., 66. Petrie's *Collection of Irish Music*, Nos. 443, 629 and 630 (all without words).

No. 86. The Single Girl.

Compare last phrase of the tune with that of "Brochan Lom, Tana Lom" (*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iv., 192).

No. 87. John Hardy.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vi., 134 (with tune).

This is clearly a modern production despite the "sequence of relatives" and the employment of the two beautiful stanzas (Nos. 7 and 8) from "The Lass of Roch Royal" (see Note to No. 61). No better proof could be adduced of the way in which the mountain singers have assimilated and acquired the technique of balladry.

No. 88. Betty Anne.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vi., 134 (with tune).

No. 89. My Boy Billy.

Texts without tunes:—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, pp. 89 and 328. Baring-Gould's *Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 36.

Texts with tunes:—Rimbault's *Nursery Rhymes*, p. 34. *Folk-Songs of England*, iv., p. 6.

American variant:—Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 14.

No. 90. Soldier, Won't you Marry Me.

Text with tune:—Percy Dearmer and Martin Shaw's *Songtime*, p. 82 (used as a children's game).

No. 91. Swananoah Town.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxvi., 163 (with tune).

No. 92. The Keys of Heaven.

Text without tune:—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, p. 92.

Texts with tunes:—Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Tales*, p. 27. *English County Songs*, p. 32. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 22. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 63. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 85; iv., 297.

American variant:—Newell's *Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 51.

No. 94. The False Young Man.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 199. *Folk-Songs of England*, ii., 16. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 152.

The stanza A1, B4 and C2 is evidently a reminiscence of a similar verse of "Young Hunting," from which this ballad has probably been derived. Compare the tunes A, B and E with those of "The Daemon Lover" (No. 29). The tune of C and some of its words are reminiscent of "The True Lover's Farewell" (No. 61).

No. 95. Pretty Peggy O.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 15. Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads*, p. 121. Broadside, "Pretty Peggy of Derby" by Pitts.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 277.

"Pretty Girl of Derby O," is the name of the air to which Thomas Moore, under the mistaken impression that it was an Irish tune, set his "Evelyn's Bower." In the set given by Ford, cited above, the scene is laid in Derby, but in Christie's version and the two variants noted by Gavin Greig Fyvie is substituted for Derby.

No. 96. My Parents Treated me Tenderly.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 83. Broadside by Such.

American variant:—Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 76.

No. 97. The Sheffield Apprentice.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 45. Broadsides by Harkness (Preston) and Pitts.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 67. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 200; ii., 169. *Folk-Songs of England*, ii., 44.

American variant:—Broadside by H. De Marsan (New York).

No. 98. The Broken Token.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 23. Broadside by Brereton (Dublin).

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 265; ii., 201. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 44. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iv., 127. *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, 7th ed., p. 82. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 45. Miss Broadwood's *Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 26.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii., 67. Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 88.

No. 101. The Brisk Young Lover.

Text without tune:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 175.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 252; ii., 155 and 168; v., 181. Miss Broadwood's *Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 92. Butterworth's *Folk Songs from Sussex*, No. 7. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 44. Mrs. Leather's *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, p. 205.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii., 78 (tune only); xxv., 13. Broadside by H. De Marsan (New York).

No. 104. Loving Reilly.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 143. Broadside by Brereton (Dublin).

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii., 145. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iii., 133. Petrie's *Collection of Irish Music*, No. 510 (tune only).

William Carleton published a novel, "Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn," founded on this song.

No. 105. The Awful Wedding.

Text without tune:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 24.

No. 106. Sweet William.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 64. Broadside by T. Evans. Garret's *Merrie Book of Garlands*, vol. i.

Texts with tunes:—Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, i., 248. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i., 99. *English County Songs*, p. 74. Novello's *School Songs*, No. 993.

No. 107. Good-Morning, my Pretty Little Miss.

Text without tune:—"A Gentleman's Meeting" in William Garret's *Merrie Book of Garlands*, vol. i.

Texts with tunes:—*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, iii., 296; iv., 281. *Songs of the West*, 1st ed., No. 23.

No. 108. My Mother Bid me.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 149. Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry*, p. 237.

Texts with tunes:—Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, p. 33. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 92.

No. 109. The Ten Commandments.

Texts without tunes:—Sandys's *Christmas Carols*, p. 135. Baring-Gould's *Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 62.

Texts with tunes:—*Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 87. *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 78. *English County Songs*, p. 154.

No. 110. The Tree in the Wood.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 87. Baring-Gould's *Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 33.

Texts with tunes:—Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, p. 26. *English County Songs*, p. 175. *Songs of the West*, 1st ed., No. 104. *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 93. *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society*, i., 40.

American variants:—Newell's *Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 111. *One Hundred English Folk-Songs* (Ditson), No. 98.

No. 111. The Farmyard.

Texts without tunes:—Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, ii., art. 159. Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, p. 332. Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, ed. 1847, p. 190.

Text with tune:—Novello's *School Songs*, No. 985.

American variant:—Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 6.

No. 112. The Drummer and his Wife.

Text without tune:—Ford's *Song Histories*, pp. 39–47.

Texts with tunes:—*English Folk-Songs for Schools*, 7th ed., No. 3. *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, i., 44.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxvi., 365; xxix., 173.

No. 114. Sourwood Mountain.

American variant:—Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 91.

No. 115. The Foolish Boy.

Texts without tunes:—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, p. 37. Baring-Gould's *Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 17. Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the North-East*, i., art. 43.

Texts with tunes:—Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, p. 16. Rimbault's *Nursery Rhymes*, No. 19. *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, 7th ed., No. 52.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxvi., 143.

No. 116. Harm Link.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxix., 181.

No. 119.} A Frog he Went A-Courting.
No. 120.} The Frog in the Well.

Texts without tunes:—Baring-Gould's *Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 27. Ford's *Children's Rhymes, Games and Songs*, pp. 122–6.

Texts with tunes:—*English Folk-Songs for Schools*, 7th ed., Nos. 43 and 44. *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, iv., 22. *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society*, i., 178. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii., 226. *Melismata. Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ed. 1719, vol. i. Baring-Gould's *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 13. Joyce's *Old Irish Folk Music*, p. 331 (tune only). Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 88. Mrs. Leather's *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, p. 209.

American variants:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxii., 74 (tune only); xxvi., 134. Wyman and Brockway's *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 25.

No. 121. The Carrion Crow.

Texts without tunes:—Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, p. 46. Baring-Gould's *Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 39. Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry*, p. 202. Ford's *Children's Rhymes, Games and Songs*, p. 126.

Texts with tunes:—*A Garland of Country Song*, No. 46. *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, 7th ed., No. 48.

No. 122. The Old Grey Mare.

American variant:—*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, xxvi., 123 (with tune).

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she revolts from the ageing Fionn and asserts the right of youth to joy and love by giving herself to Diarmuid. We should like to quote the whole of what follows—Grainne going round with her drowsing wine to all but Diarmuid, his reluctance to betray his chieftain by carrying her off, his consent when she herself proposes to return to Fionn, their flight, the waking of Fionn from his slumber, his pursuit with horse and hound, the wanderings of the lovers, Grainne filled only with love and Diarmuid still regretting his treachery, the position reversed when they reach a place of safety, Diarmuid now asserting the right of arrogant youth against the ageing Fionn and Grainne shunning his embrace in a virginal reserve—down to the moment when she comes to meet him and they gaze and speak each other's names, signifying at length the union of their souls. But to quote all this would be to quote thirty pages of the poem, and we can notice only a few of the more salient points.

Having dispatched the lovers into the night, the poet returns to the banqueting hall, where the revellers are sunk in sleep. An exquisite picture is interposed of the girls who gathered rushes to strew the bridal chamber of Grainne, now gone for ever. Then Fionn awakens and storms with rage to find her fled, and resolves to hunt the lovers down.

Arose uproar
Of running men and sobs of women cowed
In shadowy corners—through tapestries night airs
Whistled and waned—outside the torches tore
The night with windy flame—the frightened mares
And foals whinnied—hounds bayed their hunger—at last
With shouts and tossing torchlights, swept as a blast
Through clouds of dark stampeded dust, lash-urged
The stallions screamed, the shuddering chariots creaked
Madder than mountain oak boughs stormfully wreaked
And the parched axles rumbling in the naves
Grew hot as when their hammered brass was forged
Loud on the hissing anvils, stripped of flame.
So down the roads of Temair the Fianna came
Charioteered in thundering; bloodhounds
Sniffed, fanged the wind, and then in mighty bounds
Sprang at the throat of night. . . .

So Fionn plunges into the darkness with the fugitives, and the morning is to rise on pursuers and pursued alike.

Through dark ravines of cloud the dawning broke
In flashing cataracts of angered gold
On eagle crags; in mists of greyish smoke
The waters of the darkness, black and cold,
Spilled from the world's cliffs on the ocean pit.
Star-rushlights guttered out along the sky,
The peewits' whimpering began to flit
Across wet grasses and the cuckoo's sigh
Lingered amid a cloud of fitful trees
Where cobwebs hung with heavy drops of dew
Drizzled, as stags fled by, in silver foams.
Brown otters splashed among the reeds of blue
Lake-waters and the red bees' honeycombs
Beneath the ferns oozed thickly golden-bright
As frozen sunrays. Under shattered scarps
That gloomed like islands in the sea of light
High storm-swept branches sang in melodies
Like loud throbbing harps.

ABERDEEN MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

INTERAMNA BOREALIS, being Memories and Portraits from an old University Town between the Don and the Dee. By W. KEITH LEASK. (Aberdeen: The Rosemount Press.)

This is a book for the initiated, and it is not very easy to explain its interest and significance to the great world outside the twelve-mile radius within which an Aberdeen proverb places the centre of the universe. Mr. Leask is a scholar by attainment as well as by training and profession, and he is familiar with other Universities besides that which he entered as a Bajan (the Aberdeen spelling of the ancient term) in 1873. Among his teachers were Sir William Geddes, then professor of Greek and afterwards Principal of the University, and Alexander Bain—both of them homebred sons of Aberdeen; and Frederick Fuller and David Thomson—both lent to Aberdeen by Cambridge, the former of whom "almost persuaded men to be mathematicians," and the latter left his mark upon the history of the University as only three or four other men have done since it was founded, in the end of the fifteenth century, by a Scottish Bishop who was a scholar, a statesman, and a saint. With the most illustrious of his teachers Mr. Leask has little in sympathy, and his references to Bain are not always gracious; but he tells us of his world as he saw it, and, like Luther, he "can no other." He writes of Geddes and Fuller and Thomson; of John Fyfe, a philosopher unknown to fame but enshrined in grateful memories; of David Rennet, the possessor of a more than local reputation as a successful coach for the Indian Civil Service, whose powers of intellect and rich and abounding personality could have achieved fame in almost any line of life; of William Minto, for thirteen years the best loved of Aberdeen professors; of David Masson, who remained *Aberdonissimus* through more than sixty years of distinguished exile, and of John Colvin the Sacrist (*anglice*, porter), whose portrait by a famous artist survives to tell this generation what manner of man its fathers knew as "John." Of these, and others, Mr. Leask writes with a happy grace of delineation. He knows well the work of James Boswell, and he has the Boswellian instinct for remembering and recording the words that give the key to character and thought.

He writes, too, of places and customs, of the roads and the bridges, the streets and the houses familiar to generations of Aberdeen students, and of the social life as it existed forty years ago. There are historical disquisitions on the meaning of the place-name "Aberdeen," on Bishop Elphinstone's tomb in King's College Chapel, on the tradition (or invention) of the dramatic slaughter of a